

**Places of everyday generosity:  
The philanthropy of Newfoundlanders in Fort McMurray**

Rosalind E. Franklin

A Thesis  
in  
The Department  
of  
Geography, Planning and Environment

Presented in Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements  
for the Degree of Master of Science at  
Concordia University,  
Montreal, Quebec, Canada

June 2010

© Rosalind E. Franklin, 2010



Library and Archives  
Canada

Published Heritage  
Branch

395 Wellington Street  
Ottawa ON K1A 0N4  
Canada

Bibliothèque et  
Archives Canada

Direction du  
Patrimoine de l'édition

395, rue Wellington  
Ottawa ON K1A 0N4  
Canada

*Your file* *Votre référence*  
*ISBN: 978-0-494-70966-5*  
*Our file* *Notre référence*  
*ISBN: 978-0-494-70966-5*

#### NOTICE:

The author has granted a non-exclusive license allowing Library and Archives Canada to reproduce, publish, archive, preserve, conserve, communicate to the public by telecommunication or on the Internet, loan, distribute and sell theses worldwide, for commercial or non-commercial purposes, in microform, paper, electronic and/or any other formats.

The author retains copyright ownership and moral rights in this thesis. Neither the thesis nor substantial extracts from it may be printed or otherwise reproduced without the author's permission.

In compliance with the Canadian Privacy Act some supporting forms may have been removed from this thesis.

While these forms may be included in the document page count, their removal does not represent any loss of content from the thesis.

#### AVIS:

L'auteur a accordé une licence non exclusive permettant à la Bibliothèque et Archives Canada de reproduire, publier, archiver, sauvegarder, conserver, transmettre au public par télécommunication ou par l'Internet, prêter, distribuer et vendre des thèses partout dans le monde, à des fins commerciales ou autres, sur support microforme, papier, électronique et/ou autres formats.

L'auteur conserve la propriété du droit d'auteur et des droits moraux qui protègent cette thèse. Ni la thèse ni des extraits substantiels de celle-ci ne doivent être imprimés ou autrement reproduits sans son autorisation.

Conformément à la loi canadienne sur la protection de la vie privée, quelques formulaires secondaires ont été enlevés de cette thèse.

Bien que ces formulaires aient inclus dans la pagination, il n'y aura aucun contenu manquant.

  
**Canada**

## **Abstract**

Places of everyday generosity:  
The philanthropy of Newfoundlanders in Fort McMurray

Rosalind E. Franklin

This qualitative study explores and interprets the dynamic interplay of place and everyday philanthropy. Drawing upon the life stories of Newfoundland migrants in Fort McMurray, Alberta, it proposes that philanthropy permits migrants to remain ‘in place’ in their homeland while serving as a way to reproduce their homeland in the adopted locality. The extent to which the institutions of family and community along with the particular time-space articulation of Athabasca Oil Sands industry constrain or permit this socio-spatial anchorage is examined. Tackling Fort McMurray’s social segmentation of ‘us’ versus ‘them’, it contends that near strangers and distant actors create the oppositional tension for spatial pockets of intensified caring.

Marie Callaghan, Brian Hatfield, Tina Burden and Andrew Bradbury left economically depressed Newfoundland to find work in oil-rich Fort McMurray, Alberta, some 4,000 kilometres away. Aged 19 to 59, fleeing ‘home’ at different economic downturns, at different ages, they have individually shared their unique and richly layered life stories. Augmenting these stories are archival research and participant observation.

The research results are presented as triptychs. The researcher introduces the story space. A life story is offered. Lastly, the story is interpreted in relation to supplemental ethnographic research and theories of place, space, and generosity. The paper concludes by discussing the merits of research situated at the nexus of the arts and social science.

## Acknowledgements

I have been blessed throughout my life by hardships. Often these have been self-imposed, the foolery of an adventurous spirit. Outright warnings, raised eyebrow, and kind words of advice, bestowed by so many people, were ignored in favour of a gallop towards the unknown. This was the case in 2007 when I entered the graduate program in the Department of Geography, Planning and Environment at Concordia University. By then, the commonsense was that I had none and family and friends close to me refrained from discouraging remark about my newest exploration. My brothers, Bertram and Aubrey Franklin, and my father, William Franklin, did not flinch when I left a good-paying job with international travel and pension to pursue costly academic trajectories that would take me to remote regions of Canada. My gratitude to them cannot be adequately expressed. The best I can do is to tell those who read this thesis that Bertram, Aubrey and William are with me wherever I go. I carry them inside me, not only in heart and mind, but also ears. They are among the first voices that I've ever heard and the ones whose call directs clearly when lost. Grace Franklin and Fatima Philadelphia, two of my cousins, have taken the admirable stance that my escapades are courageous. Without them as grounding counterpoints, I could not skip away and skirt back. Nalini Mohabir, Angela Steinmann, Joanne Giacomini, Marijka Hurko, Leina Flores, Anne Fotheringham, Amy Ma, Pauline Clift, Aparna Sanyal, Nairra Tariq, Ashley Swift, Beata Kolata, and my aunts, Stella George, Jean Austin, Waveney Franklin and Bernice Franklin, have shared their life paths and friendship with me over many years and enriched my understanding of the everyday immigrant experience. You are my sisters.

I would be entirely remiss without thanking my thesis supervisor, Dr. Alan Nash. When I first met Dr. Nash in his plant-strewn greenhouse, an office that would in anyone else's hands be outfitted for naked functionality, I had the deep impression that he was a way-finder. His observant quietness made me feel at ease immediately. My appraisal of Dr. Nash changed the second I faltered in confidence before presenting my thesis proposal. Underneath his calm demeanour, he is Superman, able to rescue a struggling student from slack writing and fear of review. Thank you Dr. Nash for your patience in supervision, your constructive criticism, and the delight you take in contributing to research.

Dr. James Freeman introduced me to the classic theoretical work on the social construction of space that underpins this thesis. The creative writing classes taught by Dr. Patrick Leroux of Concordia University's English Department have been a plenteous source of inspiration for their genuine collegiality and passionate defence of creativity. I am grateful to both of you for your support of my quirky work.

My gratitude also extends to Dr. Norma Rantisi, Dr. Bill Reimer and Dr. Steven High for their critiques of my work in progress, my office mate and Plateau neighbour Jonathan Roux for his kindness and friendship, Thomas Cummins-Russell for Sunday brunches and walks and talks, Justin Bromberg for the evening discussions on shared authority methods, and Isabelle Kapiga for her encouragement.



I am thoroughly indebted to the digital storytelling and oral history training provided by Concordia University's *Life Stories of Montrealers Displaced by Genocide, Violence, Mass Deportation and other Human Rights Violations*. Thank you also to the librarians at The Centre of Newfoundland Studies and Dr. Rob Greenwood of Memorial University of Newfoundland, and to the Washington-based Society of Woman Geographers for their financial support of this thesis.

Noah Richler, whom I have never met but who had the audacity to write the literary atlas of Canada, *This is my country: what's yours?*, cleared from my head any thoughts of focussing this thesis on a more global concern. I thank you by attempting to answer your question.

And to the Newfoundlanders – all of you, but especially 'Marie Callaghan', Brian Hatfield, Tina Burden, Andrew Bradbury, 'Jeff Murphy' and Lola Thorne – I thank you for teaching me about this country that I call home.

This thesis is dedicated to my mother, the late Sheila Gwendolyn Franklin, who tilled the rocky clay soil of our backyard on Kenilworth Avenue in Toronto and grew a bounty of vegetables and flowers. She was the first of the Franklin and George lineages to immigrate here and the first to leave.

## Table of Contents

<b>Chapter One: Introduction</b>	2
Stories: Maps of the human condition	3
Research Context and Questions	7
Making a place for everyday generosity	7
The ‘world of flows’	8
Newfoundland: a ‘nation’ within Canada	9
Pulling up stakes and heading to Fort McMurray	11
Key questions	15
Literature Review	17
Place and identity	18
Migration	29
Philanthropy	33
Conclusions	45
Methodology	46
Life stories	46
Life stories in practice	51
Shared Authority	54
Sharing authority in practice	56
Supplementary ethnographic research	58
Research production and presentation	59
Conclusion	62
Chronology	63
 <b>Chapter Two: ‘Marie Callaghan’ triptych</b>	 69
Sharing space: Real people unplugged	70
‘Oh, God, it’s home. It’s home’: The life story of ‘Marie Callaghan’	73
Those who leave, those who don’t	73
Family ties to military and Church	73
Charity in the old day	74

First moves: St. John's, Algoma Region and North Bay	77
Nobody at home: 9/11 and the spatially scattered family	79
Getting settled after a move	80
What I've learned from moving	80
Working in Fort McMurray	82
Friendships in a working town	83
Giving to Fort McMurray and Newfoundland charities	83
The house that waits	84
Sense of her place	84
Gender, place and everyday philanthropy: an interpretation of the life story of 'Marie Callaghan'	86
Migration: A caring institution?	87
Distance and the communitarian heart	92
Unbreakable habit: Giving to the Church	97
A mother's gift to the nation	100
The opacity of caring for family	102
Conclusion	107
<b>Chapter Three: Brian Hatfield triptych</b>	109
Sharing space: Three's company	110
Gift barrels in the Oil Sands: The life story of Brian Hatfield	114
Living in the hub of Placentia	114
Gifts given and received	115
Barrels from Boston	117
Childhood then and now	117
Leaving one way or another	118
Fort McMurray bound	118
Establishing the Fort McMurray Newfoundlanders Club	120
Hooked on giving	121
Family dynamics	123
Barrels from Fort McMurray	125
Retirement plans	126

The rise of public man: Brian Hatfield's emotive spatial rhythms	128
A reading of Brian's care map	129
The politics of philanthropy in Fort McMurray	134
Emotive rhythms and the appropriation of public space	141
Conclusion	145
 <b>Chapter Four: Tina Burden triptych</b>	147
Sharing space: Pitfalls of thoughtless gifts	148
Crafting similes of <i>The Rock</i> : The life story of Tina Burden	151
Growing up in remote Labrador City	151
Three jobs, marriage, a baby and a degree	152
Finding Newfoundland in Fort McMurray	153
A stake in the town	156
Informal generosity binds friendship circle	158
Finding comfort in religion	159
Replicating Newfoundland	160
'This is home for now'	161
How far can we be expected to care? Looking for answers in Tina Burden's life story	163
Philanthropy and religion	165
Place production and religiously inspired philanthropy	168
How far can we care?	173
 <b>Chapter Five: Andrew Bradbury triptych</b>	181
Sharing space: Click of a Bic	182
Challenging the notion of academic power	186
In search of the good life: The life story of Andrew Bradbury	189
At home in Clarke's Beach, Newfoundland	189
Training to leave	190
'Where my life is to'	191
The rhythm of the oil sands shift	193
Community involvement	194

‘You go away for a while and then you go back’	195
A good, happy life	196
The gift of place: A triptych of Andrew Bradbury’s places of generosity	197
The gifts of Newfoundland	198
The gifts of Fort McMurray	207
Youth and the unreturned gift	212
The politics of the gift	216
<b>Chapter Six: Conclusion</b>	224
How does everyday philanthropy relate to place production?	227
What meanings do individuals ascribe to their philanthropy?	231
How does migration alter geographies of generosity?	233
To what extent is philanthropy a modality of power for migrants to remain ‘in place’?	234
Spreading the gifts of geography	235
<b>Bibliography</b>	239

## **List of Figures**

Figure 1: Map of Canada	16
Figure 2: Place names in life stories	66
Figure 3: Map of Fort McMurray	67
Figure 4: Location of Callaghan family members, 1972-2009	89
Figure 5: Views of downtown Fort McMurray	221
Figure 6: Hangouts	222
Figure 7: Jacked-up pick-up and oil sands worksite	223

## **Vignettes: Ten short stories of Fort McMurray**

Where do you come from?	218
People just like me	218
It's not Vegas but ...	218
Time-space compression blues	218
Fort McMoney	219
Working town?	219
One word	219
The walkers	219
Sistah feel da love	220
New library	220

A man goes to sea here as one would depart from the earth for the moon or Jupiter.  
They are mapmakers. The largeness of the Newfoundlander's field of labour is so apparent —  
I've become more intimate with our little round earth since I've been here than all my life before.

Michael Winter  
*The Big Way*  
(2005, Beginning)



## **Chapter One: Introduction**

## **Stories: maps of the human condition**

In the literary atlas of Canada, *This is my country: what's yours?*, author Noah Richler asks poet and linguist Robert Bringhurst whether maps are the first stories. 'No,' Bringhurst replies. 'Stories are the first maps' (Richler, 2007, 50).

Stories are maps of the human condition. Fiction or not, they shape our perceptions of the world. They embody subjectivities that direct our individual and collective wayfinding. Yet geographers, whose discipline has a long tradition of mapmaking, would not, I suspect, consider their narrative productions as stories nor classify themselves as storytellers. Storytelling, they would likely say, belongs to the liberal arts.

This should not be taken to mean that stories do not belong *in* geography. A wealth of scholarly work uses stories as a tool for inspiration, investigation and insight. Take for example the work of two luminaries, Doreen Massey and David Harvey. Massey's story of strolling through inner-city London and observing entwined layers of spatial connectivity fostered a 'turn' in the conception of the modern city (1994). The vivid portrayals of nineteenth-century Parisian life in the novels of Gustave Flaubert and poems of Charles Baudelaire rejuvenated Harvey's Marxist life project, representing and enriching his political theorizations of the interrelation of money, land and social class in urbanism (2003). Stories themselves, it appears, however, cannot be presented as stand-alone pieces. Like children, they must be accompanied across the street, where they will be interpreted, their agency dissected, redirected, or curtailed to meet the conventions of social science.

Recently, there has been an upswing in the recognition of intellectual forays in the fertile ground between the arts and social sciences. A buzz is about and you can hear it at geography conferences, see it on websites advertising international workshops, and read it in biographical statements of academic interests. Creativity is in vogue. Somehow this reminds me of the story I heard about British and German soldiers who called a temporary truce to World War One fighting on Christmas in 1914. That day, they played a soccer game on No Man's Land before returning to warring positions on their respective fronts. I wonder when the retreat of academic disciplines will happen, the battle for funding and territorial power resume, all the while hoping that the moments of sanity will not end.

The glorious creative bubble wafting in the social sciences does not fool me. Academics situating their research between frontiers occupy a no man's land, where shots from both sides – especially the canons of methodology – make long-term habitation precarious. It would be safer to retrench within the lines.

This thesis has undergone several revisions so that it is thus situated safely within the territorial bounds of social science. It peers wistfully across the borderline, edging in its imagination towards the arts. I consider it a story.

### **Once upon a time ...**

There was a story to be told of how people produce place in and through philanthropy. Yes, it is as old as the hills. But it has fallen into a sad state of late. Once told ebulliently, with flawed, mythical characters whose lives edified generation upon generation on

morals and ethics, it has recently been slathered in grey-matter tones. A junior researcher took it upon her to recolour the tale and refashion it for modern times.

As with all stories, characters are needed – people or objects who act in time and space. Their lives are marked by mundane and momentous events, repetitions and breakthroughs, unpredictability and inconsistencies. The story is enriched as much by what these characters don't do, say or think as by what they do. While inaction or action may appear to be their sole proprietorship, it seldom is the case. Context is everything. The landscape and cultural history are forces that can and do shape events. It would be wise to keep an eye on them. Consider them characters in their own right, lurking, acting as silent puppeteer, dictating at times. The complex and layered interactions among the various characters form the storylines.

The five human characters implicated in this story are Marie Callaghan\*, Brian Hatfield, Andrew Bradbury, Tina Burden, and Rosalind Franklin. The first four are Newfoundlanders who have left their economically depressed island 'homeland' to find work 4,000 kilometres away in oil-rich Fort McMurray, Alberta. The latter is the researcher. Personal and communal imaginations of Newfoundland, Fort McMurray, the past, present, and the future are constant, shifting presences. Globalization, that intangible puppeteer, is omnipresent.

The methodology chosen differs considerably from the theoretical accounts of generosity that prevail in geography. This study is qualitative and empirical. It employs life-story methods. Aged 19 to 59, fleeing home during successive economic downturns, at

---

\* pseudonym.

different life stages, the four Newfoundlanders have individually shared their unique and richly layered personal stories with the researcher during summer 2009. These accounts, recounted over several sessions in homes or at coffee shops, anchor the story. They shed light on how everyday generosity is imagined, negotiated and enacted in time-space. By sharing life histories of place and philanthropy, the research bridges the gap between conjecture and everyday lived lives.

The research results are presented as triptychs. The researcher introduces the story space. A life story is offered. Lastly, the story is interpreted. The paper goes on to discuss the merits of research that melds the arts and social sciences.

And how does the story end? It never does. Any meaningful map of the human condition provokes afterthoughts, doubts and lingering questions, traces for others to draw upon. Others will tell it again and again. In their own voice. In their own way.

As a prelude to the story, the research questions, a review of relevant academic literature, and the methods employed are presented.

## **Research Context and Questions**

### **Making a place for everyday generosity**

Although theoretical debates on ‘caring at distance’ and ‘geographies of generosity’ abound in geographic journals, empirical research is scant. This is surprising. Generosity as expressed through thought and action is a universal – albeit diversely conceived and applied – social construct with roots in antiquity. Related disciplines such as sociology, anthropology, history and economics have long engaged the topic from an empirical viewpoint. So why not geography?

Perhaps the relative absence of empirical work on philanthropy relates to its explicit subjectivity and dalliance with emotion. Perhaps it has been obscured by more overtly political meta-dialogues in the pursuit of social justice and global equity. Whatever the cause of this omission, I believe philanthropy merits exploration beyond the philosophical, the macro (nation-state, multinationals, geopolitics) and the meso (civil society actors) levels of societal discourse. Deeply embedded in human consciousness and action, everyday philanthropy is shrouded in place production. The opportunities it presents to add to geographic thought should not be ignored.

This master’s thesis attempts to bridge the divide between conjecture and everyday lived lives by observing how people produce place through philanthropy in the modern, globalized world. It proposes new ways of conceiving and presenting research in geography. By doing so, it endeavours to spark discussion on the discipline’s normative framework.

### **The ‘world of flows’**

Whether by force or by choice, people are on the move more than ever before. The societal transformations attributed to globalization appear inescapable, accelerating the volume of both international and intra-national migration as people seek improved life prospects. Due to advances in technology and telecommunications, and reduction of travel time and costs, migrants can maintain close ties to their place of origin. Caring at a geographic distance is now possible more than ever. Yet, in a world of constant relocation, of migration with often circular or reverse flows, being anchored to one situated place-based schema is in decline. In fact, heterodoxy in territorialized identities is the accepted premise for much of today’s geographic inquiry. As noted by Philip Crang *et. al.* (2003), migration liquefies geography, engendering interwoven identities with multi-layered modalities of connectivity. If we accept that philanthropy is related to place production, transgression of a singularly defined place should affect geographies of generosity. The traditional concentric circle model of beneficence, where one gives most to those nearest and dearest and least to the afar, should be to a greater or lesser extent transformed.

Let us not forget that agencies of such transgressions go well beyond physical human movement from ‘here’ to ‘there’. We need to look no farther than the outpouring of generosity from people across the globe to assist distant strangers in the wake of the 2010 Haitian earthquake. This episodic reconfiguration of geographies of generosity would be impossible without transnational media flows stimulating our imaginations and emotions, financial flows providing quick transfer of material assets, and without the underlying global information technology infrastructure. As so often quoted, ‘this is a world of

flows' (Appadurai, 2001, 4). The dynamism of these flows, the structures that channel them, and of our interpretation and adaptation to all this are constitutive and productive of fluidity of place.

In that same year as Arjun Appadurai was postulating flows, the World Bank was busy calculating them. Its hallmark report, 'Workers' Remittances: An Important and Stable Source of External Development Finance' (Ratha, 2003), showcased the enormity of worldwide remittances from migrants to their homelands – estimated to be \$72.3 billion USD in 2001, alone – and sparked a plethora of research. These studies, including the most recent papers from Harvard University's Global Equity Initiative, catalogue the quantity and form of diaspora philanthropy. They document how the nation-state's legal and regulatory frameworks act as formidable structural barriers impeding international giving. They offer little to no discourse on the dialectic of place and philanthropy. The 2007 edition of *Geoforum* concentrating on geographies of generosity addressed this research gap. The papers featured explore the issue mainly from a discursive or crisis-driven standpoint. This study adds the everyday, non-crisis perspective to the genre.

### **Newfoundland: a 'nation' within Canada**

The subjects of this study are Newfoundland labour migrants in Fort McMurray, Alberta. Newfoundland is the island portion of Newfoundland and Labrador, Canada's most easterly province (see Figure 1) and one of the earliest European settled regions in North America. The province has the highest unemployment rates, lowest per capita income, fastest declining population, some of the highest rates of taxation, highest per capita debt and one of the weakest financial positions in the country (Statistics Canada, 2002;



Government of Newfoundland and Labrador, 2003; Statistics Canada, 2006a). In spite of, and, potentially, *because* of these facts, its inhabitants have the strongest sense of belonging and exhibit the highest donor rates (Statistics Canada, 2005, 2006b).

The successive waves of immigration experienced by other Canadian provinces have not hit Newfoundland shores. Of the 508,000 people who presently reside there, 99.2% are ‘white’ (Canadian Human Rights Commission, 2007) and of primarily Irish and English descent. This singularity of lineage as well as a cultural heritage based upon small-scale, family-owned fishing enterprises and rural outport communitarism are manifest in Newfoundland’s distinctive dialects, literature, folk art and music. Torontian author and media commentor Noah Richler remarks:

Stories are in the bone. In this island that still bears the mark of an oral society, songs fishermen used to sing contain in their lyrics directions around the difficult shore. The names of towns and villages here – Heart’s Content, Heart’s Desire, Heart’s Delight – are among the most poetic in the world – a song in their own right. In the way they relate the memory of a place, rather than using the name of some Old World monarch to stake a claim, they are closer in nature to aboriginal names than to settler ones. Newfoundland even has its own lexicon, it has its own book. *The Dictionary of Newfoundland English* is to the province as the Mahabharata is to India, or as Shakespeare’s plays are to England – work that contains not just the words but the soul of the place. Idiom is proof of Newfoundland’s difference, and of the unambiguous nature of the place as a nation.

(2006, 318)

Even the ‘other’ is integrated in everyday diction and imagination. The history of Newfoundland is fraught with political and economic squabbles with the Canadian nation-state, particularly the political power base of Central Canada. ‘Thank God we’re surrounded by water’ is said to be a familiar Newfoundland refrain (Neary, 1974, 14). Another part of Newfoundland culture, therefore, is the manifest reading – a consciousness – of itself in opposition to others. Terms such as ‘come from away’ or its acronym ‘CFA’ and ‘come back from away’ or ‘CBFA’ are voiced to demark those who

‘belong to’ and those who do not. The feeling of Newfoundlanders of themselves as a nation and their enormous pride in place have been well documented as has their centuries-long history of labour emigration (Matthews, 1976; Gimelch, 1983; Byron, 2003).

Before joining Canada in 1949, the choice of Newfoundlanders ‘who became bored of ripping guts out of codfish was clear – without thinking about it [they] headed for the Boston states’ (Guy, 1974, 10). Newfoundland descendants living in the New England states, estimated to be 2.5 million people (*ibid.*), began a tradition of shipping ‘Boston Barrels’ filled with clothing, books and other necessities back home to families in Newfoundland (Rahn, 2010, *pers com*). This tradition continued into the 1960s (*ibid.*). But soon after 1949, trans-national migration, especially to the Maritime provinces and Ontario, eclipsed cross-border relocation (Guy, 1974).

Cultural experiences of displacement, exile, yearnings for home, and return has never been temporally distant. Instead they are intimately integrated into the oral stories, literature, songs, and official records and are continuously renewed with each new wave of emigration. I find this diasporic tension to be highly intriguing – a tightly bound, *singular* sense of place that incorporates transgression of place. At first glance there is a contradiction afoot. This is one facet of the context for this study. Another is Fort McMurray, Alberta.

### **Pulling up stakes and heading to Fort McMurray**

In the years between 1971 and 1998, twenty percent of Newfoundland’s population migrated to other Canadian provinces or to the United States (Bella, 2002). Particularly

precipitous was the crash of Newfoundland's cod fishery in 1992 and the resulting moratorium that decimated the province's economy, causing double-digit unemployment. According to Statistics Canada, between 1996 and 2001, 47,100 Newfoundlanders pulled up stakes and left. While estimates vary, it is generally agreed that at least 20,000 'expatriates' now live and work in Fort McMurray, Alberta, some 4,000 kilometres away from home (Sachs, 2009).

Fort McMurray is a remote subarctic 'boomtown' located 440 kilometres north of Edmonton, the capital city of Alberta (see Figure 1). It was founded in the 1760s as a Hudson Bay Company fur-trading outpost (Huberman, 2001). The area's oily sands were known to the indigenous Cree Indians, who used the tar sand to repair canoes and reported on the deposits to Hudson Bay traders as early as 1719 (Huberman, 2001; Krim, 2003). Until the oil could be extracted from the sand at a profit, the town remained around 1,000-person mark. The right conditions came about in the 1970s, with the Gulf Oil crisis skyrocketing oil prices and technological advancements reducing the cost of separating the oil from sand. Before long, a handful of Canadian and multinational oil companies were extracting oil from what is now known as the Athabasca Oil Sands.

The oil sand deposits around Fort McMurray are said to hold 174 billion barrels of economically viable oil, the second largest reserves on the planet (Langfitt, 2006). Oil production in 2008 was estimated at 1.3 million barrels per day and is predicted to reach 3.3 million barrels a day by 2025 (Canadian Association of Petroleum Producers, 2009a). To keep the oil flowing, the industry requires a steady stream of open-pit miners and tradespeople to whom it is willing to pay six-figure salaries. Attracted by the prospect of

high-paying jobs 'on site' in the oil patch or employment in associated service industries, tens of thousands of workers from Canada and across the globe have flocked to the town. Some live in temporary work camps, some work for a stretch of days and then commute back to their home base, and others have settled permanently in Fort McMurray. David Sachs explains:

The population of the work camps built on or near the oil sands grew an eye-popping 637 per cent to 26,284 [since 2000]. Temporary foreign workers were recruited from countries like China, Russia, Venezuela and the Philippines. The Alberta Federation of Labour estimates that the number of temporary foreign workers in the province increased from 13,000 in 2004 to 57,000 in 2008, with many of those destined for the oil sands work camps. They were joined at the camps by many more from out of province: Canadian shift-workers on rotations (for example, working 14 days then taking 14 days off) flew in to work and flew home for their days off, often at their employer's expense.

(2009, 1)

Consequently, Fort McMurray is multilingual, multicultural and very much a growing town with a fluctuating population. Even with people moving in and out, its population has increased tenfold since the early 1970s. A 2008 estimate indicates the town boasts 72,471 permanent residents (Regional Municipality of Wood Buffalo, 2010).

News of Fort McMurray's fast-paced, 24/7/365 boomtown life has spread widely, making 'Fort Mac' probably the most talked about small town in the world. Some have hailed it the new Wild West. Tales abound of 'roughnecks sharing a basement with seven others, their bed-spaces separated by sheets for walls, working 12-hour days for 21 days straight, earning \$150,000 or more in manual labour' (Sachs, 2009) and spending it all on rent and 'boy toys' such as motorbikes, all-terrain vehicles and expensive automobiles.

In the past few years, unflattering commentary has turned up in *The Wall Street Journal*, *The Economist*, *The New York Times*, *The Washington Post*, *National Geographic*, *Times of London*, and *The Guardian*, and on *National Public Radio*, *60 Minutes*, and *Al*

*Jazeera*, among many other media outlets. Not only do these reports decry the oil sands industry's 'dirty' oil extraction processes and the hefty carbon dioxide emissions, they place a spotlight on Fort McMurray's edgy lifestyle, social problems, inadequate affordable housing and need for improved community services. Alda Edemariam of *The Guardian* writes:

You've only got to stroll down Hardin Street to the main drag, then hang a left and walk a couple more short blocks, to see what Fort McMurray is about. It wouldn't be the whole story, but you would catch the drift. You'd pass the Boomtown Casino, strip malls, and a club called Cowboys proudly advertising "naughty schoolgirl nights". Then the Royal Canadian Mounted Police station, the municipal offices, the Oil Sands Hotel, and Diggers bar, with its advertisement for exotic dancers. You would be passed by Humvees and countless pick-up trucks, each more souped up than the next, many covered in dried mud, many carrying further 4x4s - in winter, snowmobiles; in summer, all-terrain vehicles on which to go chasing through the bush, which is visible from the main street. And if the wind is from the northwest, you can smell oil on the air: heavy, slightly sour, unmistakable. Round here, they call it the smell of money. ... Fort McMurray may be full of opportunity, of quietly prosperous people, but "I think it can be very intimidating for somebody new coming in," says Angela Adams, a heavy equipment operator and union grievance officer. "It can be hard to find support systems." ... "There's a high incidence of depression." Adams makes confidential appointments for employees with mental health issues. Half the time, she says, hospital short-staffing means there is no one equipped to deal with them. Suicides may not often be reported, "but you hear about them through the grapevine".

(2007, 1-5)

As a result of these reports, Fort McMurray is a place on the defensive. Early in 2009 the local government and community groups joined in a promotional campaign titled 'Big Spirit' to portray the town and the oil industry in a positive light. This is another piece of puzzle that comprises the context in which I conducted life-story interviews with Newfoundlanders in Fort McMurray. Using these stories and along with other forms of ethnography, I explore how people construct their material and imagined spatial lives in and through their everyday philanthropy.

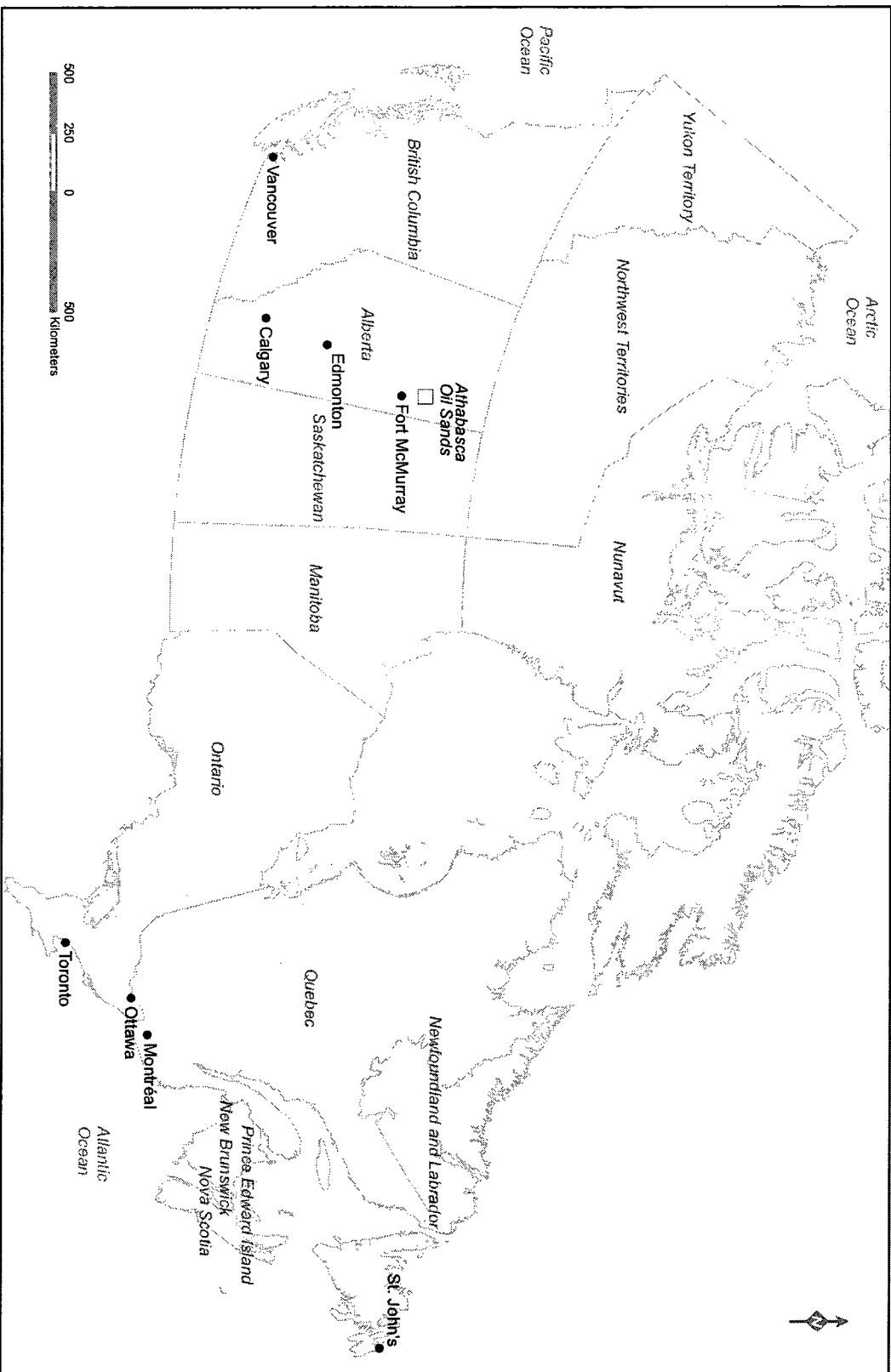
### **Key questions**

My research is qualitative. The scope is highly limited and discrete, devoid of essentializing or universalizing applications. Through open, in-depth interviews with migrants, I address two sets of questions. First, how does everyday philanthropy relate to place production? What meanings do individuals ascribe to their philanthropy? Second, how does migration alter geographies of generosity? To what extent is philanthropy a modality of power for migrants to remain 'in place'?

Thus my exploration is the dialectic of philanthropy and place production within a migratory context. If place is space filled with meaning (Tuan, 1977) and philanthropy is the voluntary transfer of resources for public benefit (Payton, 1987), then the dialectic can be simply stated: Through the voluntary act of giving, we fill space with meaning; and, in spaces filled with meaning, we give voluntarily. This supposition underscores my research questions. I attempt to answer these questions not only through my own research but also by drawing upon related academic literature. A review of social science and humanities literature follows, concentrating on the concepts of place, space, identity, migration and philanthropy. Afterwards, I discuss the research methodology to be employed.

FIGURE 1

MAP OF CANADA



## Literature Review

While living in the village of Krapyak Kulon on the island of Java, Indonesia, at the turn of the millennium, I was daily asked by strangers and neighbours alike, *Dari Mana?*, or where are you from? At the beginning of my two-year stay there, I was perplexed, unsure of how to answer such a seemingly simple question. The problem was that the query could be taken to mean so many different things – where was I born, what was the immediate last place in my day's journey, or somewhere else along this continuum. The answer depended on who was asking and in what context, I understood finally.

Conducting ethnographic research in Newfoundland during summer 2008, I was met by another question: Where do you belong to? This, I could answer without hesitation, so at least I thought. Toronto was the first word out of my mouth, and then I changed my response to Montreal where I presently reside. I handle such questions a bit better in Montreal. On average, once a month someone asks where I am from. Invariably, I reply Toronto but the inquisitors are not satisfied with that. Where are you born? they persist. Toronto, I persist back. Eventually they get the answer they desire: my parents are, and, by extension, I am from somewhere else, the distant nation of Guyana.

Who am I, where do I come from, where do I belong? Issues of place, identity and *mobility* are fundamental to the human condition. It is from this premise that this review of academic literature begins. Occasionally, personal experiences in Indonesia and Newfoundland will be used as mooring, for place and identity are elusive, dynamic, entangled and contested concepts. Following an exploration of place, space, identity and migration, an overview of debates on generosity is presented.



## **Place and identity**

We are told that the manner in which place and identity are constructed has changed, and that this transformation is related to the speeding up of interchange and stretching out of relations in this globalized era. There is little to no academic disagreement on this point. What continues to be strenuously debated is how to best schematize or capture the essence of this transformation. Correspondingly, there is considerable interest and differing viewpoints on its societal implication. How will it play out in the economy, culture, and politics of a group, neighbourhood, city, region, nation-state, and so forth? Moreover, which sort of people in which sort of places are more or less in the position to drive, benefit from, or adapt to this transformation? And, in this new realm has place been usurped by space in import? Rather than jumping directly into these debates, I will first lay the theoretical ground for the concepts found in key literature and highlight areas of concordance and discordance. Second, the relevant discursive work on contemporary place production and identity will be presented. Lastly, empirical research will be linked to theory to provide a more nuanced, 'ground-up' understanding.

## ***Place***

If humans share one commonality other than birth and death, it is that we exist in physical and cultural environments. Being situated, being emplaced begins in the womb and carries on with our existence at specific points on the earthly sphere. The use of the word 'points' is not meant to connote merely physical locations and localities but also incorporates temporalities (as in points in time) and social, cultural and geographic positioning in relation to others. Our individual experience and expression of being is

given meaning in and through these space-time specificities or in other words, these places. Amplification is provided by Jeff Malpas:

The idea of place encompasses both the ideal of the social activities and institutions that are expressed in and through the structure of a particular place (and which can be seen as partially determinative of that place) and the idea of the physical objects and events in the world (along with the associated causal processes) that constrain, and are sometimes constrained by, those social activities and institutions. There is no doubt that the ordering of a particular place – and the specific way in which society orders space and time – is not independent of social ordering (inasmuch as it encompasses the social, so place is partially elaborated by means of social, just as place is also elaborated in relation to orderings deriving from individual objects and from underlying physical structures). However this does not legitimize the claim that place, space or time are merely social constructions. Indeed the social does not exist prior to place nor is it given expression except through place – and through spatialised, temporalised ordering ... It is within the structure of place that the very possibility of the social arises.

(1999, in Cresswell, 2004, 31)

Two epistemological views on place predominate: the constructivist view of place, whereby place is produced through social and cultural processes which are themselves constructed by place production (Massey, 1994) and the phenomenologist perspective that ‘being only emerges in and through place’ (Malpas, 2007, 6; also see Casey, 1997). The overlap between the stances is three-fold: (1) place is inextricably linked to humanness; (2) it shapes our perception and experience of the world; and (3) its production is always happening. Constantly interpreted, narrated, perceived, felt, understood and imagined, places are not static (Soja, 1996; Gieryn, 2000); they are endlessly constructed, defended and transformed through dynamic social processes and constitutive of them.

As Yi-Fu Tuan (1991) noted the concepts of place and space require each other for definition. Previously looked upon as a meaningless realm, akin to an empty void, the concept of space has undergone a redo by some social scientists. Since the 1970s space has nudged place from its exalted *place* in the academy as researchers strive to form

theoretical and interpretative tools to comprehend the new era and address resultant political concerns. Two key texts, which may in fact have stirred this momentum, are David Harvey's *Social Justice and the City* (1973) and Henri Lefebvre's *The Production of Space* (1991), both of which are relational conceptualizations that accede profound influence to hegemonic power and politics in the production of the spatial. Individual subjectivity and experience, therefore, became purely one level of interaction, albeit, at least for Lefebvre, a significant one.

Lefebvre's theory on the production of 'social space' (1991), a concept that has gained broad acceptance in the social sciences, treads closely to the meaning of place. The relationship among spatial practice, representation of space, and spatial representation are key to Lefebvre's concept. Spatial practice is what individuals do in and with space. It is their observable performance in relation to spatial structures. A person walks a dog (or a dog walks a person, depending on your viewpoint) along the boardwalk in St. John's, Newfoundland. Representation of space is the ordering of space by those with the power to do so, namely government officials and their law enforcing actors and instruments, architects, and urban planners. For example, a sign posted on the boardwalk uses a symbol to warn users that dogs off-leash are prohibited. The overt authority to place this sign is that of the city bureaucrats that established the regulation and the municipal workers who are employed to erect the sign. Less than obvious is the social agreement that a series of lines symbolize a dog and another line symbolizes prohibition. Less obvious again is the history of authoritative decisions that permit dogs to live with humans. Spatial representations are what individuals make of the space based on their unique personal histories and imaginations. It is space 'lived through its associated

images and symbols' (Lefebvre, 1991, 39). User A has been bitten by dogs in the past and feels uncomfortable using the boardwalk. User B has a dog and is outraged that her freedom is curtailed and, though otherwise law-abiding, subverts the intervention when she imagines authorities are not watching. Each individual's space of representation is different depending upon what experiences, perceptions and imaginations they bring to it. How the forces of spatial practice, representations of space and spatial representations interrelate is ever changing. The dynamism within and between all levels is what constitutes social space production.

Another trilogy of intertwined spatial recognitions has been crafted by Doreen Massey:

First, that we recognise space as the product of interrelations, as constituted through interactions, from the immensity of the global to the intimately tiny. Second, that we understand space as the sphere of the possibility of the existence of multiplicity in the sense of contemporaneous plurality; as the sphere in which distinct trajectories coexist; as the sphere therefore of coexisting heterogeneity. Third, that we recognise space as always under construction. Precisely because space on this reading is a product of relations-between, relations that are necessarily embedded material practices which have to be carried out, it is always in the process of being made. It is never finished; never closed.

(2005, 9)

Contrary to the traditional definition, Massey therefore argues, space *is* meaningful – 'concrete, grounded and real' (2004, 7). It cannot be construed as a static, empty void, but should be championed for its relational 'liveliness' at all scales (also see Amin and Thrift, 2002). Space, in this reading, sounds like place.

Massey goes on to challenge the universalising discourse of place as primary to the construction of meaning and society, positing places as nodes of relational networks, points of global flow production and channelling. An antecedent to this theorization is the rumination of Michel Foucault in the 1960s:

The present epoch will perhaps be above all the epoch of space. We are in the epoch of simultaneity: we are in the epoch of juxtaposition, the epoch of the near and far, of the side-by-side, of the dispersed. We are at a moment, I believe, when our experience of the world is

less that of a long life developing through time than that of a network that connects points and intersects with its own skein.

(1967, 1)

Space and time are now regularly conceived of as the crucibles in which human meaning is derived. This flows against a heavy historic current propelled by the theories of Tuan (1975) and others that place is the *a priori* experiential fact of human existence. There is no wonder that place and space can appear indistinct.

Notwithstanding the importance of terminological coherence, my interest here is to point out that the theoretical concept of place upon which I attempt to construct my research is ‘on shaky ground’ (Massey, 2004, 6). As such, I turn to Tuan’s phenomenological *experience* of place for clarity, for his writing lacks remoteness and abstraction:

At the theoretical level, places are points in a spatial system. At the opposite extreme, they are strong visceral feelings. Places are seldom known at either extreme: the one is too remote from sensory experience to be real, and the other presupposes rootedness in a locality and an emotional commitment to it that are increasingly rare. To most people in the modern world, places lie somewhere in the middle range of experience. In this range places are constructed out of such elements as distinctive odours, textural and visual qualities in the environment, seasonal changes of temperature and colour, how they look as they are approached from the highway, their location in the school atlas or road map, and additional bits of indirect knowledge like population or number of kinds of industries. Within the middle range places are thus known both directly through the senses and indirectly through the mind. A small place can be known through all the modes of experience; a large place, such as a city or nation, depends far more on indirect and abstract knowledge for its experiential construction.

(1975, 164)

Tuan’s description of place brings humanness back into the forefront. Still in this ‘world of flows’ (Appadurai, 2001, 4) it is people that produce place through real or imagined sensorial experiences and knowledge of the world over time. It is this bottom-up definition, devoid as it is of explicit reference to global networks and flows, which I find most suitable to ground my study of place production.

Building on Tuan’s spatial ordering, Peter Taylor (1982, in Marston *et. al.*, 2005) proposes a tri-level, flow-inclusive scale of the human universe: the local as the micro-

scale or the place of experience; the meso scale of the nation-state as the space of ideology; and the macro scale of the global or the space of material cultural and economic flows. Neil Smith (1992, in Marston *et. al.*, 2005) advises us to see these scales as malleable based on the outcomes of geographic contestations by social processes that are themselves bound and productive of these scales. Massey (2005) cautions us to remember the interstitial dynamism of flows within all geographic scales. Above all, we are not to forget Tuan's assertions that place and space are mutually constituted (1991).

Here it is important to reiterate Malpas' point that all social processes – class, politics, ideology, morality, gender, language, philanthropy, etcetera – are emplaced. Their relevant impact is related to their socially produced power to cross and occupy a range of scales and to exclude or contest the presence of other socially constructions. This multitude of interrelated, power-inscribed social processes conflated with each individual's unique experiences and their variable imputed meaning over time provide for differentiated production of place.

### ***Identity***

This begs the question, unasked so far, why do we go about constructing place with its related finger-pointing, power-implicated, hierarchical, inequitable, and other divisive attributes? David Harvey (1996) and Tuan (1997, in Cresswell, 2004) postulate that the need for assertion of being compels us to produce place. We pause, ordering space and time into permanence, to note the security of our singularity of being (Tuan 1997, in Cresswell, 2004; Harvey, 1996). Benedict Anderson explains:

Awareness of being embedded in secular, serial time, with all its implications of continuity, yet of 'forgetting' the experience of this continuity – engenders the need for a narrative of 'identity'. ... In the secular story of the 'person' there is a beginning and an end. She emerges

from parental genes and social circumstances onto the brief historical stage, there to play a role until her death. After that, nothing but the penumbra of lingering fame and influence.  
(2006, 205)

We fashion our narrative of identity, as described above, through imagining ourselves to be distinct and finite. For this distinction to exist, there must be ‘others’. Through cultural practises and power relationships embedded therein, we create a nestling of imagined space-time connections – from family to community to region to nation to geopolitical concepts such as the ‘Free World’ or ‘Developed World’. This ordering allows us to narrate the gap between the infinite continuity of time-space and our finite existence. It offers place-making scales of ‘finite, if elastic, boundaries’ (Anderson, 2006, 7), beyond which lay ‘others’. Notes Rosalyn Diprose ‘self-identity, a manner of being, cannot be constituted without the production of an interval or a difference between the self and the other. ... However, as identity is produced through the other, the “full” terms so constituted cannot simply refer to signify themselves’ (2002, 7).

To examine these thoughts in relation to contemporary identity, I turn to the opposition of place and space. For Tuan (1977, in Cresswell, 2004, 8) states that ‘from the security of place we are aware of the openness, freedom, and threat of space, and visa versa.’ In other words, place provides security and place is produced to be secure. Massey reminds us:

... space is the sphere of the possibility of the existence of multiplicity ... We need to recognize that you cannot think of multiplicity, you cannot image difference, you cannot recognize the possibility of the existence of the alterity, without really taking on board space and spatiality and the social construction thereof.

(1999, 11)

Tuan’s juxtaposition of openness and freedom of space with its threat is worth further exploration. On the one hand, the intensity, diversity and extent of movement of people,

money, goods, information and ideologies in the globalized era unties historic bonds and restrictions. This provides space for creativity, for multiplicity – multiple identities and temporalities and their construction through dialectical processes (Massey, 1999).

On the other hand, if space is the realm of multiplicity or ‘others’ in both the narrowest and broadest of senses, then place allows for a singularity, a definite identity that is now in jeopardy. Indeed, some would argue that contemporary identity is, to a degree, akin to a supermarket with aisles of copious selections, or a fashion statement where ‘...each of us can pick and choose cultural identities like we pick and choose clothes’ (Mathews, 2000, 4). The phrase ‘each of us’ is problematic because it denotes equity in power relations. However, the gist of the argument holds true: for a growing number of people nowadays, there are an over abundance of reference points, both material and immaterial, from which to produce imaginations and form their identities. It is, therefore, highly conceivable that I may have answered the Newfoundlander’s question, ‘Where do you belong to?’, with an unequivocal, ‘Here.’ Ash Amin summarizes:

The public sphere – that is, the discursive arena in which any individual here or there can participate with the aid of many ‘travelling’ technologies such as books, newspapers, billboards, the media, the Internet – is trans-territorial by its very definition. It is a mobile, circulating and ubiquitous space, one that can generate associations and discursive engagements at a variety of spatial scales and a variety of spatial forms (from transnational ethical networks and global news audiences to school playgrounds and chat rooms). Any particular geographic site can only ever be a nodal connection in a hydra-like network space that never coincides into a local public sphere.

(2004, 38)

Youngsters who I knew in Krpyak Kulon, Indonesia, for example, grew up watching the Canadian television show *Degrassi Junior High* and rooting for the English football team Manchester United. They thought nothing of wanting to look like or *be* country singer Shania Twain, to dream of being as “putih” (white) as the Japanese or Chinese, or to aspire to eat at McDonald’s. Their imagined and real place-based connections stretched



across the world. The ideological and cultural power established at other geographic locations and scales expanded into and occupied theirs. This accelerated transfer of cultural symbols carried by flows through networks spanning the world and altering local identities and cultures has been termed 'cultural globalization' (Nijman, 1999) or 'cultural globalism' (Amin, 2004).

We live in a confusing world, a world of crisscrossed economies, intersecting systems of meaning, and fragmented identities. Suddenly, the comforting modern imagery of nation-states and national languages, of coherent communities and consistent subjectivities, of dominant centers and distant margins no longer seems adequate. ... [We] have all moved irrevocably into a new kind of social space...

(Rouse, 1991, 8)

This new openness and freedom can foster disorientation, fragmentation, fright, and anger as the manner in which we produce identity and place changes. The shake-up is manifested not just in warring communities but also the politics of the body. Feminist geographers such as Linda McDowell, Gillian Rose, Doreen Massey, and Geraldine Pratt, among others, have documented how gender relates to '[e]xplicit and implicit rules and regulations about whose bodies are permitted in which spaces and the interaction between them ... and their internal divisions' (McDowell, 1999, 166). For example, the women of Krapyak Kulon, while picking up new cultural signifiers from beyond their local place, were socially prohibited from driving, going out past sundown, dressing 'Western', and voting in religious institutions. My quotidian activities – bicycling alone or going out at night – were seen by male community leaders as a threat at worst and worrisome at best. Many a night, a group of men sat at my doorstep or waited at the entrance to the village until I arrived home. Their group behaviour explicitly undertaken for my benefit was also indicative of their 'out-of-place' disorientation caused by my foreign, culturally inscribed bodily movements in their community.

This illustrates what Appadurai (1996) terms ‘deterritorialisation’: tangible global flows (A Canadian woman lives in Krapyak Kulon) and intangible (She *imagines* she has the right to go out alone at night) ones destabilize the nature of locality. Amin calls this new global paradigm ‘territorial perforation’, which he defines as follows:

... the displacement of a world order of nested territorial formations composed of a discernable inside and outside, by a world of heterogeneous spatial arrangements in terms of geographic shape, reach, influence and duration. In the emerging spatial order, spatial configurations and spatial boundaries are no longer necessary or positively territorial or scalar, since the social, economic, political and cultural inside and outside are constituted through the topologies of actor-networks which are becoming increasingly dynamic and varied in spatial variations.

(2004, 33)

The lack of congruity between the territorially bounded places and the area of exchange undermines traditional power structures such as the nation-state and established communities (Mbembe, 2001). Authority and self-determination, once their privilege, is challenged. The staggering array of networks described by Achille Mbembe (2001), Appadurai (1996) and Amin (2004) – from corporate transnational supply chains to media outlets to virtual cultural networks to organized terror cells – ‘dissect through, and lock established communities into new circuits of belonging and attachment, resentment and fear’ (Amin, 2004, 33).

The now legendary debate between David Harvey and Doreen Massey about the nature of place construction in postmodernity highlights this problematic. Whereas Massey (1994, 1999) sees a more ‘progressive’ and relational sense of place emerging as she walks through the streets of multicultural London and observes the overlapping, interdependent actor-networks of differing spatiality and longevity, Harvey (1996, in Cresswell, 2004) detects a more xenophobic and reactionary sense of place developing.

From the emergence of American gated, suburban communities to re-emergence of genocide in Europe, Harvey notes the protectionisms exerted by a wide range of political-economic actors as they struggle for permanence. Many of these protectionisms are in fact retrenchments into barely camouflaged, divisive politics of race and ethnicity. And, as succinctly put by Tuan, 'Politics creates place by making it visible' (1975, 163).

Geographers looking for middle ground have questioned this dichotomous conception of contemporary place-based realities. Amin (2004) calls for a 'topological' appreciation of place and identity premised on cultural globalism as the filter through which attachments at different scales are developed and expressed. 'The result is not a weakened sense of place, but a heterotopic sense of place that is no longer reducible to regional moorings or to a territorially defined public sphere, but is made up of influences that fold together culturally plural and the geographically proximate and distant' (Amin, 2004, 37).

The mixing of cultural pluralism with attachments of varying geographic scales sounds similar to what was proposed by Massey (1994). It also links to social theories of 'third space', 'betweenness' and 'hybridity', these concepts being primarily associated with identity and migration. Sallie Marston *et. al.* (2005) wish to banish from geography the theory of spatial scale that is so fundamental to nestled place-based hierarchy and network theories. Instead, they argue for a-spatiality or flatness. What I attempt to point out here is that place and identity schema and their associated terminology whiz around the discursive space of academic journals and lecture halls. As Harvey notes wryly, 'It is far easier to get a publication out of a discussion of someone else's ideas than [to conduct field research]' (2006a, 410). Again, not dismissing the significance of theory and discussion thereof, I find situated empirical research provides pauses for reflection and

insight on how today's place production occurs.

Studying the politics of place and identity in the inner London neighbourhood of Stoke Newington, Jon May (1996) deconstructs 'global culturalism' and a 'global sense of place'. His work demonstrates the influence of race and class, a sense of the past, and a sense of control over the future play in place production and identity. Exclusively interviewing white residents of the multicultural neighbourhood, May maps the multiple, conflicting ways in which place construction occurs. In contrast to the area's established white working class who express a sense of lost experience of place in a Tuan sense and of nationhood in an Anderson sense, the newer white cultural elite relishes the 'historical authenticity' of the Stoke Newington's 'Englishness'. They find its diversity to be a 'lifestyle aesthetic' that embodies and reinforces their cultural capital. To them, Stoke Newington is a place where 'one can have it all' and 'black things out' such as the socio-economic issues faced by the neighbourhood's working class. May concludes:

Battles over an area's past are therefore of crucial importance in defining a local sense of place. But at issue is not some elusive question of historical authenticity, of whose image of the past is closer to what an area was 'really like'. Rather, it is a question of the material politics articulated by each vision ... [that complicate] any ideas of a universal retreat into the mythology of a 'bonded sense of place'.

(1996, 205)

May makes the case that on-the-ground, place and identity construction is not progressive as Massey's (1994) 'global sense of place'. He also points out that identity politics are not necessarily reactionary or xenophobic in the way Harvey (1996) describes. And, yet, as illustrated, the politics of imagined 'nation-ness' endures.

## **Migration**

The wide body of literature on transmigration offers a lens to view the place and identity production of migrants. This literature brings to light the 'embodied movement and

practises of migrants and/or the flows of commodities and capital, and analyses these flows with respect to national borders and the cultural construction of nation, citizen and social life' (Mitchell 2003, 84). This flow of the material and immaterial serves to 'construct and reconstitute [transmigrants] simultaneous embeddedness in more than one society' (Glick Schiller *et. al.*, 1995, 48), redefining these societies into a single social field (Levitt and Glick Schiller, 2004).

Along with 'broad brushstrokes and macroanalyses' (Amit-Talai, 1997, 332), research on transmigration has been quite intimate in its empirical consideration of ethnicity, gender, religion, 'race' and class as seen through as diverse lenses as materiality (Crang *et. al.*, 2003; Tolia-Kelly, 2004), nation-state regulatory frameworks (de Haas, 2006; Glick Schiller, 2008), concepts and manifestations of home (Tolia-Kelly, 2004; Staeheli and Nagel, 2006; Walsh, 2006), migrant remittances (Maimbo and Ratha, 2005; Geithner *et. al.*, 2004), and emerging manifestations and contestations of citizenship (Leitner and Ehrkamp, 2006; Staeheli and Nagel, 2006; Preston *et. al.*, 2006; Veronis, 2006). Of these threads, the literature on place production and embodiment of citizenship are of primary interest. I shall examine these first, leaving the consideration of philanthropy research to the close of this review.

Patricia Ehrkamp's (2005) study of Turkish immigrants living in Duisburg-Marxloh, Germany demonstrates how migrants fashion their own identities from and through numerous place-based connections, thereby redefining local citizenship. Her ethnographic fieldwork demonstrates migrants' 'negotiated reality', illustrating how they actively 'carve out' belonging and 'create familiarity and comfort in the most mundane aspects of everyday life...' (Ehrkamp, 2005, 351). For example, with no Turkish-language

broadcasts available on German television, immigrants offset this exclusion by watching Turkish television in their Duisburg-Marxloh living room. 'The experienced or imagined 'home' country thus is no longer just a memory in immigrants' minds and narratives, it is present and part of their everyday lives' (Ehrkamp, 2005, 356). At the same time, 'the transnational is inserted into and shapes the local place' (Ehrkamp, 2005, 356) so that satellite dishes, advertisements for long-distance calling cards, and Turkish-language store signs are physical and symbolic representations of local-global connections and migrants' power to alter the locality.

The special 2006 edition of *Environment and Planning A* provides further illumination of the place-based negotiations of migrants. Of interest is the debate on what construes modern citizenship. The classic definition balances citizens' obligations and loyalty to a single nation-state with the nation-state's provision of equal access to social, civil, and political rights (Marshall, 1950). This characterization has been challenged, some say undermined, by transnationalism (Leitner and Ehrkamp, 2006), wherein the 'problem of jurisdiction and the problem of loyalty are increasingly disjunct' (Appadurai, 1996, 47). Migrant identification with and desire to participate in multiple communities underlies the call for a more progressive, 'substantive' definition of citizenship (Staeheli, 2006; Leitner and Ehrkamp, 2006). In such formulations, citizenship is actively constructed through the nation-state as well as through social practices 'that individuals engage in beyond the state, through organizations of civil society and civic actions' at different geographic scales (Leitner and Ehrkamp, 2006, 1619). Preston *et. al.* expand this notion:

[A new definition of citizenship should consider] both formal definitions of citizenship, as defined by the laws and regulations of the sending and receiving nations, and substantive or participatory aspects of citizenship, lived practices, and identities that shape and are shaped by norms and values in both places. The two are closely intertwined. Although formal

equality does not always translate into lived equity, it is an essential prerequisite for achieving lived equity, and formal aspects of citizenship frame or enable the lived reality of citizenship practices and identities.

(2006, 1636)

Here, we must recall the urging to incorporate global flows into the mixture of place-based negotiations. Luisa Veronis (2006) starts from the observational vantage point of a suburban parade to point out how global ideology plays a role in reframing notions of citizenship. Examining how Latin Americans use the public display of marching in a Toronto suburb to celebrate 'Canadian Hispanic Day', Veronis demonstrates how migrant community mobilization serves several political agendas.

On the one hand, migrants strategically use *bottom-up* actions in public space to increase their social and spatial visibility. Their collective, political claims to urban space are linked to their claims and practices of belonging. Such public display also serves to unite the migrant community through collective action and sense of self-reliance. On the other hand, Veronis points out, the parade also depoliticizes migrant community problems, reinforces nation-state policies, and promotes *top-down* global neoliberalism.

For my research, the macro (nation-state and geopolitics) and the meso (organized groups and institutional actors) levels of society will be secondary yet impacting and omnipresent. I am primarily interested in how individual migrants with ties to different territorialized communities produce place through actions. In my case, I focus on acts of generosity. Leitner and Ehrkamp (2006) concentrate on acts of citizenship, employing the feminist concept of positionality to deconstruct migrants' sense of belonging in Germany and the United States. They define positionality as follows:

... the social situatedness of individual subjects within particular socio-spatial contexts and relations to others that shape their knowledge, views, subjectivity, identity, imaginary, and conditions of existence (Nagar and Geiger, 2007; Rose, 1997). Positionality also involves

power relations, in the sense that uneven power is associated with the placement of individuals in social, cultural, and material space, and within nation-states and the global economy. Yet, as positionality is also continuously enacted, it may not only reproduce but also challenge existing power relations (Sheppard, 2002).

(2006, 1616)

Although finding ‘striking’ commonalities amongst migrants’ imagination of citizenship, Leitner and Ehrkamp argue that individual migrants craft meaning, assign value and practice citizenship based on changing configurations of their multiple identities. They observe:

Differences in positionality among immigrants who inhabit multiple subject positions and identities with respect to gender, race, education, formal immigration status, age and generation, length of stay, and the migration experience, which interact with one another in complex ways, produce varied dispositions towards, for example, acquiring citizenship in their place of residence.

(2006, 1616)

Through demonstrating these positionalities and on-the-ground, place-based negotiations, *ways of being* [the social relations and practices in which individuals engage (Levitt and Glick Schiller, 2004)] in space and place and *ways of belonging* [the demonstrated conscious connection to particular groups that signify and support individuals’ production of place and identity (Levitt and Glick Schiller, 2004)] of migrants are revealed.

## **Philanthropy**

Geography’s preoccupation with the concept and expression of place and space has been accompanied by a wide-ranging interest in ethics and morality. These debates engage benevolence (caring about) and beneficence (caring for) from the perspective of international development, geopolitics, diasporic media, moral landscapes, the environment and colonialism (see Smith, 1998; Popke, 2003; Lambert and Lester, 2004; Massey, 2004; Carter, 2007 for example). Much of this discourse problematizes the spatiality of caring (giving to our nearest and dearest first and foremost), where ‘place is



understood to be the location of clear-cut ethical commitments, while space serves as a shorthand for abstract, alienated relations in which distance intervenes to complicate and extend the range of moral duties' (Barnett *et. al.*, 2005, 24). Inevitably, these thoughts have led to considerable concern about extending care to distant strangers.

Explicit in geographers' debates about 'caring at a distance' and 'geographies of responsibility' have been the proposition that people do not care enough, nor far enough. Sometimes the lens has been turned inwards. Paul Cloke (2002, 591) calls for geographers to move away from their 'abstract, intellectually fascinated, but often uncommitted sense *of* the other' towards 'a sense *for* the other which is emotional, connected and committed.' Most often, though, geographers have looked outward to convey the rationale for caring at differing geographic scales.

Interestingly, there has been scant attention paid to defining what is a gift, or, more aptly for my research, what is philanthropy. I will explore this debate first. Second, I will delve into gift theory, specifically the oppositional stances of the reciprocal and absolute gift. Afterwards, the thorny issue of motivations to give will be tackled. I will close by summarizing geography's recent contributions to the understanding of philanthropy.

The word 'philanthropy' derives from ancient Greece, meaning loving (*philos*) of humankind (*anthropos*). This is a broad definition within which caring for and about one's immediate family could be deemed as philanthropic. In modern times, the definition of philanthropy has been refined to privilege action above sentiment and the public realm above private sphere. Robert Payton's definition of philanthropy as 'voluntary action for the public good' (1987, 1) underpins its most accepted modern

delineation: the voluntary transfer of resources by private individuals or groups for public good. In academic circles, however, there is disagreement over whether philanthropy is in fact voluntary or compelled by social obligations or socially prescribed morals (Sulek, 2008, 6). Moreover, a difference of opinion exists on what constitutes the border between private and public.

The classification of migrant remittances to extended families is particularly problematic. On a micro level, remittances from migrants living in economically prosperous nations increase the income of the receiving family, thereby reducing their level of poverty and increasing family investments in entrepreneurship, health and education (Ratha, 2007). Research on the multiplier effect of remittances on communities is in its infancy. However, academics agree that an unknown portion is allocated for and has spin-offs that contribute to public benefit.

Using Western normative judgements, remittances could be classified as strictly self-help or mutual aid. Social relationships vary, however, depending on cultural and historic context. Jacqueline Copeland-Carson (2007) observed that Kenyan migrants gave to homeland relatives in support of distant kin who were effectively strangers. Studies on transmigrant giving to South Asia illustrate that families receiving remittances often act as custodians who are entrusted to make philanthropic community investments (Geithner *et. al.*, 2004; Cheran & Aiken, 2005; Velayutham & Wise, 2005). Given differences in social relations and philanthropic practices, it may be most apt to conceive remittances and migrant philanthropy as two sides of the same coin. Both are the monetized expression of a community's caring (Geithner *et. al.*, 2004).

In this study, philanthropy is defined as the voluntary transfer of resources (money, goods, services, knowledge, skills or time) by private individuals or groups for public benefit. If a research participant indicates that incidents of family remittances in whole or in part were for the public good, these contributions will be considered as philanthropic. Actions by individuals for communal benefit undertaken outside the domain of officially recognized charities and other institutions are defined as informal philanthropy. Both informal and formal philanthropy are considered as signifiers of connectedness to the community. Moreover, they are regarded as part of a range of care options. This study makes no judgement on their value in relations to more intimate forms of care. It is the relationality of philanthropy to other forms of care and how philanthropy connects to place production that are of interest. Since the terms ‘generosity’, ‘gift’, ‘caring for’ and ‘donation’ are regularly used inter-changeably with philanthropy, I adopt this practise.

### ***Gift theory***

To introduce gift theory, let me bring back the concept of Anderson’s (2006) that humans create a nestling of imagined space-time connections to narrate the gap between the infinite continuity of time and space and our finite existence. Barnett and Land (2007) and Sean Carter (2007) connect this argument to our inability to engage in ‘an unending and continually open-ended ethical stance to the world *out there*’ (Carter, 2007, 1111). It is through such ‘spatialised, temporalised ordering ... that the very possibility of the social arises’ (Malpas, 1999, in Cresswell, 2004, 31).

Gifting as a fundamental organizational principle of societies is introduced in Marcel Mauss’s *Essai sue le don*, penned in 1923-4, the most influential work in framing the theory of gifts and gifts exchange. Mauss’s thesis rests on observations of ‘archaic’

societies where a gift 'is given in the context in which both its reception and its reciprocal return are obligated in terms of well-articulated social rules' (Schrift, 1997, 4). A community's social and economic hierarchy is established through gift giving, whereby the exchange serves to redistribute wealth from those who have much to those who have less. Such exchanges '... reflect, sustain, strengthen or loosen the cultural bonds of the group' (Titmuss, 1970, 81-82). Mauss writes:

... these exchanges and gifts of objects that link the people involved, function on the basis of a common fund of ideas: the object received as a gift, the received object in general, engages, links magically, religiously, morally, juridically, the giver and the receiver. Coming from one person, made or appropriated by him, being from him, it gives him power over the other person who accepts it.

(Mauss, 1924, in Schrift, 1997, 29-30)

Several notable philosophers, anthropologists and sociologists have built on Mauss's premise of gifts and giving. Claude Lévi-Strauss (1950, in Schrift, 1997, 59) demystifies the gift, emphasizing the human mind's ability to work out unconscious notions or unwritten symbols of a 'fluid, spontaneous character'. He writes:

These notions, 'somewhat like algebric symbols, occur to represent an indeterminate value of signification, itself devoid of meaning and thus susceptible of receiving any meaning at all; their sole function is to fill a gap between the signifier and the signified, or, more exactly, to signal the fact that in such a circumstance, on such an occasion, or in such a one of their manifestations, a relationship of non-equivalence becomes established between the signifier and the signified, to the detriment of the prior complementary relationship.

(1950, in Schrift, 1997, 59)

Overt recognition of the gift's symbolism as a rule breaks its social convention, positing the gift as a mere market transaction (Schrift, 1997). The versimilitude of the gift and exchange market underpins Derrida's theory on truth in giving. For it to be true, Derrida writes, the gift 'must not come back to the giving (let us not already say to the subject, to the donor). It must not circulate, it must not be exchanged. ... The gift must remain aneconomical' (Derrida, 1991, in Schrift, 1997, 124). Since the gift is rarely observed in its truest form, 'it deals with economy, exchange, contract (*do et des*), it speaks of raising

stakes, sacrifice, gift and counter-gift – in short, of everything that in the thing itself impels the gift and the annulment of the gift’ (Derrida, 1991, in Schrift, 1997, 10).

So have we been hoodwinked that generosity is a noble virtue? The answer may be ‘somewhat’. For gift theory also postulates the oppositional form of the reciprocal, relational gift, that being the abstract, free gift where ‘[t]here would be no tangible reward, no prestige gained by giving, nor any penalties for failing to do so. The donor feels no resentment if the gift is not reciprocated, nor will the beneficiary feel any duty to repay’ (Silk, 2004, 232).

A case in point is the outpouring of generosity in the wake of the 2010 Haitian earthquake. For the most part, the gifts given were to distant strangers. They were not expected to be returned. No accolades were provided to donors, nor were there sanctions for those who did not contribute. Similarly, blood donations can be categorized as an approximation of a free, absolute gift (Schrift, 1997). In his acclaimed study on U.K. and U.S. blood donations, Richard Titmuss notes that blood gifts are ‘acts of free will; of the exercise of choice; of conscience without shame’ (Titmuss, 1970, 89). On many levels, gifts given through large-scale, charitable intermediaries such as UNICEF appear also to be free of reciprocity. Even on a more intimate level, it is hard to imagine a grandparent’s gift to their toddler grandchild as a reciprocal one. Yet, if we accept the proposition put forth previously that our identities are developed relationally, including ‘non-relations, absences and hiatuses’ (Massey, 2004, 5), we must accept that, to some degree, such acts seemingly of free will are subject to societal ‘spatialised, temporalised ordering’ (Malpas, 1999, in Cresswell, 2004, 31).

### *The motivation to give*

It is common knowledge in the fundraising profession that the main motivation for people to give is because they are asked. The 'ask' itself – temporally and spatially proximate – is like an electrical socket to a plug. It offer the opportunity of connectivity. Philanthropy, notes Alan Schrift, is a 'social act that unavoidably takes one outside oneself and puts one in contact with an other or others' (1997, 19) whereby gifts are 'extensions of the self insofar as they carry the expression of sentiments' (Strathern quoted in Schrift, 1997, 302).

Lon Dubinsky (1985) argues that these sentiments are centrally about individual or group attainment of power and prestige. Giving, according to Dubinsky, is the manifestation of an individual's power to change the circumstances of others. Lévi-Strauss asserts the same when he speaks of philanthropy establishing a relationship of non-equivalence, detrimental to a previously complimentary relationship between the self and an other. If we consider the proposition by Mauss (1923-4) and Derrida (1991) that the act of giving is intimately linked to the act of receiving, we can think of philanthropy as a self-interested, rationale, political act: in times of abundance, we give knowing that we will attract gifts when in need. Thus return gifts may temporally displaced and not from the original receiver.

We are cautioned by feminist theorists, however, not to solely observe the politics of the gift in the 'interested' sense of individual power relations. Pointing to the interrelations among generosity, power and gender inequality, Rosalyn Diprose (2002) and Victoria Lawson (2007), among others, have commented on predominance of women as the recipients and givers of gifts. They argue that, in many respects, caring by women is an

undervalued, unacknowledged or forgotten gift.

Similar to Diprose, who calls for a deeper investigation of the unwritten rules of power and domination governing the conceptions of philanthropy as a contractual gift exchange or moral virtue, Bourdieu asks us to untwine the broader politics of generosity. Observing that philanthropy contributes to the 'reproduction of the social order [so that] the permanence of the relations of domination remain hidden' (1990, in Schrift, 1997, 223), he asks us to re-consider the types of questions to be asked about giving:

The purely speculative and typically scholastic question of whether generosity and disinterestedness are possible should give way to the political question of the means that have been implemented in order to create universes in which, as in gift economies, people have an interest in disinterestedness and generosity.'

(1990, in Schrift, 1997, 15)

Structurally, such disinterestedness produces:

... lasting asymmetry (in particular because they link people separately by an economic and social gulf too great to be bridged) and when they exclude the possibility of an equivalent in return, the very hope of an active reciprocity, which is the condition of possibility of genuine autonomy, is likely to create lasting relations of dependence, variants (euphemized by subjectivation) of enslavement for debt ...

(1990, in Schrift, 1997, 238)

Offering a parallel argument, Mauss calls for a transcendence of empirical observations to understand deeper realities, noting that '... it is the unconscious ideas which are the active ones' (1923-4, in Schrift, 1997, 49-50). Lévi-Strauss deconstructs this thought further, arguing that the unconscious motivation for giving is the mediation of terms with the self and the other. He notes that delving into the plane of unconscious thinking does not 'harbour our most secret self' but, 'without requiring us to move outside ourselves, it enables us to coincide with forms of activity which are both at once ours and other: which are the condition of all the forms of mental life...' (1950, in Schrift, 1997, 50). He concludes:

... the grasp (which can only be objective) of the unconscious forms of mental activity leads, nevertheless, to subjectivisation: since, in a word, it is the same type of operation which in psychoanalysis allows us to win back our most estranged self, and in ethnological inquiry gives us access to the most foreign other as to another self. In both cases, the same problem is posed; that of a communication sought after, in one instance between a subjective and objective self, and in the other instance between an objective self and a subjective other. And, in both cases also, the condition of success is the most rigorously positive search for the unconscious itineraries of that encounter; itineraries traced once and for all in the innate structure of the human mind and in particular and irreversible history of individuals and groups.

(Lévi-Strauss, 1950, in Schrift, 1997, 50)

Plainly put, whether motivation expressed by the giver is ‘in terms of love of the beautiful, the good, the divine, wisdom, rational understanding, moral sentiments, social standing, [or] the genesis of will,’ (Sulek, 2008, 35) what we see is not what we get in philanthropy. This is not only because of the unknowable symbolic system of a giver’s unconscious motivations, but also because researchers, as interpreters of motivations, are implicated in the perception of the gift and giver. This highlights the need to deconstruct the gift theories as posed by Mauss, Derrida and Lévi-Strauss, whose work serves as the root of much ongoing discourse. For example, Schrift (1997, 4) points to the ‘clear political agenda guiding Mauss’s analysis’:

[Mauss] is explicit in claiming that the analysis of the social rules at work in these archaic societies allows us to draw some moral conclusions concerning the organizational principles that ground our own society. He closes his essay with a self-name lesson in “civics” that offers a response both to the recent violence of the First World War and the continuing unequal distribution of wealth.

(1997, 4-5)

Could it be that observations of power relations and the social exchange economy so prevalent in gift theory are related to the socialist leanings of the original authority and subsequent thinkers? As a counterposition, I mention here Rodolphe Gasché’s proposition that there is no original gift and that there is no absolute beginning. He suggests that the giver is already implicated in a cycle, where ‘his prestation is always already a counter-prestation’ (1972, in Schrift, 1997, 111) and the ‘donor is always



already a donee' (1972, in Schrift, 1997, 115). He cites Freudian theory in the novel proposition that:

Each individual wanting to form an ego, his difference in respect to another, must abandon himself to the other in the gesture of giving, so that what he gave up may, in the final reckoning, be given back to him. The gift seems to be an expression of the endeavor, or rather of the preservation of the plentitude of an original, fictive, disengaged ego, which, through the cleavage of society into antagonistic classes, has been made impossible ...  
(1972 in Schrift, 1997, 113)

### *'Geographies of generosity'*

Peering into the looking glass has also been championed by Barnett and Land (2007) who question the philosophical base of geographers' engagement with generosity. They argue:

Geography's engagements with moral philosophy are wrong-headed in so far as they are premised on faulty assumptions about the sorts of influences people are liable to act upon (one's that privilege causal knowledge as the primary motivating force), and also flawed assumptions about the sorts of problems that academic reasoning about normative issues is meant to address (the assumption that people are too egoistical and not altruistic enough).  
(2007, 1073)

Instead, they propose that a propensity to care competently is founded on 'a certain degree of distance, passivity and separation' (2007, 1067). Noting the 'unacknowledged moralism' in the discipline's debates on generosity, Barnett and Land ask us to consider 'why normative claims should be acted upon at all and ... how conduct in relation to norms, principles, and values is actually motivated in practice' (2007, 1069).

Geographers too readily have recourse to modes of monological reasoning which suppose that the key to motivating action lies in justification and explanatory knowledge. Focussing on a modality of action such as generosity suggests, instead, a different programme, less exhortatory, more exploratory: one which looks at how opportunities to address normative demands in multiple registers are organised and transformed; at the ways in which dispositions to respond and to be receptive to others are worked up; and how opportunities for acting responsively on these dispositions are organised.  
(2007, 1073)

Taking their exhortation to heart, I will close this review by discussing academic considerations of emotion as it relates to beneficence.

For Lawson (2007) the importance of prioritizing emotion in discourse of geographies of generosity, of care and of responsibility is directly related to its centrality to human understanding of and agency in the world.

... Social relations of love, connection, mutuality, commitment, and so on are not idealized terrain, rather they are fraught with power relations that are worked out in specific contexts. As such, we need to take seriously the ways in which social relations are produced through emotion and the ways in which emotional connections are also sites of power. Indeed, caring involves complex flows of power in which the carer exercises (often unwittingly) control and influence over the cared-for ... It is also possible that the cared-for exercise a kind of power over the carer ...

(Lawson, 2007, 4-5)

According to Thrift, emotions and feelings such as ‘hatred, shame, envy, jealousy, fear, disgust, anger, embarrassment, sorrow, grief, anguish, pride, love, happiness, joy, hope, wonder,’ (2004, 59) etcetera, are neglected or marginalized in geographic literature. Speaking of cities, he outlines why the affective register should not be ignored: (1) ‘systematic knowledge of the creation and mobilization of affect have become an integral part of the everyday urban landscape’ (2007, 58), (2) these knowledges are deployed both knowingly and politically, and (3) affect has become inseparable of how the landscape is understood.

The epistemological power of emotions and the fact that they are ‘a different type of intelligence about the world’ (Thrift, 2004, 60) has resulted in the call for academic research to address ‘the nexus of emotion, power and geographic processes’ (Lawson, 2007, 5).

Sean Carter (2007, 1106) notes that in *Rhetoric* Aristotle contends that feelings and emotions diminish both with time and geographical distance, or, as Aristotle himself puts it, ‘the nearness of the terrible makes men pity.’ However, Carter sidesteps the issue of emotions in his study on the effect of diasporic media on Croatian–American migrant

philanthropy during the Yugoslavian conflict in the 1990s. Reference to emotion is implicit, though, as Carter shows the media's construction of 'Croatia the homeland' and how a dominant narrative about the war led to a conscious production of national imaginations that instilled emotions such as pride, sorrow and grief.

Likewise, Clark (2007) analyzes the 2004 Indian Ocean tsunami from all angles – the response of development organizations, emerging methodologies on tracking disasters, geographies of disaster, bodily frailness, power and politics – but touches slightly on emotion, that being feeling grateful.

Generosity, in whatever medium it appears, begins with a welcome. Such generosity nourishes itself on gratitude (Frank, 2004, p. 142). And gratitude is boundless. Beneath the flow of words is the tapping of water from another's well, the well which is topped up by countless drops of rain percolating through the pores of the soil and the silent ebb of subterranean streams. Gratitude is an outflowing of enjoyment in existence, a flow we cannot consciously turn on or off, any more than we can decide not to feel the pain that seeps through the receptors and pathways of our nervous system. Gratitude just happens, though all the effort that has been devoted to theorizing a non-indifference to the pleasure and pain of others suggests a sly hope that its passage might be smoothed.

(2007, 1136)

In contrast, Velayutham and Wise (2005) shine a light on generosity's other emotional registers. Their study of the transnational moral economy Tamil Singaporeans suggests that gift giving and other philanthropic behaviour are 'reproduced through codes of responsibility and obligation, which in turn is policed translocally through affective structures of shame, guilt and the panopticon-like gaze' (2005, 28).

Rising against the tide of transnational work structured on cultural and material flows, they underscore 'the *affective* means of gate-keeping that perpetuate the transnational social field' and 'the translocal traffic in sentiments (Werbner, 1999, 26) that entail a degree of social coercion' (Velayutham and Wise, 2005, 34). A climate of fear of

ostracism results in a steady outpouring of contributions, financial and otherwise, from migrants to their community of origin. ‘Importantly, these dynamics of social control are an almost exact replication of those that exist in the village itself’ (2005, 34). Thus, communal solidarity are perpetuated across distance and temporally through generosity stimulated by emotional bonds.

## **Conclusion**

Place, space, identity, and philanthropy are inextricably and complexly connected. Embedded in this complexity are both hidden and overt politics and power relations from the person-to-person to the global level. If we add to this the issue of migration, my thesis may appear unbearably intricate and difficult. Fortunately, I am reminded of Tuan (1975) who grounds place production in what people do, what people experience everyday. It is from this vantage that I have attempted to link contemporary empirical studies of place production to theory and philosophy; it is from this lens that I shall pursue the problematic of place and mundane philanthropy.

## Methodology

As discussed in the previous chapter, geography has primarily approached the subject of philanthropy theoretically. To a large degree, these debates have been premised on the notion that people (presumably the benefactors of current globalization and past eras of colonialism) do not give enough, nor far enough. Barnett and Land (2007, 1073) judged this normative framework to be ‘wrong-headed’. They make a case for ‘the adoption of a less exhortatory, more exploratory’ research agenda that investigates the ‘mundane, ordinary and everyday practice’ of generosity (*ibid.*).

I reply to this call by embarking on an empirical and qualitative exploration of how ordinary philanthropy relates to place production. My study is situated within an intra-national migratory context, focussing on labour migrants from Newfoundland in Fort McMurray, Alberta. Rather than talk about philanthropy, migration and place-making, I collaborated with migrants to understand how these themes interplay to produce and constitute their perception and experience of everyday life.

### Life stories

The question then became what research method(s) would be best suited for my particular study. More easily quantified and observed in practise than deciphering motive, meaning and value, philanthropy is a *tough nut to crack*. This is as much due to its embedded, unarticulated moral codes and power relations as to the subjectivities of the researcher’s interpretation (Lévi-Strauss, 1950, in Schrift, 1997).

The recording of people’s testimonies of life experience – so prevalent in migration and public history scholarship – offered several advantages. Life stories (commonly used

interchangeably with ‘oral history’) convey how individuals make sense of their surroundings and themselves through their own words and embodied practices, remembrances and imaginations. They inform on ‘not just what people did, but what they intended to do, what they believed they were doing, and what they now think they did’ (Portelli, 1991, 50). Like cognitive maps, they expose how subjectivities are ordered to derive everyday meaning, and how these personal meanings are developed within and reflect cultural history. Harriet Bjerrum Nielsen explains:

When we tell stories about our lives, the point is to make our lives not only more intelligent, but also more bearable. We can make ourselves heroes of our own story – we cannot, however, actually become the authors of our own lives. Thus, even though narrative stories strive towards homogeneity, it will always be a synthesis of the heterogeneous – a structure of “discordant concordance”.

(1999, 50)

Moreover, life stories are a particular type of self-construction: they are richly layered retrospective performances for an audience comprised of the narrator and researcher. The story serves, therefore, as a mirror for the narrator, reflecting back and reinforcing self-identity, and an agent to extend and reify that identity to others in the community. It is from this constructed landscape of symbolisms and imagination (Lefebvre, 1991) that the complex interplay of place and philanthropy can potentially be unravelled.

Adopted by anthropologists, sociologists, and historians since the 1940s, life stories methods have often been used to transmit the language, knowledge, and beliefs of people whose views are seldom heard and expose ‘particular aspects of historical experience that are rarely recorded, such as personal relationships, domestic life ...’ (Thomson, 1999, 291). Both philanthropy and intra-national migration within a Canadian context – subject areas noticeably neglected in qualitative research – fit well to this categorization.

Similarly, much of migration scholarship beyond demographic studies has focussed on the collecting, transcription and interpretation of life stories of 'ordinary' migrants (for instance, see Miles and Crush, 1993; Benmayor and Skotnes, 1994; Gmelch, 1992). This is due to the performative and transformative nature of migration, marking it as a momentous event in a life trajectory. Accordingly, migrants are apt to 'construct the narrative of their lives through a lens of migration, regardless of the power of other events in their lives' (Hammerton, 2008, 135). The resulting personal narratives encompass binaries here/there, now/then, is/will be, and me/them, elucidating life ruptures and continuities, sense of belonging and sense of self.

Given geography's interest in migration, one would expect to see life-story methods being employed copiously as an adjunct or alternative to other forms of empirical research within the field. Other than the work of geographers Miranda Miles and Jonathan Crush, I found nary a trace of life stories under the migration theme. Several works in other geographic foci, however, employ the methodology. I wish to highlight a few examples here to show the diversity of use: memoryscapes or soundwalks integrating music, oral history and cultural geography (Butler, 2007), the 30-year story of the Oxford Brookes University's geography department (Jenkins and Ward, 2001), poverty dynamics of village life in developing nations (Kothari and Hulme, 2004), and personal testimonies of geographers engaged in Arctic fieldwork (Powell, 2008). In migration geography, the terms 'oral history', 'personal testimonies' and 'life stories' seem to be generally subsumed under the broad heading of 'ethnography'. I note this because Katie Walsh's (2006) account of a working-class British migrant living in Dubai and Divya Tolia-

Kelly's (2004) visual and material cultures of British-Asian women, among other studies, are founded on in-depth, personal life testimonies.

Still, I am puzzled that amid the sheer quantity of peer-reviewed papers gracing geography journals there is relatively scant use of the term 'life stories'. Could its absence be related to the perception of the 'data' collection process as 'an art, not a science' (Joan Ringelheim *et. al.*, 1988, vi)?

On one side, life stories 'democratize' history, empower social groups and provide the ways and means of understanding an individual's identity construction. On the other, they challenge notions of research objectivity and do not necessarily generate conclusions from which generalizations can be formed. Joan Ringelheim *et. al.* explain the paradox:

[T]he same person may give distinct, even divergent interviews. The same or similar questions may produce different answers because of the particular bond between an interviewer and an interviewee. A variety of other circumstances also can affect the interview—the setting, a personal difficulty, the weather. Even though we are listening to one person's story and trying to facilitate its telling, the story will not necessarily sound the same on any given day, with any given interviewer. For this reason, we maintain an expansive view of the interview process to take advantage of these variables.

(1988, vi-vii)

Much of this could be said for other forms of qualitative research and for some quantitative studies as well. However, researchers using life-story methods not only make these implicit challenges explicit but also accept them as epistemologically and ontologically important. 'Narrative research,' says Ruthellen Josselson, 'embraces the paradox and therefore cannot be defined in linear terms' (1999, xi). 'Every reading modifies its object' (de Certeau, 1984, 169).

These issues – inability to analytically derive generalizations and dynamism of research 'data' – are inherent to the life stories presented in this thesis. Each story presented is



unique and richly layered. Each has a setting and the setting itself has stories. The dynamic relationship among the settings, stories, the interviewee and interviewer mean that each story transforms with every telling and can only be construed as one unique version of a life testimony. The point is not to compare one version of a story told one day with another told next week, nor is to compare one person's story with someone else's. The *atout* of life stories is that they serve as a map to understand how an individual unfolds their identity in and through words and actions, memories and imaginations.

Research strategies for the collection and interpretation of life stories vary. I chose a method that corresponds to the way I perceive the world. As a fundraising professional, I have come to see giving as ubiquitous. From giving materially or metaphorically to self (for example, feeding one's ego), family and friends, and the community to caring about and for distant others. I view generosity as contextualized within the dialectic of individual and collective cultural history. Thus, I favour phenomenological approaches that rely on 'detailed descriptive documentation of experiences' to understand personal perceptual frameworks, and postmodern stances that 'value the unique experience, multiple realities, and voices that are bound in contexts of history and gender and that acknowledge the researcher as a participating influence of the product' (Price, 1999, 2).

I do not broach life-story methodology as a radical approach to geography but see it as an extension of the field's toolbox that may not at the moment fit centrally or neatly within its space. Thus I take an expansive view of geography. By doing so, I attempt to answer the calls to explore new methods (Barnett and Land, 2007) and to move away from

abstractions towards a sense of the research participant that is ‘emotional, connected and committed’ (Clope, 2002, 591).

### **Life stories in practise**

From June to late August 2009, I collaborated with Marie Callaghan\*, Brian Hatfield, Tina Burden, Andrew Bradbury, Lorna Thorne and Jeff Murphy† to record their life stories. Aged 19 to 59, leaving Newfoundland during successive economic downturns, at different life stages, they individually shared their personal stories with me during summer 2009 in Fort McMurray. For the most part, we met in-person at least two or three times. In two cases, the first in-person meeting was a non-recorded, two-hour coffee conversation at *Mrs. B’s*, a well-known Newfoundlander-owned restaurant. Interview locations varied from homes, pick-up trucks, diners, and coffee shops to the United Way of Fort McMurray office. The average total duration of each interview series, including in-person meetings and telephone conversations, was seven hours.

The beauty of holding multiple interview sessions is that we proceeded with the research at our natural pace. We had the opportunity to return to points previously made for clarification or further amplification, to meander and to get back to focus. Although attention was paid to the words chosen, emotions expressed, gestures and sensorial experiences, my research process was essentially quite simple: I asked each interviewee to tell their life story and to join with me in the exploration of commonplace philanthropy through their life experiences. No formal interview guide was used although interviewees

---

\* Marie Callaghan is a pseudonym.

† Jeff Murphy is a pseudonym.

were notified of the themes of inquiry and provided sample questions during their briefing meetings with me.

In essence, the interviews were more akin to a conversation, similar to how a fundraising officer would engage a donor; each party of the interview was free to change its flow and direction, able to guide the dynamic exchange, building on the other's points. Such unstructured interviews, James Maxwell notes, 'allow the researcher to focus on the particular phenomenon studied; they trade generalizability and comparability for internal validity and contextual understanding' (1996, 64).

Tape-recorded interviews were conducted one-on-one except for those of Brian Hatfield. When I first met Mr. Hatfield at his home in Thickwoods (see Figure 3) in July 2009, he had two friends present. They stayed and observed for the first half-hour of taping and then excused themselves. One of these friends returned for part of the second interview. This time, he entered the discussion. This interesting triangulation is captured on pages 110-112.

### **Selection of interviewees**

A 'snowball technique' using various entry points was used to secure interviewees. Advertisements for research participants were placed in clubs and restaurants frequented by Newfoundlanders, in shopping malls and supermarkets, and online at Kijiji Fort McMurray. In the process of conducting informal interviews with a variety of residents, I inquired about potential interviewees. This strategy was most successful, sourcing three of the six life-story interviewees.

I interviewed all those who were willing to offer their time. Marie Callaghan was the first person to agree to participate. I met her daughter-in-law while getting a manicure on my second day in Fort McMurray and things flowed from there. The assistance of Dianne Shannon, executive director of United Way of Fort McMurray, led to Andrew Bradbury's participation. Brian Hatfield's name arose during an informal interview conducted on an Air Canada flight from Montreal. Jeff Murphy lived a street away from me in Fort McMurray and was tending his lawn when I approached him about the study. Tina Burden was found working at the Fellowship Baptist Church that runs the local soup kitchen. Tina Burden referred me to Lola Thorne.

Several challenges were experienced in securing interviews. First, conducting the study in the summer was not a good choice. It's a season where Newfoundlanders, like many other Canadians, take vacation. Second, Fort McMurray is a pressure-cooker town. People are very much 'on-the-go' – in their cars, working, or trying to get home. Street life is negligible. Socializing, outside of the lively bar scene and summer festivals (neither of these proved good places, I found, to secure an interview) is limited. Third, Fort McMurray's cost of living may be the highest in the country. I tried to find part-time employment that would allow me to extend my stay. My need for time flexibility to accommodate an unpredictable interview schedule proved problematic in this regard. In the end, a limited budget permitted me only to stay ten weeks.

Four of the six life stories are included in this thesis: Marie Callaghan, Brian Hatfield, Tina Burden and Andrew Bradbury. The preciousness of each story and my feeling of responsibility to let it unfold, to provide enough space for each *voice* to be heard, meant that I had to limit the number of accounts featured. While the life stories of Jeff Murphy

and Lola Thorne are enthralling and rich, I decided to exclude them because they share similarities in migration period and age to Tina Burden.

The interviewees whose stories appear in this paper range in age from 19 to 59. All are 'white', come from rural Newfoundland roots, and either work or have a member of their immediate family who works on-site in the oil sands industry. It should be noted that participants self-selected to be involved. My research is therefore biased towards those individuals who are philanthropic for those who do not donate time, talent, and treasure may assume they have little to contribute to the study. I appreciate that research on individuals do not exhibit philanthropic behaviour is worthy and relevant to understanding the questions posed. However, my limited study may not address this opposite side of the coin.

### **Shared Authority**

While deriving metaphors on the modern era from four discrete interviews can be problematic, I am emboldened by the work of geographers Divya Tolia-Kelly (2004) and Katie Walsh (2006) whose descriptive and interpretative accounts of migratory experiences contribute significantly to the body of geographic work on place and identity. What they have done is meld research participants' subjective narratives with their own understanding of contemporary theory on local-global interconnectivity and the ensuing multiplicity of place production. This is a delicate dance, however, one in which subjective overstepping on the part of the academic is likely and problematic.

My subjectivity is quite relevant to the interview process, where the expressed intent is to understand the dialogic nature of generosity and place production. I aim to comprehend

what this counter-play means to *them* and how it relates to power relations and migration. Yes, I have read much on this topic – from the scratch-your-head prophetic to the mundane. Already, I have values and interests inscribed into the research agenda. My mindscape flows with real or imagined narratives that were infused, consciously or not, into the interviews. Who else better to correct any misinterpretations, to guide perceptions and foster meaning, and to ensure their unique voice is heard than the interviewees themselves?

My goal was to balance my subjectivity and position of power in the research process as recommended by Kirby and McKenna (1989). I situated my research within such musing, whereby the interviewees and I engaged in ‘shared authority’.

Shared authority is a research methodology originated by Michael Frisch (1990) that addresses the problematics of the social context of the interview process. Observing the triangulation of the relationship among the subject, researcher and the experience being discussed, Frisch challenges researchers to scrutinize the ‘sculpturing’ of insights gleaned from interviewing.

No matter how controlled the schedule of questions, the information is produced in a dialogue between individuals, each with a social position and identity, engaging in a conversation that exists at a necessary remove, in time or social space, from the experience being discussed. ... Far less generally understood is the degree to which this represents an opportunity to study memory, the process by which the past is received, digested, and actively related to the present, or an opportunity to see how broader class consciousness is expressed in the ways people communicate that memory or experience in the social context of an interview. ... The problem of the historicity and the social context of an interview is engaged less with conducting it than in reading, writing, and presenting it as part of a larger work.

(1990, 61)

If we, as academics, accept that input (the interview) is socially constructed, should not output (the research report) be emplaced similarly? In concrete terms, this would mean allowing research participants to select the level of their research engagement. Some may

wish to be interviewed only, others may choose to interpret the meaning of their narratives, and others still may be interested in co-producing the research results. I cite two precedents for adopting this methodology, one from academic engagement and the other from personal experience.

In her historical review of Arctic and subarctic ethnography, anthropologist Julie Cruikshank (1988) documents the replacement of conventional models of university-initiated research with a locally negotiated, collaborative model. She contends that the long-understood, inherent contradiction of participatory observation remained in place 'as long as the demands of the academic institution were stronger than the demands of the community' (1988, 29). In progressive stages, Aboriginal communities in northern Canada asserted the right to research ownership. The resultant leveling of power dynamics has led to a research model based on negotiation between participants and researcher.

Cruikshank showcases various negotiations, including the production of the final research report, the researcher and the participant producing their own versions of the report, and training local people to document their own experiences using a variety of media. Most often, these collaborations are formed in academic query of symbol and meaning. I find this highly relevant, as my research focuses on the symbolic meaning of philanthropic behaviour as it relates to place production.

### **Sharing authority in practice**

Thanks to *Life Stories of Montrealers Displaced by War, Genocide and Other Human Rights Violations* (henceforth referred to as Life Stories), a Community-University

Research Alliance project of Concordia University, I have gained training and experience shared authority methods. *Life Stories* is a five-year multidisciplinary research project of Concordia's Centre for Oral History and Digital Storytelling. Its objective is to explore the experiences, memories and perceptions of Montreal residents who have lived through, been displaced or affected by crimes against humanity in Rwanda, Cambodia, Latin America, Haiti, South Asia and the Holocaust. Shared authority methods are central to the project's ethos of empowerment, collaboration, reflection and memorialisation.

As a *Life Stories* digital storytelling intern, I work side-by-side in shared authority with Holocaust survivors to select which segments of their lengthy audio-visual narratives to publish. The intensity of relationship established between the interviewee and myself reinforced my sense of *belonging* and responsibility in crafting a life story for public release. I found the main challenges of sharing authority were interpersonal power dynamics and the time required for effective collaboration. Cruikshank (1988) points out that establishing a fine balance between the researcher and interviewee to retain research objectives also poses challenges.

No cut and dry solution to these risks exists. These issues need to be weighed in relation to the benefits of shared authority. Providing space for the empowerment of research participants brings us closer to embodying the change that we, as geographers, seek in the world – a progressive sense of place based upon the negotiated reality of our geographies of responsibility. It is this thought that underpins the conception and presentation of my study.



The research participants of this thesis chose to end their active research engagement with the closing of the interview phase. They each received a copy of the interview transcriptions via email or in person and were encouraged to review them and provide comments. In the cases of Marie Callaghan and Brian Hatfield, transcripts were provided after each interview session. This allowed them to build upon or correct information presented in the previous interview. Tina Burden interpreted her life story all the way through our three interview sessions. Andrew Bradbury's participation was limited to one interview and thus mimics a more traditional researcher-participant engagement.

My personal reflections on sharing authority during the interview process are a feature of the next four thesis chapters. Entitled 'Sharing space', these first-person narratives swoop readers into the interview story space whilst stirring up a host of questions. Sharing authority, readers will come to see, is anything but straightforward yet pregnant with possibilities. Again, I found time to be the crucial element required for effective research collaboration. 'Time is money,' is a common saying. In Fort McMurray, it struck me more than ever before how time and money relate to space. The issue of time is brought to the fore in each of the 'Sharing space' expositions.

### **Supplementary ethnographic research**

To gain a sense of Newfoundland, I spent five weeks during July-August 2008 in St. John's and surrounding small communities. During that time, archival research was conducted at the Centre for Newfoundland Studies and the Leslie Harris Centre of Regional Policy and Development of Memorial University of Newfoundland. Not only was I able to source a variety of media and research reports on Newfoundland identity, I

also was exposed to poetry, novels, plays and music directly related to the topics of sense of place and migration.

Before venturing to Fort McMurray in summer 2009, informal interviews with Newfoundlanders and other residents were conducted via telephone from Montreal. This allowed me to become acquainted with the nature of the work in Fort McMurray. These informal interviews continued after my arrival in Fort McMurray. From oil sands workers, Somali-Canadian taxi drivers, Keyano College teachers and students, charitable agency and church leaders, to a multitude of service workers, these interviews helped me grasp the intricacies of Fort McMurray life.

The assistance of Melanie Langlois, Concordia University graduate in the Department of Geography, Planning and Environment, was especially useful in getting a lay of the land before arrival. She provided me with a most thorough tour of the downtown and suburban areas upon my arrival, as did local citizen, Devin McGregor. *Flâneuse* walks and bicycling augmented these automobile tours. By bike, I was able to go out late at night, when women were warned not to travel alone. Bicycle transportation also provided the freedom to explore the parks and river system around Fort McMurray and see the town from the outside in.

### **Research production and presentation**

Transcribing the oral narratives of the Newfoundlanders proved tricky because their phrasing and word choices are similar yet slightly different to mine. I chose to transcribe an interview in its entirety, wait a week or so, check the transcription, and amend to improve its accuracy.

The task then became editing lengthy transcriptions to produce narrative stories. Several critical decisions were made. First, I decided to focus the narrative production on the voice of the interviewee and thus the stories are performance texts or ‘ethnoperformances’ (Paget, 1993, 42), falling within the genre of postmodern ethnography.

Postmodern ethnography, Dwight Conquergood proposes, ‘means the return of speaking, communicating bodies’ (1991, 181) replacing the smoothed expository prose and authoritative statements of a supposedly detached, objective researcher. He expands on this argument:

This rethinking of ethnography as primarily about speaking and listening, instead of observing, has challenged the visualist bias of positivism with talk about voices, utterances, intonations and multivocality. ... [This] shifts the emphasis from space to time, from sight and vision to sound and voice, from text to performance, from authority to vulnerability.  
(1991, 183)

It is my desire for readers to experience the performances as if they were sitting in the living room listening to the interviewees. As such, my ‘appearance’ in the text is minimal. Here, the analogy of Walter Benjamin’s observation that a person ‘listening to a story is in the company of a storyteller’ (1968, 100) holds true: the reader perceives my presence in the story. The result is first-person narratives where interviewees signal the researcher’s presence in their spoken manner – using the word ‘you’, repeating of a question, and so forth.

Second, when ‘the researcher’ appears in the stories, squared brackets [ ] are used to encapsulate my comments. Third, I eschewed a purely thematic approach. This was far from a simple choice. While complicated to undertake, arranging story patterns solely around selected themes of place, philanthropy, and migration would have brought salient

points to the fore. Yet, in attempts to do so, the life story's temporal dimension became blurred. Instead, I employed a chronological approach to story presentation under which the key themes are subsumed. Interview segments appearing in the final narrative productions were selected not just because of their relation to the primary research themes but because they speak to the interviewee's identity construction.

Like weeds in a manicured garden, the first-person accounts at first appeared untamed since the interviews were open and non-chronological. To gain chronological coherence, I matched and then adjoined different interviews segments. When this occurs, the reader will see [...]. Shift in story direction or, to use a theatrical term, the demarcation of a 'moment' is indicated in the narrative text as •. Fourth, to guide the reader through the story, descriptive headings are used. Finally, no quotation marks are used when interviewees recount a conversation. All of the words appearing in the narrative are spoken so the including of quotation marks could be conceived as redundant. My rationale for choosing this approach, however, relates to the flow of the story. Quotation marks can clutter and intrude on the text, stiling dialogue sequences. Some readers may feel disoriented without the convention of quotation marks. Others may find the dialogue sequences energetic and refreshing.

The life stories, therefore, have been highly sculpted and are an *artificial* representation of the actual interviews. The research 'results' are presented as triptychs. I provide an introduction to the interview story space. A life story is offered. Lastly, the story is interpreted in relation to academic work on place, migration and philanthropy. The thesis then interplays the interpretative essays to answer the key research questions. It closes by exploring how to spread the gifts of geography.

## **Conclusion**

My research endeavours to add to the body of knowledge of how people produce place in the modern, globalized era. In this regard, everyday philanthropy has been too long obscured from geography's field of view. By collaborating with Newfoundlanders in Fort McMurray to unravel how they produce place in and through philanthropy, I aim to highlight how empirical research can expand on theories of the spatiality of generosity. Such research needs not be drab statistical surveys of philanthropic interests and behaviour. It can be personal, rich, and dynamic life stories. From these subjective accounts, the modern era's metaphors and meaning can be evoked.

I attempt to answer three separate yet interrelated calls: (1) Barnett and Land's (2007) appeal for novel ways of studying generosity, (2) Cloke's (2002) call for geography to foster self-awareness of contradictory practices that create disunity in what it does and seeks, and (3) High's (2008) plea for more reflection on the public's place in research. Responding to these calls, I introduce shared-authority methods and skirt the borderline between the arts and social sciences in research presentation. My study therefore takes an expansive view on what geography is and could be.

## Chronology

This chronology mixes details of the ‘proper history’ of Newfoundland and Fort McMurray with life events of four interviewees. A map of place names mentioned in the life stories is provided along with a map of Fort McMurray (see figures 2 and 3, respectively).

- 1949            Newfoundland and Labrador joins Canada, the last British territory to join the Confederation. As a result legal impediments are removed that limited migration to other parts of Canada. The province’s population is estimated to be 360,000.
- 1950            *Marie Callaghan is born in a small community on Trinity Bay, Newfoundland.*
- 1954            *Brian Hatfield is born in Placentia, Newfoundland.*
- 1953-1965      The Newfoundland government shuts down 119 rural outpost communities moving residents inland where schools and other services are located.
- 1961            The population of Fort McMurray is 1,186.
- 1962            What was previously the town of Waterways becomes Fort McMurray. The Iron Ore Company of Canada opens a mine in Labrador City. The Great Canadian Oil Sands (now known as Suncor Energy Inc.) receives permission to construct an oil retraction facility in Fort McMurray.
- 1964            Fort McMurray receives ‘New Town’ status making its capital projects eligible for financial assistance from the Province of Alberta.
- 1965-1975      A joint federal and the Newfoundland and Labrador provincial government resettlement program moves 4,168 households, almost 21,000 people from 461 rural outposts.
- 1967            Highway 63 opens. It is the only thoroughfare linking Fort McMurray to the oil sands and to southern destinations such as Edmonton. The Great Canadian Oil Sands plant begins operations.
- 1970            *Tina Burden is born in Carbonear, Newfoundland.*
- 1971            Fort McMurray’s population reaches 6,743.
- 1973            *Tina Burden’s family moves to Labrador City. Marie Callaghan marries and gives birth to her first child.*
- 1973-1979      Gulf oil crisis raises price of oil to more than \$31 USD per barrel. Canada and the United States express interest to wean their reliance on Middle East oil.
- 1975            *Marie Callaghan’s second child is born in her hometown on Trinity Bay.*
- 1977            *Brian Hatfield moves to Fort McMurray. His first job in the city pays him \$8.50 per hour, triple what he earned in Newfoundland. Marie Callaghan’s third second child is born in her hometown on Trinity Bay.*

- 1978        Syncrude Canada Ltd. opens a plant north of Fort McMurray. *Brian Hatfield begins working there.*
- 1980        Fort McMurray is incorporated as a municipality.
- 1982        *Marie Callaghan's family moves to the Algoma Region of Ontario.* The Fort McMurray Newfoundlanders Club opens in Gregoire, a suburb of Fort McMurray. The city's population reaches 37,139.
- 1983        *Marie Callaghan's family moves back to her hometown on Trinity Bay.*
- 1985        *Marie Callaghan's family moves to North Bay, Ontario. Brian Hatfield's first child is born.*
- 1989        *Andrew Bradbury is born in a St. John's hospital. He begins life in Clarke's Beach, Newfoundland. Tina Burden leaves Labrador City to study at Dalhousie University in Halifax, Nova Scotia.*
- 1990        *Tina Burden switches universities, entering Memorial University of Newfoundland (MUN) in St. John's.*
- 1991        *Marie Callaghan's family moves back to her hometown on Trinity Bay.* Newfoundland and Labrador's population is 568,474. The minimum wage in Newfoundland is \$4.75 per hour. Fort McMurray's population grows to 34,706.
- 1992        The Canadian federal government announces a moratorium on fishing northern cod. More than 40,00 people lost their jobs.
- 1993        *Brian Hatfield raises \$1.7 million as chair of United Way of Fort McMurray's annual fundraising campaign.*
- 1994        *Tina Burden gets married.* The Fort McMurray Newfoundlanders Club moves downtown to 31 Riedel Street, where it continues to reside.
- 1995        *Tina Burden has her first child and graduates from Memorial University of Newfoundland.* 71,000 men, women and children in Newfoundland and Labrador are living on social assistance. Fort McMurray amalgamates with surrounding district to form the Regional Municipality of Wood Buffalo, the largest land area municipality in North America. The population sits at 37,139.
- 1996        *Tina Burden moves to join her husband in Fort McMurray.* Since 1991, 47,100 Newfoundlanders have left the province. The Canadian federal government announces \$25 billion in tax incentives for the oil sands industry. Fort McMurray's housing prices jump more than 20 per cent between 1995 and 1996.
- 2001        *Marie Callaghan moves to Labrador City. Tina Burden's second child is born.*
- 2002        *Marie Callaghan moves from Labrador City back to the Trinity Bay area.*
- 2003        *Marie Callaghan lives intermittently in Edmonton and her hometown on Trinity Bay.*

- 2005        *Marie Callaghan purchases a home in Fort McMurray. Her son, Kent, moves to Fort McMurray the next year.*
- 2007        The Government of Newfoundland and Labrador proclaims the finding of offshore oil deposits.
- 2008        *Andrew Bradbury moves to Fort McMurray from Clarke's Beach. Fort McMurray's population reaches 72,471.*

### Sources

In addition to the interviews with 'Marie Callaghan', Brian Hatfield, Tina Burden and Andrew Bradbury conducted during summer 2009, the following sources were used:

- Craig, B. 2003. Demographic Trends and Implications for Public Policy, *Royal Commission on Renewing and Strengthening Our Place in Canada*. Government of Newfoundland and Labrador.
- Fort McMurray Historical Society. 1996. *The History of Fort McMurray*. Fort McMurray, AB: Fort McMurray Historical Society.
- Greenhouse, S. 1990. Confrontation in the Gulf; Oil Crisis Like 1973's? It's Not Necessarily So, *The New York Times*. Accessed online April 3, 2010 at <http://www.nytimes.com>.
- Marsh, J. 1985. Fort McMurray. *The Canadian Encyclopedia*. Toronto and Ottawa: Historica Foundation. Accessed online January 13, 2010 at <http://www.thecanadianencyclopedia.com>.
- Regional Municipality of Wood Buffalo. 2010. Population and Employment Projection Model, *Council Report*, January 12, 2010, pp 20.
- Writers' Alliance of Newfoundland and Labrador. 1996. *Timelines of Newfoundland and Labrador*. Accessed online February 2, 2010 at <http://www.nald.ca/CLR/social/book1/book1.pdf>.



FIGURE 2

PLACE NAMES IN LIFE STORIES

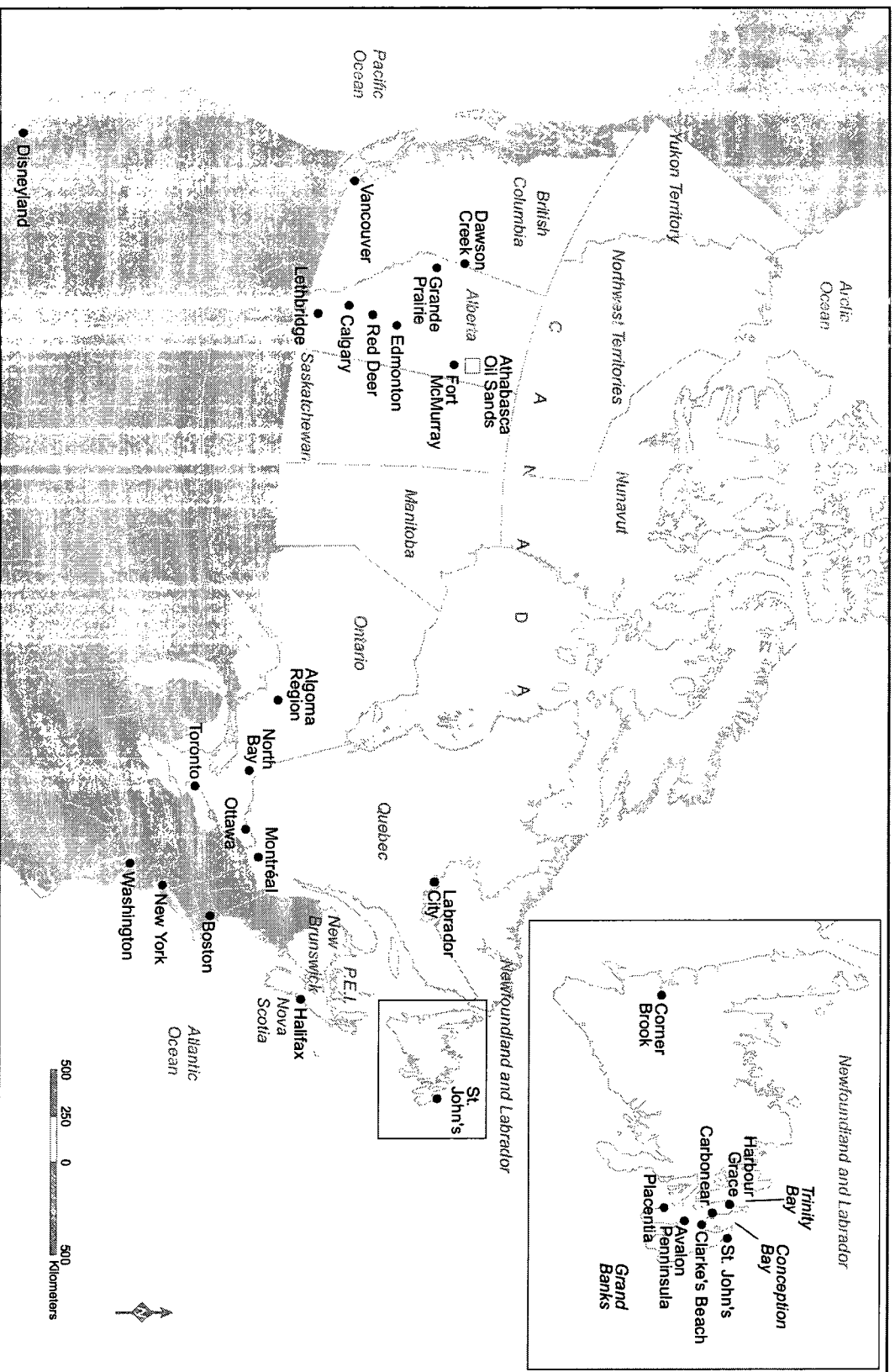
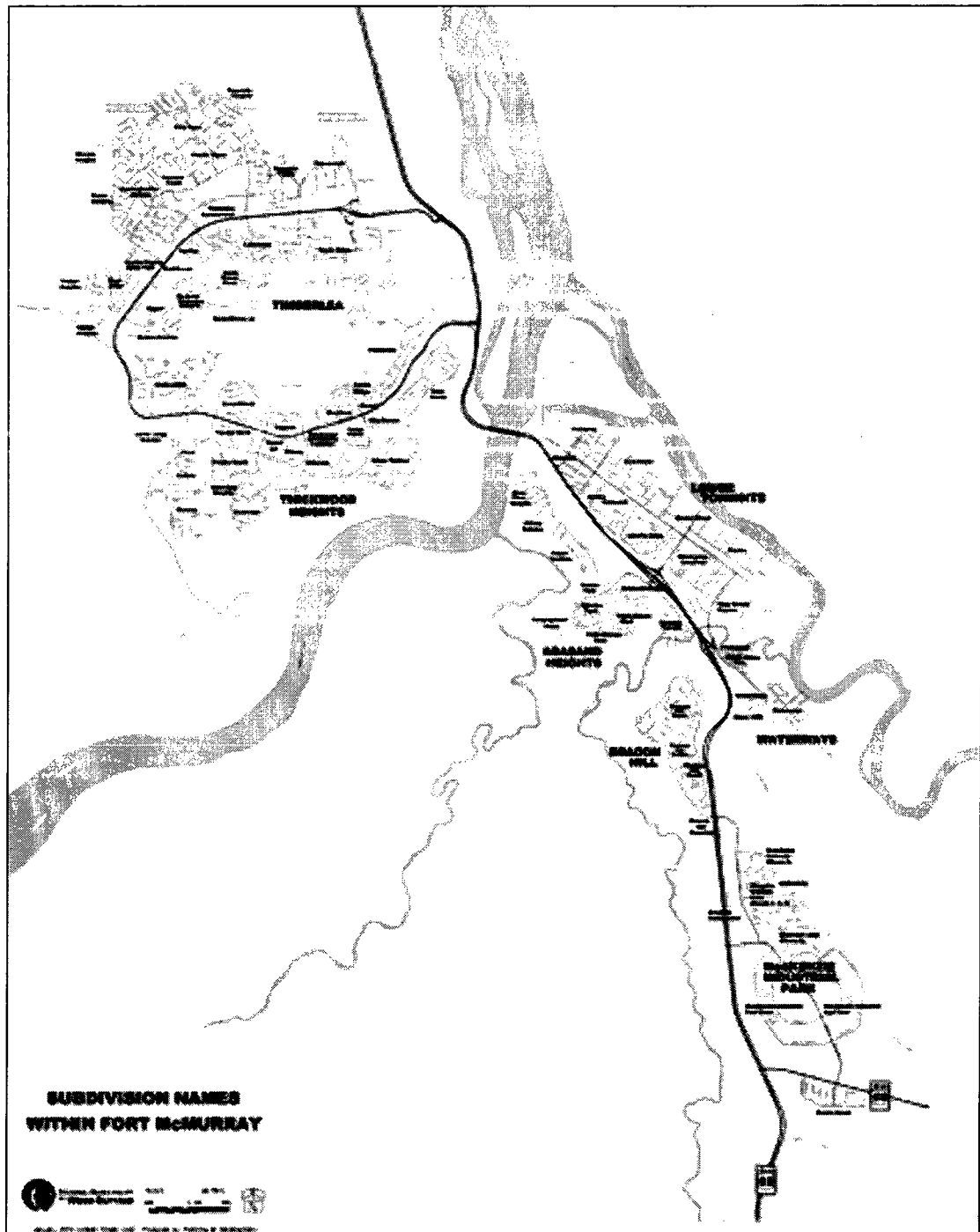


FIGURE 3 MAP OF FORT MCMURRAY



There is a story that I know. It's about the earth and how it floats in space on the back of a turtle. I've heard this story many times, and each time someone tells the story, it changes. Sometimes the change is simply in the voice of the storyteller. Sometimes the change is in the details. Sometimes in the order of events. Other times it's the dialogue or the response of the audience. But in all the tellings of all the tellers, the world never leaves the turtle's back. And the turtle never swims away.

One time, it was in Trois-Rivières I think, a man in the audience who was taking notes asked about the turtle and the earth. If the earth was on the back of the turtle, what was below the turtle? Another turtle, the storyteller told him. And below that turtle? Another turtle. And below that? Another turtle.

The man quickly scribbled down notes, enjoying the game, I imagine. So how many turtles are there? he wanted to know. The storyteller shrugged. No one knows for sure, she told him, but it's turtles all the way down.

The truth about stories is that that's all we are. "I will tell you something about stories," the Laguna storyteller Leslie Silko reminds us, "They aren't just entertainment/Don't be fooled/They are all we have, you see ... You don't have anything/If you don't have the stories."

Thomas King  
*The Truth about Stories*  
(2003, 91-92)

**Chapter 2:**  
**Marie Callaghan triptych**

## **Sharing space: Real people unplugged**

Marie Callaghan\* calls from the kitchen to ask again if I want some juice. Before I can reply, she's back in the living room carrying a glass full of orange juice in one hand and a glass of water in another. After passing me the water, she stands by the window with her juice in hand and looks across the street.

It's our third interview session at Marie's comfy, split-level, semi-detached home in Thickwoods, one of Fort McMurray's more established suburbs. During the other interviews, the living room drapes were drawn. Only now can I see the black plastic-covered gas barbeque and a handful of stacked all-weather chairs on the adjacent balcony. They appear unused this season. With the late August heat soon to dissipate into cooler days and nights, the Fort McMurray barbeque season has too quickly passed by.

I sit on the couch watching Marie watching the outside. There's something innocent about her round face framed by practical, short-cropped hair. The tape recorder is already on record mode so that I can get the background noises – cars, ice cream trucks, the radio, mobile phone rings – when Marie plops down into the plush armchair kitty corners to me. She carries much weight on her broad frame. Her breathing is laboured for the first few sentences.

*I just want to talk to someone. I need to talk to a real person*, she huffs. Less of an order than a low-pitched vent of frustration, Marie's request doesn't surprise me. Instead, it delights. The tension that I didn't know I had evaporates. There's a psychological garb

---

\* pseudonym.

one wears as a researcher, a self-imposed constraint that corresponds to personal understanding of the right things to do in the interview process. It might have been my newness to the role of researcher in contrast to the familiar gendered role of caring that made me feel free and happy upon Marie's expression of need. Whatever the reason, the ability to lend an ear, the gift of being there for someone, was heart-warming. It reminds me of what Diprose (2002) wrote about identity being produced in and through the other, and how 'actual practices meeting needs' (Barnett, 2005, 593) engages the affective register triggering 'an outflowing of enjoyment in existence' (Clark, 2007, 1136).

I turn off the tape recorder.

*Okay ... Marie begins her story. Her brown eyes are wide open and fixed on mine. Familiar and unfamiliar names intermingle. Staccato-like action sequences detailing which person did what to whom and when and why Marie is bothered by it all end with a rhetorical question, And what I'm I supposed to do?*

For me to offer advice to Marie, a 59-year-old woman who has raised three children, migrated here to there and back again, and who is strong, sensible and very much a role model, would be crazy. Yet that's exactly what I do. I tell Marie what I'd do in her situation. I sense this is how it would be in Newfoundland if Marie and I were friends or neighbours or both. We would have time to talk things out. Here in Fort McMurray, Marie has no close friends. She does not venture far from her home except for exercise class, errands, and visits to the homes of her children. She has only family and her work, which is caring for her family and keeping them together.

As central as home space to Marie's life story, so is time. This last interview like the previous two had been rescheduled at least three times. Something continuously pops up. It could be her grandchildren being dropped off for babysitting. It might be a sudden request to pick up some equipment at the hardware store for her husband. Cancellations were an integral part of our June-August 2009 interview collaboration, so much so that I began to call Marie two nights before our scheduled interview time and also the morning of the interview to reconfirm. On many of these calls, Marie counted the minutes she could squeeze out of her agenda to provide me an hour or two for an interview. Even with the precaution of reconfirming interview times, phone calls, family dropping by or cooking demands could pre-empt our recordings. Her schedule seemed not to belong to her and there was no one to pinpoint as its owner.

In total, Marie and I collaborated on five hours of taped interviews plus three hours of non-recorded, in-person chats and telephone conversations. Her real name is withheld as per her request. Her interest in remaining anonymous relates to how quickly news travels around her small hometown and the desire to say what she likes without people there getting into a 'snit'. During our first interview, we settled on 'Mary' as the pseudonym to be used and then changed it to 'Marie' to fit the story details.

She is a natural storyteller. Her voice is full of inflections and she pauses to make a point without losing directionality. It's a voice that lingers with me as I write this introduction. If readers think of a low contralto Irish-tinged voice, they too may hear Marie as she tells her story. While reading, they will note how themes of gender, place, space and philanthropy interplay throughout Marie's migratory life.

## **‘Oh God, it’s home. It’s home’: The life story of ‘Marie Callaghan’**

### **Those who leave, those who don’t**

I was born in a small community in Newfoundland on Trinity Bay. Actually, I was born in my grandmother’s house. No doctor. No nothing. In 1950. The mid-wife helped. She turned out to my father’s aunt. This mid-wife, she borne about 100 children in the community or probably more.

I’m the oldest. Five younger brothers and two sisters. They were privileged to be born in the hospital.

[Back then] the fisheries was working really good. The fish plants were in full operation. And, the schools - there was just school buses back and forth. I’m going to say stuff as a Newfoundlander okay. The buses are just hustling and bustling every morning. The same as it is here now [in Fort McMurray].

The communities - like my community - the community that I’m from, when Dave<sup>†</sup> and I had three small children, the population of that community was 23 to 24 hundred. I believe it’s down to seven hundred. Now, I was down to see my father a couple of weeks ago. It’s a very quiet place now because lots of people are already gone out. It’s mostly older people. You don’t see one child on the road. No kids. Might be one or two school buses going back and forth. The community that I grew up in, there might be all of 10 children all together. It’s the families that left. The families. Everyone. There’s no young people there. All the kids my children’s age were all gone. They just up and left. My three went military. A lot of their friends are military and still are.

I don’t know how to put this now ... the kids that were interested in making something of themselves got out and did good. The kids that didn’t, couldn’t care less. They’ve got no education and they’ve still got no education. Some dropped out of school when they were grade eight. They did all right. They used to grow up and go to work. Labour work. But all that’s cut out. There’s no work like that anymore for them and they’ve got no education. Whereas, my and many more got out and made their way. They went to university or if they went to university, didn’t like it, they changed to something else. Just got on their own and made something of themselves. A lot of them did.



My husband is from a different community. It’s probably 15 kilometres away. We met at a dance. We were going to a club, where we weren’t supposed to be ... 17 or 18 ... Back then you had to be 21 to get into a club. The club owner used to turn a blind eye because all we’d do is go to the dances. So that’s how we met. I was old [when we got married]. About 23. I got married in July and turned 23 in November. I was like an old maid.

---

<sup>†</sup> All names of persons mentioned in this story are pseudonyms.



I have three children. Two boys and a girl. 35, 33 and 31. Carol was born in 73 in October. And the two boys are 18 months apart. Carol is living two streets down [from Marie's house in Fort McMurray] with her husband and two children. And my son [Kent, Marie's youngest son] is living over in Timberlea [a neighbouring suburb] with his wife.

I have a lot of family left back home – sisters and brothers, my father. Dave has only one brother back there. He's got a brother here [in Fort McMurray]. He's got two sisters in Toronto and he's got one brother still in North Bay. I've got two brothers in Toronto, and two brothers and a sister in Newfoundland.

We don't [get together]. Everybody is at different times. Like, I went home to see dad. My dad is 85. He's not doing so well now. I went down in June. One of our brothers is going home in two weeks time. The other brother just got some bad news. He's going totally deaf. So he's got to prepare for that. He's can't afford to go to Newfoundland right now. Everybody is so far away and getting together ... some of Dave's family were supposed to go home now this summer and one can't go at all. She just found out she had lung cancer. What I'm planning to do now is go every six months because of my father. Dad is 85. He's the only one me and Dave got left as a parent. Dave's parents are dead. [My] dad is getting a little dementia and stuff like that. He's had to have bypass surgery. He had a hip replacement. I told Dave, you've got to come down and see dad just in case. So our trip was planned for November, but there's nobody else going down.

I told Dave that you have to go back now to Newfoundland in November. He said, I'd rather not. I don't want to go back. I won't want to leave it. I told him, Get your head out of your ass. You're not the only Newfoundlander who wants to go home. [Marie laughs] Maybe I shouldn't say that, but that's what I said. Do you think you're the only person that wants to go home? I said. There's thousands of us, I said, not only Newfoundlanders either. They're from Ireland and from everywhere.



The word 'family' ... I don't know how ... I don't know what you want me to say ... But to me, family ... [Marie pauses. She is overcome with emotion and her body constricts so as not to cry. Her voice is tight]. Christmas and holidays when the family is altogether. That's family. When you are all together. Like I'm having supper Thursday evening [Marie's mobile rings] with my son [She picks up the phone. It's her daughter calling. The researcher pauses the tape].

Family is when everyone is together. It's hard when everyone is apart ... Maybe I'm old fashioned. Maybe I want the kids around me all the time.

It's a big difference having [the children] here and having them away. I know they're here. I can get a phone call anytime calling me to work from Carol or Kent. Kent is popping in. Carol is calling. She popped over yesterday with the two kids. And the little girl, Sarah, she only 19 months old – when I got out of the truck to go to [exercise class],

she shrieked that nana was going. Jake [Marie's oldest son] is in Halifax. I can't see him. Obviously, he's not going to call me whenever. He's not an hour's drive. And it costs money to go back and forth. If I was in Newfoundland, I'd have a better chance of seeing Jake than I would have now. It's only an hour by plane and he's in Newfoundland or St. John's.

### **Family ties to military and Church**

My grandfather fought in the First World War and Dave's father, he had a brother that was killed in the war. [The grandfather] was on dad's side. On mum's side, she had two brothers. One was in the army. One was in the navy. One of Dave's brothers is a policeman. Now, Dave's uncle that was in the war, his son is a policeman. Oh, yes. And Dave's second brother was in the army. He was over to Germany and everywhere. So there's military and cops right to the backbone of the family.

Jake is at the air force now for about five years. He's been in [the military] for seven. He started out in the navy. He was in the navy for two years, got out of that and went into the air force where he still is. ... Kent was accepted in the navy and he left on Mother's Day [in 2002] and went away to join the navy. Jake left away a month before my birthday. He went away in October. The same year they went away, the two of them.

We were still in Newfoundland when Carol phoned and said she joined the army. I rather not say what I said. ... I cried. That's not what I want for my girl. But she was older too. Carol was in the army for four years and she was stationed in Edmonton. She got out. Three years ago, I believe. She got out when [her son] Nick was two. Now Nick is four. Then she had Sarah. Her husband got a real good job offer for here [Fort McMurray]. It made it worth their while. So she left the army and so I still got Jake [in the military]. He's in Halifax. Jake got back from over in the Middle East in November [2008]. Then he had to go to the States to accompany the ship because of the helicopter. Jake does electronics. That's his trade. He fixes the helicopters and this is why he travels with ships. [For example] he left on a trip on the first of April [2009] and never got back to the last of May. He went all over the States.

My husband calls me a packrat. Every time I go to Newfoundland, I come back with so much, so many pictures. All the kids' pictures were left down there. [Marie looks at the triangle arrangement of photos of her grown children on the living room wall. They each stand at attention in military uniform. A Canadian flag is prominent in the background. These are the only family photos displayed]. I did get those. That one at the top is Carol. That one is Jake and this one is Kent. I managed to get these here. Carol's wedding picture I had to give to my sister to look after because the picture is the size of that [big screen] television.



The kids are now grown and church is not into the family nick of things anymore. But when I was growing up, oh yeah, every Sunday morning to mass whether you wanted to

or not. It was a Catholic, all Catholic community. When Easter come, Good Friday and Holy Thursday. Good Friday was just about spent all day in church. Oh yes. Hard on the knees. But now, everyone has got his own way. I go to church when I go home. I support the church. We support the church. The other day I gave the church a cheque like I always do. We do it every year. It seems as though you got to give something to the church. My husband he couldn't care less. My views have stuck with me and so did my sister's. Their [children's] wives are the same thing. They take the kids to church and such. My boys and Carol [are different].

It's time Carol start taking the kids. I think I'm going to talk to her about it. How about we start going to church with the kids? Both kids were baptized at army barracks by the padre down there.

### **Charity in the old days**

There was always somebody giving somebody something. If you see anyone who needed anything, you gave it to them. The same goes: if you didn't need anything and were able bodied, you could get out and do for yourself. For example, if there was someone that went troutng and caught ten or twelve fish and they only wanted five or six, they would come and give the senior citizen next door to them four or five trout because they couldn't get out themselves. We used to do it ourselves. We went troutng, me and Dave, and kept enough fish for ourselves and we crossed the road and give [our neighbours] five or six trout.

The Lion's Club [in my hometown] used to be on the go and they would have the weekly bingo games. They'd have dances. When Christmas would come around, the poor of the community would get toys for the kids. They'd have gift boxes brought to them, that's what it was. The Anglican Church would do the same. The Lion's Club would give a grocery hamper with a turkey for the family. The church ladies would come with a ham or something.

We always gave money, whatever we could to the church even if it was only \$50 per year. Even when on unemployment, I'd give something to the church. Whatever I could because the church is struggling and it's good to poor people. They help people like I was telling you. The [Anglican women's organization] do the gift baskets and help out at Christmas. They can't do it on their own; they have to have funds. On Thanksgiving, they have Thanksgiving suppers, where you can go down and have supper. And then they'll have a sale – a bake sale. You can buy anything you want there – all kinds of goods and vegetables. People harvest their vegetables and bring them to sell and then there is a big ceremony at the church with so many vegetables being put on the altar. Homemade bottled beets, homemade mustard and pickles, and homemade bread and they would just bless everything. And then they would sell it off for charity.

I feel it's our responsibility to contribute. Especially now when we can give more than we ever could give. The church is there to help. I've seen death in Dave's family and my own family.

## **First moves: St. John's, Algoma Region and North Bay**

I quit school in grade nine and went to live in St. John's [the capital city of Newfoundland]. I started working cleaning there with the nuns. My name was spelled "y" and they changed it to "ie".

The first trip away [from Newfoundland] was almost the same thing as when I left home [for St. John's] when I was 17 or 16. I didn't feel too good. I felt I was lucky because I had Dave and the three kids, and that all of us were together. We were living in the [Algoma Region of Northern Ontario]. Dave had a brother in North Bay, which is a four to five-hour drive away. Every weekend that we got, we'd go down [to North Bay].

But it was hard leaving everybody behind. Especially the youngsters leaving all their friends. We were leaving our friends. We had friends that we'd go to dances with. We'd get together have a game of cards on a Saturday night. We used to play poker with a couple of couples. Twenty dollars would last us a whole season. You would win it and lose it back and forth. We'd never have to go into a second twenty. There used to be six or eight of us. We got together every Saturday night, each time at a different one's house. Sometimes I was called the biggest loser because I was out \$10. Next Saturday, I'd be up 15 dollars. I'd take so much from everyone. We miss all that. We never had nothing like that when away.

The first time we went away from Newfoundland - we spent a lot of time away from Newfoundland - the oldest one was only five when we moved away to [the Algoma Region of Ontario]. We were there for a year and moved back to Newfoundland. The following year we left that and we moved to North Bay, Ontario. We were up there for five years and then we moved back to Newfoundland ... From then, my husband had to move away from home. He was in Labrador City. He worked in Labrador City ... Dave started going by himself because the kids were older. Teenagers - in Grade 10 like that. You can't just take children that age out of school. It's too hard. It's harder for them to adapt than when they were younger, for sure. And then Dave was always gone and then all the kids left and then I noticed everybody was leaving [her hometown]... 'Cause the kids were gone and my husband was gone.

Well, [moving back to Newfoundland] you had friends but you didn't have friends because everyone had made different friends. Here you are, you're a newcomer back. Got to get on the block again. And you had to fit in. You had to fit in all over again. When we go home [to retire], we'd have to start all over again because we've gone so long.



My crowd had no compulsion to get up and go on. I guess it was what we did before - pack up and go. When we moved to North Bay, Dave come to me Monday or Tuesday and said, Look, we're going to North Bay. I said, What? He said, We're going to North Bay. We're going to have to pack the bags. I believe we left the following Monday or Sunday. We were travelling with three youngsters.

Dave's brother [who was working in North Bay] had called and said, Come on up. You have a place to stay 'til so on and so forth. We stayed with him, until Dave was ready to work. It was the long weekend. We got there September the first or second. We got there on Saturday. Because we came so far and everything, the guy that hired Dave started him on work on Monday morning on the holiday because we were so desperate.

How did we decide? Who's in the house, who's doing the cooking, who's doing the feeding, who is 95 percent of the time with the kids? Who know what's in the house? Not a man. Not the man. Not the man.

You know you've got to find a job somewhere. There's no work here. And we're going to have to do something. And we are going to see what's going on. It goes from there. You can't just sit where there's no money coming in and you've got a chance to go somewhere where there is work.

When we moved from Newfoundland to North Bay, there was something on the go that you can get help from the government for relocating. So we called them and they wouldn't give us no help. And then Dave kept contacting the UIC, the unemployment office, and then they said - Dave had his job up there, one at his trade. It was plumbing outfit that he was hired. He is a plumber-pipefitter... So [the UIC] said they have to conduct a feasibility study. Dave said, Conduct your feasibility study? I'm going to go. So a couple of hours after they call back saying it's not feasible for you to go to North Bay for 11 dollars an hour. Dave said, Okay let me get this straight now. Let me get this straight. I'm here and I haven't got a God-damn dollar to me name. I'm not working. I haven't got a cent. And I'm not going to welfare and you're telling me it's not feasible for me to go to work in North Bay for 11 dollars an hour when I getting nothing here? ... And Dave said, You know what you can do. And he hung up.

A few people owed Dave some money. We went and got it together and got a loan off my father and we come on up. And you know what we did? We were telling my sister-in-law Liz about it. And Liz said phone this guy who does an open-line show in North Bay. Fred Stern, I believe it was. Or Fred something. She says, Tell them what you told me. She said I bet he'll get the Newfoundland Government to help you. It took me a couple of weeks to get the nerve. Liz got the phone number and I finally called them, told them who I was and where I was from. I said, I'm just calling to tell you my story. I don't know if you can do anything. It's over and done with now, I said. We're here and we're working.

That was the same year that the boat people, Tamils or something, came ashore off the Grand Banks of Newfoundland. And the Newfoundland Government put them at a university dining hall. He [Fred the radio man] said, Newfoundlanders are doing for other countries but not for their own. He said, How much did you come up with? I said myself, my husband and three kids and we had \$800 when we left Newfoundland to travel across to Ontario ... When we got to North Bay we had \$45 to our name. He said, If you don't hear from me in two weeks or you don't hear from the Newfoundland Government in two

weeks, call me. Ten working days from the day I was talking to him, we got a cheque from the Newfoundland Government for \$3,000.

We had to get somebody else. I just told a story. We tried it ourselves and nobody would look at us.

I never met the man. I still never met the man. I wouldn't know him if he walked over and said, Marie, I'm the one that got that money for yourself and Dave. And you know with that \$3,000, we moved into our own place in November.

Oh, I phoned Fred, let him know. I cried on the phone because I couldn't believe I had the cheque in my hand. I thanked him. He said I don't need any thanks, Marie. For two people, he said, to take their children and come this way for work and be treated like that by their own province ... He said, No, I did what was right.

What kept us going? We had to make a living. Dave used to work 14-15 hour days. We stayed with Dave's brother up 'til November. And we moved into a place of our own. I used to work 7:30 in the morning at the hotel and I used to get off at 3:30, take the bus home, get supper, do my washing, get the kids to get their homework done. Carol would stay with the two boys and I'd go to work a short distance away at the restaurant at night. I was cleaning rooms at the hotel and, at the restaurant, I was serving food.



One time I flew back from North Bay, and oh my God, the smell of the air. I just stood there [Marie takes a deep, audible breath]. Somebody was behind me and he said, Lady, will you please move. Another guy said, Leave her alone. She's home. I said, Thank you very much, Sir. I could smell the salt. I could almost taste it. It was thick in the air. But you can't get that smell now.

[What do you smell here?]

Dust.

### **Nobody at home: 9/11 and the spatially scattered family**

When 9-11 happened, I was going to Calgary to visit my daughter. My husband was in Labrador City, Newfoundland, working. September the eleventh happened on a Tuesday. I was flying out to Calgary on Thursday. I flew out and the planes were full of RCMP... So I flew to Calgary on Thursday night, I got diverted to Halifax and I was stuck in Halifax for three days. My son, Kent, was there. He was in the navy at the time. He picked me up at the airport and took me to his place. I was there until Sunday. My other son, who was in the navy, happened to fly home from Scotland a week before, for a wedding and he also met me at the airport. So we were all together. My sons were home together for a week. Then I flew to Labrador City. Jake flew back to Scotland to make his ship.

It was Thanksgiving Day [2001]. My husband had to work overtime. He was the foreman at the plant. The 12:30 news had come on. That's how I found out that Kent's ship had gone to the Middle East. A couple days before that, I found out that my other son had left and went to Norway on his ship. Two different ships. The first ship over there [in the Middle East] was the HMCS Halifax and that was Kent's. I was just flabbergasted. They never got a chance to phone their families. Nobody was home. We were in Labrador City. One son was over in the Middle East. The other fellow was over in Norway. And my daughter was in Calgary. Everybody was alone. And nobody was home.

### **Getting settled with the help of others**

The way it was, people helped. Usually where we went there was usually family or friends. When we went to [the Algoma Region], it was a construction town. All of Dave's buddies were there. I knew them all. We all knew one and other, the wives and everything. We had to rent a trailer outside of [the Algoma Region town]. We were only there one week when one of Dave's buddies got us an apartment in town in their building. In the two or three apartment buildings, we were all there together. We used to get together for card games. All his friends. All his buddies came to help us get out of that trailer and move into the apartment building in town and help us to get settled away.

We were the only ones who moved to North Bay. A buddy of Dave's came up, looking for work and found a job. We took his family in for three weeks to a month. Mike and Linda. One of their son's was in the air force. He was Kent's age. We helped them out until they got on their feet. We used to take them grocery shopping. They did everything with us when we went out. When we were in Labrador City, it was the same thing. We had friends down there. They helped when we moved from one place to another. We were always together.

So far we've been lucky. Where we moved, there have been friends. Like we came here, it was not like we were coming here and didn't know a soul. When you go to construction like that, that's what happens. That's what happens here with Dave's brother and his friend Eric. Dave was staying with Eric. Dave stayed in camp for 18 months. He was in camp for 18 months while I was in Edmonton. I was down in Edmonton plus in Newfoundland – going back and forth. He spent 18 months [in camp] and then he moved out to Eric's in January and we bought the house in June.

Eric talked to us about the house. He said, "You should get Marie up." And I came up and stayed with them for a couple weekends and then we bought the house. Well, when we moved in everything was here. All I had to do was buy groceries.

### **What I've learned from moving**

For more than once, we never had very much. We moved around a lot. But you learn a lot through moving. You get more experience than you would in the normal case.

When we were in [the Algoma Region], we amongst Natives there. The kids never seen anything like them before. When we went to North Bay – my kids used to talk about it when they went back home and they still talk about it – we used to go out to the reservations and have the corn vats. Friends of [Dave's brother] were Indians and one of [Dave brother's] kids used to go out with an Indian. We used to go out and bring the kids. The kids used to run wild out there. Loved it. Swimming. The kids came first. They were fed first. The adults had their fun and their time, but the kids were looked after. Everybody was fed. Everybody just had a grand old time. And the kids used to love going out there. They never experienced anything like that weren't it for the travelling.



I used to work in the fish plant years and years ago. We had a work project on the go and we had to go take classes. We had to take a six-week course. A couple people came out from some school or something or other to teach us things. One of the things was how to write a resumé. She said, Come on, now, get your resumé ready. I said, What, a resumé? For me? I said, My dear, I've got no resumé. I've got nothing to put on a resumé. She said, That's what you thinks. Back then, it was just after we come back from [the Algoma Region]. She said, We'll see what you knows. She got me down and started talking about a resumé. She said, That's you. The knitting that I was doing. The education. She said, What education? I said, Grade Nine. She said, you've got more than that. She said, What happened to all those years? She said, Are you telling me what you've got in there [brain] is just cobwebs? I was impressed. She said, You think you don't know anything?



When my husband said we're moving to North Bay, well, I said, I'm sick and tired of strangers. I don't know nobody. And David turned around and looked at me. He said, You know there's no such thing as a stranger. He said, It's just a friend you haven't met.

I just said Yeah, right, and walked away. The more I thought about it, the more sense it made. [...] I got friendlier with people. Especially where I was working to. I guess you could say that I was a little standoffish. But that eased a little. All people are not alike. Wherever you go there's assholes. We can find a better word for that but you get my drift.

I don't know if I'd have the nerve 10 years ago to do what I've done five or four years ago. I was in Edmonton, living with my daughter. She'd just had the baby. Nick was born the 17<sup>th</sup> of April and she had a caesarean section. So I said, I'll stay with you until June to get you over the hump, so to speak. They bought a house when she was in the military and it was a two-storey, so she'd have to go up stairs and it wasn't so easy after having a section.

In the middle of May, Dave was down [to Edmonton from Fort McMurray] for a weekend. I said I have to make my reservations to go home [to Newfoundland]. I think I want to go home after Father's day. He said, How come you got to go home? I said, Dave, it's time for me to go. I said, Carol hasn't said nothing, but she wants me to go. I



said, I want to go. I'm no good living here with someone else. It was great, don't get me wrong Dave, but I want my own place.

He said, I wonder if we should check into buying a house. I phoned the bank and got hold of a mortgage. The gentleman come in and we found out what we were pre-approved for. David come down, and we made arrangements around us. We signed the papers and everything for pre-approval. So he said, go on to Fort McMurray and see what type of house you want. Dave went on back and I picked a weekend to come on up.

I come up on the bloody bus Friday evening. Got on that bus 12:30 and got in quarter to eight. I wasn't pleased. So I had two weekends like that and I'd come across this place. So from Edmonton, I made all the arrangements.

In [the Algoma Region], we rented an apartment and in North Bay, we rented a house. This one, we decided to buy. At the time Dave said that I could get a one-bedroom apartment. I said, you can get it but I won't be there. Where the hell am I going to put my three kids if they want to come? I said, Forget it.

I went and done all the legwork. The lawyers. Got everything on the ball. David couldn't take no time off. He's a construction worker. He works hourly. Sometimes, the bank got kind of, a little bit, aggressive with me. I said, Look here. This is how it's going to be. If you don't want it, I'll drop the whole thing right now. He's not going to take time off. After his eight hours, it's double time, which is sixty or seventy hours an hour. We're trying to buy a house. I said, Do you honestly think that Dave is going to take four or five hours off just to sign a paper so you can go home and have your supper? I said, I don't think so. So I said, If you want to help us, fine. Make some arrangements. And they backed off.

### **Working in Fort McMurray**

Dave is working. He's the only one working. We're doing alright. I gave up the boarders for a while. I've got some health issues. Nothing major, but it could lead to major. My sugar is up. My blood pressure is up. My cholesterol is up. And now, I've got the osteopenia in my hip and spine.

Dave is working 10-hour days. He was off the past three weekends. The money is good. He's working at his trade and I was working for four years with the boarders. I gave it up. I'm in a position that I don't have to go to work. Dave can handle it.

[The grandkids] are work. Like I have to feed them and stuff like that. That's no more than I did with my own. But on the other side of the coin, they are gone in a couple of hours [Marie laughs]. I don't have them night and day [laughter]. I had the house full last Sunday evening. We did a deep fried turkey and the house was full: myself and Dave, Kent and Christa, Carol and Trent and the two kids. There were eight of us. I said to ... for some reason I was looking at the stairs ... Kent said, What are looking for?' I said I'd

love for Jake to walk through the door. I said there wouldn't be much room left at that table [Marie laughs].

### **Friendship in the working town**

I don't know too many people here. Everybody is working. Where I'm living, there's only older people on both sides. Except for the lady next door. She's working 'til six or seven o'clock in the evening. She don't be out. She's three small children. She's got a four year-old, and seven or eight month old twins. The rest – like in the next house here – they're about our age and two of them are working. Cross the road is the same thing. I don't know anyone here other than my family.

Dave's brother was here and the fellow he practically grew up with, Eric. They live right across the street from us. And [two of my friends] from home are here. From our area, there's must be about 15-20 people. We don't see them all the time. We see them every now and then. Everybody is doing the same thing – they're working. My son is gone to work now. He's just finished his six days off. He'll work 3 days and he'll work Thursday, Friday and Saturday. He'll be off Saturday at 9 o'clock, and he'll be back Sunday evening at 6 o'clock for night shift and he'll do three nights. So when you work like that you can't go nowhere. He don't get home 'til nine at night ... He leaves 6 o'clock in the morning and get home nine o'clock at night. You don't eat. His girlfriend gives him extra food. He has his supper, more or less at his last break, and when he gets home at 9 or 9:30 or 20 to ten, she puts out some cheese and crackers or popcorn. Nothing heavy. You don't sit down to no meal because it is too hard 9 o'clock for eating. So it's just a working town. [...] In the winter when it's 30 or 40 below, no one wants to go out. When you come home from work, you don't want to come out.

### **Giving to Fort McMurray and Newfoundland charities**

I give to charities here. I make donations for The Cancer Society, heart and stroke, diabetes and food banks. We drop off and give to that. Especially Christmas and around that time because the winter is so hard for people to get around. Even though I don't see why. They shouldn't be so dependent on food banks in Fort McMurray. I mean, wherever you go they're screaming for workers.

I don't need to decide upon [which charities]. I don't make no decisions. Just whenever the opportunity presents itself or whatever, I'll give. Like the policeman will call later on for whatever they're doing and I'll give them a pledge over the phone. Like, you know, I know they're going to come to me looking.

I give to the Salvation Army here in Fort McMurray. Every Christmas. Everything. I go anywhere, I see them. Whatever donations we come up with we give. Like stuff don't get thrown out by us like a lot of people do.

I agree with keeping my money in Fort McMurray. Whatever we buy, we buy in Fort McMurray. People go outside and spend their money. They buy their trucks outside,

trailers and stuff like that. But our money goes into the community. A lot of people go to Edmonton to big stores to do their grocery shopping. The big Walmarts down there and Costco and all that. All those places. Fort McMurray has been good to us. That's where we get the money. That's where you're paid. You work for the companies here and you're paid. You put some money into the community. Even though sometimes those supermarkets charge way too much. Oh, my Jesus, Mary, Joseph.

Giving to Newfoundland? Like if there's family or anyone we know who needs medical attention or money, we'll contribute anything that we can. Like, we can't give away whatever we've got either. We can't go passing out ... You can understand where I'm coming from. What we'll have is Dave's pension coming in and I don't get nothing until I'm 65. If there's any such thing as old age pension. But wherever possible, we do make donations. Right now we don't have to give because the whole family is doing pretty good. The charities don't contact me much. No. But when I go back home everybody starts getting to contact me back again.

### **The house that waits**

We still have a house in Newfoundland. I've the heat left on. I wouldn't dare rent... We're burning oil down there. [Marie's voice is energized as she leans forward to explain] I could go into that house and fill up the kettle, plug it in, turn on the dishwasher, turn on the television, call you and say, Okay, I'm home. I went into see it the other day. When I went back home, I went in. I had my keys and I say, it's just like it's waiting for us. [Marie retrieves a photo album and flips through pictures of the split-level, detached house with manicured front lawn] It's five-bedroom.

Well, [Marie pauses] I said I was going home when I was sixty. I'm 59 now. Dave just turned 57. His birthday is the 24<sup>th</sup> of May. He's retired from one union already, but the pension is not that great. He joined the union up here. He says, You want to go when you're 60? I said Dave, I can't look after three boarders, and this ole house like this. The older you get, it doesn't become any easier.

We've got to do something with the house in Newfoundland. That's a five-bedroom home. We need to take some of that away. And, this is a five-bedroom house. Three downstairs and two upstairs. I take in a scattered boarder. Whenever he finds better, he can go on. I honestly can't say what we're going to do because now we have those two grandchildren here.

I belong back in home. You're getting a bit older. For myself, I think I would like to take it a bit easier. Like, just getting up and going to work, work, and work, and work, and work, and work. You're getting up to an age when you've got your own family all reared up and everybody is out on their own. I think you deserve a space and time of your own. And if you want to pack up your bags and come to Fort McMurray to see the kids, you can do it. Okay, I'm going to Fort McMurray to see the youngsters. I come up.

### **Sense of her place**

You get the smell of salt when you inhale. Oh God, it's home. It's home. It's no pollutants. It's good fresh air. And you can smell the salt. There's no smoke. There's no smog. Everybody feels the same way. If you go home, it's the fresh air. I just stand up still and inhale. It's so good. You're there smelling it. When you go to Fort McMurray, Calgary, Toronto, or anywhere, you don't stop to do that. You don't get that smell when you turn around and go back and fly to wherever you're going.

## **Gender, place and everyday philanthropy: An interpretation of the life story of 'Marie Callaghan'**

Academic discourse of philanthropy has traditionally privileged the wealthy and middle-class who have the financial and cultural capital to give in relative abundance beyond the personal private sphere (as example, see Diprose, 2002; Bremner, 2001; Meller, 1995; Wilson, 1989; Ross, 1958). Geography's lament that people do not give enough nor far enough echoes such discourse. The boundaries of privilege, however, have been extended by some geographers so that the underlying assumption is that people who live in more affluent areas of the world have the capacity to care beyond their existing landscapes of generosity (for example, see Massey, 2004; Silk, 2004; Smith, 1998). There has been little effort made to further define who these generalized people are and how their caring is more or less constrained in the modern, globalized era. On the contrary, as Barnett and Land (2007) point out, there has been a tendency to moralize. Neglected is scrutiny is the interplay of everyday philanthropy and place production in the lives of real people.

This essay brings to the fore the philanthropy of Marie Callaghan, a labour migrant from Newfoundland living in Fort McMurray, Alberta. Using Marie's life story as presented in the previous section, it enables the contextualization of her philanthropy in relation to other forms of caring, place production and personal and collective history. It does so through the lens of Marie's gendered interplay with five entwined socio-economic institutions: migration, community, the Church, military, and family. Inextricable from present-day Newfoundland culture, pre-existing before Marie's birth, these structures dynamically and profoundly interplay with and, in part, shape Marie subjectivities and agency. Their entanglement with Marie's philanthropy and sense of place is undeniable.

Arguing that they produce and constitute a paradox in which philanthropy both thrives and is contained, this essay explores their impact on Marie's geographies of generosity.

### **Migration: A caring institution?**

Figure 4 charts Marie's migrations in relation to those of her immediate family members. Marie has migrated to six different locations within Canada. In between these moves she has returned to her hometown on Trinity Bay, Newfoundland. She moves progressively west, farther away from Newfoundland, one step ahead of unemployment and reliance on social welfare. The decision to move was not hers, she tells us:

When we moved to North Bay, Dave come to me Monday or Tuesday and said, Look, we're going to North Bay. I said, What? He said, We're going to North Bay. We're going to have to pack the bags. I believe we left the following Monday or Sunday. We were travelling with three youngsters. [...] How did we decide? Who's in the house, who's doing the cooking, who's doing the feeding, who is 95 percent of the time with the kids? Who know what's in the house? Not a man. Not the man. Not the man.

(Interview, 2009)

In later moves, we see husband-wife negotiation and compromise, often with Marie taking the lead in her own migration decisions. But in early years, as highlighted above, Marie moves as the 'trailing wife'. Geographer Keith Halfacree explains:

...the various actors – principally the wife, husband and employers – draw upon structures of patriarchy, represented by the exploitative position of the wife in both the home and waged workplace, in order to constitute the migration. However, this action, which tends to result in the wife being a secondary migrant, also serves to reproduce the 'original' patriarchal structures. ... In the domestic sphere, the wife's role and status as a co-provider is undermined and her labour market marginalization as a support for her husband is enhanced.

(1995, 172-73)

While not disagreeing that 'the public/private sphere dichotomy (Bondi, 1992) of husband, sphere of production and wage labour, versus wife, sphere of reproduction and domestic labour' should be 'an organizing principle behind migration research' (Boyle and Halfacree, 1999, 2), what struck me most were Marie's love for and desire not to be separated from her husband. In the monologue play, *Jewel*, the lead character Marjorie

calls out to her deceased husband, Harry, who perished in offshore Newfoundland.

Marjorie tells him:

That's important Harry. It's important to women who have husbands who work out to know how to imagine them in a place. I mean all I had to do is drive into town or walk to your dad's to see a rig on the ground, to set you somewhere. And usually you were just up around Nelson and I knew if I really went squirrely I could jump in the truck and find you. But Newfoundland! That's practically four thousand miles away. Right from the start I felt it was wrong.

(MacLeod, 2002, 80)

Newfoundland author Michael Winter introduces similar themes – the premonition of something going wrong and the need to stick together – in his novel, *The Big Way*:

I have been loved. I can say this. But back then, before it all went wrong. I did not know enough to consider the question. I had married a woman with one facial gesture. Kathleen Whiting. A kind smile. When we made love, that smile. I knew I was wrapped up with goodness - if I kept close this woman a good life would accrue. But there's something about goodness – I associate it with acquiescence ...

(2005, 3)

Winter goes on to illustrate the complexity of a wife's acquiescence to her husband's insistence to move:

I talked Kathleen into it. I was twenty-nine, tossing the house keys to her, and she caught them nonchalantly. She had these beautiful big hands and could catch things. I'll try anything twice, she said, if it makes you happy. What did I feel about it. I felt I could be myself. Here was a woman who did not want to curb me. For years, I ran on that fuel. Having one's will done, my wife's will bent to my industry. But Kathleen's response was not as altruistic as it seemed.

(2005, 10)

Entangled in the above passages are notions of care, power and imagination. Bittersweet, the imagination teeter-totters between happiness of the good life of loved ones spent together and the inevitable, dreaded happenings when apart. To me, they reverberate profoundly the loneliness, hardship, and uncertainty experienced by generations of Newfoundland women whose husbands went out to sea to earn a living. This history is well known to Marie. She is acutely cognizant of the economic realities of childrearing without an income. Although she did not hint fear of separation, fear of poverty, desire

**Figure 4: Location of Callaghan Family Members, 1972-2009**

Year	Marie	Dave	Rhonda	Kent	Jake
1972	St. John's	Trinity Bay			
1973	Trinity Bay	↓	Trinity Bay		
1975	↓	↓	↓	Trinity Bay	
1977	↓	↓	↓	↓	Trinity Bay
1982	Blind River	Blind River	Blind River	Blind River	Blind River
1983	Trinity Bay	Trinity Bay	Trinity Bay	Trinity Bay	Trinity Bay
1985	North Bay	North Bay	North Bay	North Bay	North Bay
1991	Trinity Bay	St. John's	Trinity Bay	Trinity Bay	Trinity Bay
1997	↓	Trinity Bay	Calgary	↓	↓
2001	Labrador City	Labrador City	↓	Navy/NFA	Navy/NFA
2002	Trinity Bay	Trinity Bay	Edmonton	↓	↓
2003	Edmonton	Fort McMurray	↓	↓	↓
2005	Fort McMurray	↓	↓	St. John's	↓
2006	↓	↓	Fort McMurray	Fort McMurray	↓
2009	↓	↓	↓	↓	↓

Note 1: As the interviewee wishes her name withheld, all of the family names are fictitious.  
 Note 2: NFA - No Fixed Address.



to make her husband happy, altruism, or traditional wifely acquiescence were part of her figuratively catching the keys thrown to her and migrating, it would be unlikely that none of these factors played in her mind. As Victoria Lawson notes, '[s]ocial relations of love, connection, mutuality, commitment, and so on are not idealized terrain, rather they are fraught with power relations that are worked out in specific contexts' (2007, 4-5). This muddled ground is further extenuated in a migratory context, where economic relations, sense of place, and mixed feelings and emotions such as 'hatred, shame, envy, jealousy, fear, disgust, anger, embarrassment, sorrow, grief, anguish, pride, love, happiness, joy, hope, wonder' (Thrift, 2004, 59) clutter the decision to migrate.

Given the precariousness and hardships of Marie's migratory life, it may appear peculiar to consider migration as an institution. It is typically conceived as a flow or the process of people moving from one place to another. On the one hand, labour migration is precipitated by a real or imagined spatialized redundancy, depletion, inefficiency, devaluation, or lack of utility of material in one locality in relation to others. Without the continual existence of this structural adjustment mechanism, global capitalism falters. On the other hand, in particular world regions, among particular people and cultures, migration is synonymous to a way of life. It has taken on a permanence, become a structure of society. Newfoundland is archetypal. When Marie states, 'My crowd had no compulsion to get up and go on. I guess it was what we did before – pack up and go' (Interview, 2009), she could be speaking about Newfoundland's centuries-long history of out-migration. The newspaper article, 'Driven from Home', in the September 11, 1896 edition of St. John's *The Daily News* echoes this theme:

The bad fisheries during the Thorburn regime caused numbers to leave the colony. [...] Then the cry was for time; the golden age was still ahead; 1891 came, and *still the exodus*;

1892, 1893, and the youth and muscle, the brain and sinew, still crowed the decks of the Portia and her sister ships. [...] Then came 1894, with its awful crash, and *still the exodus*; 1895, and *still the exodus*. Now 1896 passing into eternity, but as the weeks roll away *the exodus continues*, and our sons and daughters are still driven from their native land ...

(1896, 4)

In *Leaving Newfoundland: A history of out-migration*, author Stephen Nolan (2007) walks readers through Newfoundland's spotty history of permanent, resilient settlement. Even the original settlers, he reminds us, were designed to be out-migrants. Consequently, the imagined territory of Newfoundlanders has never been situated in one place-bound locality. From labouring at New York's original World Trade Centre, Saudi Arabian oilrigs, shipping yards of Singapore, the factories of the 'Boston States', to major cities and small towns across Canada, Newfoundlanders get around. They produce, exist in and extend a socio-spatial network that spans the globe. The network incorporates major (chiefly in North America) and minor nodes, well-travelled and less travelled channels. When Marie says, 'So far we've been lucky. Where we moved, there have been friends' (Interview, 2009), I am reminded of mystification of gift exchange whereby articulation of unwritten rules reveals the gift's true socio-economic contract. Marie's luck is built into the migratory structure of global capitalism just as her family's imagination to leave Newfoundland is founded on a perceptual and experiential tradition of what is possible and expected.

Marie documents the informal generosity of everyday migrant life – finding accommodation for newcomers, helping people move, billeting families while they search for work, and showing new arrivals how to navigate the town. The nature of migratory construction work requires mutual reliance and, as Marie describes, a disposition to be open to others. I wish to draw attention to two examples of this form of

openness that resulted in Marie's family receiving gifts. First, by telling her story to a stranger, she enlists an advocate who garners a substantial payment from the Government of Newfoundland and Labrador for her family. Second, by telling her story again, this time to me, she received the interview transcriptions, which she held onto with pride and contentment. Written down are stories that she has shared with family and friends. She can now preserve them for the next generation of her family. As I see it, the gift of her life story meets the criteria of philanthropy. Marie did not expect a counter-gift. Openness to others, Rosalyn Diprose (2002) argues, is a gift in itself. Marie shows us that this gift can be acquired by shaking up parochialisms through migration and gathering insights of other ways of life through personal, lived experiences.

### **Distance and the communitarian heart**

Newfoundlanders consider themselves a nation within Canada (Richler, 2006). References to their culture as diasporic are plentiful (for example, see O'Dea, 2003; Nolan, 2007; Delisle, 2008). As James Clifford notes, 'the empowering paradox of diaspora is that dwelling *here* assumes a solidarity and connection *there*' (1997, 269). Marie's reference to herself 'as a Newfoundlander' (Interview, 2009), her return migrations, holiday visits, telephone calls to family, preserving home ownership and expressed desire to return home are indicative that she *belongs to* Newfoundland. However, as Marie's discourse demonstrates, the paradox of diaspora is also disconnection and a lack of solidarity with homeland. For Marie, migration cleaves the community apart: those who stay behind have 'no education' and are not interested in 'making something of themselves' while those who migrated 'made their way' (Interview, 2009). My sense is that this value-laden differentiation is a mechanism of

distancing herself from the depressed condition of her hometown and of rationalizing her *forced* moves.

The reality of having been ‘forced to choose between unemployment and outmigration’ (Government of Newfoundland and Labrador, 2003, 35) creates a ‘pervasive pressure’ that is ‘often experienced as a painful rupture from home and identity...’ (Delisle, 2008, 66). Marie’s rupture is doubly disempowered since, as noted above, the choice of choosing between a rock and a hard place is not hers. She speaks of her pangs about leaving in physical terms, stating she ‘didn’t feel too good’ after moving, and in emotional terms, expressing how hard it was ‘leaving everybody behind’ (Interview, 2009). Her leaving breaks the rhythmic fortification of friendships (re)forged through regular face-to-face social encounters. Moreover, by migrating Marie distances herself from the types of caring made possible from being situated in her hometown. This distancing, I suggest, allows for the extension of her geographies of generosity to the new proximate sphere or ‘contemporary here’ (Nepveu, 1988, 207).

The bestowing of generosity to those proximate is productive and constitutive of the communitarian values of rural outport Newfoundland life. As Marie describes it, ‘there was always somebody giving somebody something. If you see anyone who needed anything, you gave it to them’ (Interview, 2009). Her description corresponds to that portrayed in *This Marvellous Terrible Place*, a compilation of Newfoundlanders’ first-person narratives. Says a former resident of Parsons Harbour, Newfoundland:

It was [...] a way of life you were brought up to. It was different, definitely different. If we went into the country and killed meat, we’d share with everybody. We’d cut up the meat, wrap it up in paper, carry it to the other houses and pass it in. What we had, we all had.

(Momatiulk and Eastcott, 1988, 25)

Embodied practices, the attentiveness to needs and the act of giving signal a mutually reinforced understanding that community is ‘the location of clear-cut ethical commitments’ (Barnett et. al, 2005, 24). In Fort McMurray, Marie acts on her values through purchasing patterns:

I agree with keeping my money in Fort McMurray. Whatever we buy, we buy in Fort McMurray. People go outside and spend their money. They buy their trucks outside, trailers and stuff like that. But our money goes into the community.

(Interview, 2009)

In the case of Marie, Arjun Appadurai’s argument that the ‘problem of jurisdiction and the problem of loyalty are increasingly disjunct’ (1996, 47) does not hold true. Marie’s loyalty and her jurisdiction overlap. Her affinity is expressed as a gift to the community. The gift meets the criteria of philanthropy: she gives it voluntarily, she does not receive anything in return, and the gift is for communal benefit. Hence, despite Marie distancing herself physically and socially from Newfoundland, she maintains normative moral geographies derived from Newfoundland culture.

When I was in St. John’s in 2008, people as a rule labelled Fort McMurray ‘the third largest town in Newfoundland.’ The saying was repeated to me countless times during my Fort McMurray stay. It was part insider’s joke, part demographic fact. In interpreting Marie’s philanthropy, however, the statement takes on other meanings: Fort McMurray is symbolically in Newfoundland taken there by the socio-cultural dispositions of Newfoundlanders. The corollary, of course, is also true: Newfoundland – its people, values and traditions – is in Fort McMurray.

‘Values,’ anthropologist Marianne Gullestad explains, ‘do not only exist as explicit notions, but may also be reproduced in subtle ways through embodied practices in

everyday lives' (1996, 265). Marie's value of supporting the community in which she lives is both an explicit notion and an everyday practice that, I propose, serves as a spatial 'anchorage point' for herself. In other words, philanthropy enables Marie to remain 'in place'.

The nuance of the term 'in place' needs to be considered in light of the clear demarcation between Marie's philanthropy in Fort McMurray and her present-day giving to Newfoundland. 'I give to charities here,' says Marie, speaking of her philanthropy in Fort McMurray (Interview, 2009). 'I don't make no decisions. Just whenever the opportunity presents itself or whatever, I'll give' (*ibid.*). In the proximate sphere – the here and now – Marie's philanthropy is instantaneous upon request. Whether these on-the-spot, spontaneous gifts are real or imagined is not the point. What is significant, I suggest, is that she describes her philanthropy in Fort McMurray as akin to the commonplace generosity of her Trinity Bay hometown. Therefore, I think that she is symbolically 'in place' in Newfoundland culture while living materially in Fort McMurray. In contrast, she exhibits ambivalence in her reply to the question about giving to Newfoundland while in Fort McMurray:

Giving to Newfoundland? Like if there's family or anyone we know who needs medical attention or money, we'll contribute anything that we can. Like, we can't give away whatever we've got either. We can't go passing out ... You can understand where I'm coming from.

(Interview, 2009)

Giving to Newfoundland is not giving to the community anymore; it is giving to family and friends and knowing the limits of caring. On the surface, it appears that distance has not made the heart grow fonder and, instead, 'intervenes to complicate and extend the range of moral duties' (Barnett *et. al.*, 2005, 24). While family and friends continue to

occupy the focal position in Marie's geography of generosity, philanthropic affinity to the community sphere appears interchangeable depending on her actual time-space location. This is further illustrated by the fact that Marie, while in Fort McMurray, does not donate to any of her previous migration sites; the impetus to donate to a community evaporated upon her leaving. It is possible to draw a link between Marie's practice of spatial and relational distinctions through philanthropy to the discourse on Nietzsche's 'will to power' presented in Diprose (2002).

To say that will to power is pathos refers us to the distinction between ethos and pathos that Nietzsche evokes elsewhere (1974, 252). Ethos is usually understood as a way of life, of one's habits and character, whereas pathos is the condition of transient affectivity. While we think of our way of life as a given and an enduring ethos, our life, Nietzsche argues, is really pathos, a dynamic process of changing affective experience. Will to power is pathos: it is movement by which experience is constituted and entities come into being so that they are in relation and can be affected and can affect. [...] Will to power is this process of the constitution of identity and place, of delimiting one from another, through the assignment of "meaning" to effects and their interrelations.

(28-29)

In Marie's case, I take this to mean family and friends are her ethos, the condition of being unchanging 'self' or belonging to her 'social body' (Diprose, 2002, 30); there is no symbolic distance/difference between family and friends and Marie. Whereas community of residence is pathos, constituting the 'other', a distance/difference subject to transient affectivity. Writes Diprose, 'the discourses of modernity assume sameness and encourage the desire to stay in one place' (*ibid.*). If we take this proposition to be true, then Marie's changing affectivity to community as symbolized by her temporary philanthropy can be associated with the fragmentation of post-modernism. However, philanthropy is just one mode of connectivity. If we look beyond giving, Marie preserves a more permanent and tangible link to her hometown than episodic philanthropic donations: her house.

We still have a house in Newfoundland. I've the heat left on. I wouldn't dare rent...We're burning oil down there. [Marie's voice is energized as she leans forward to explain] I could go into that house and fill up the kettle, plug it in, turn on the dishwasher, turn on the television, call you and say, Okay, I'm home. I went into see it the other day. When I went

back home, I went in. I had my keys and I say, it's just like it's waiting for us. [Marie retrieves a photo album and flips through pictures of the split-level, detached house with manicured front lawn] It's five-bedroom.

(Interview, 2009)

In the Trinity Bay area, an empty, heated five-bedroom house waits for Marie's return. Holding onto this material stake, paying for everyday upkeep while leaving it vacant, imagining daily home routines, and narrating keenly symbolize Marie's continuing place production – a defence of her social and spatial place – in Newfoundland. Unintentional, I believe, but noteworthy is the symbolism of 'burning oil down there' and the family's current livelihood earned from Alberta's oil industry. It is as if they are pumping their oil sands extractions (literally money and oil) directly to their Newfoundland homestead thereby ensuring their ease of return there and a *return on investment* of their time and energy spent away. These actions are not philanthropic yet they constitute elements of Marie's multi-layered modalities of caring to *belong to* Newfoundland.

### **Unbreakable habit: Giving to the Church**

One philanthropic 'duty' back home that remains solidly unaffected is giving to the Catholic Church. In the narrative segment below, the binaries of 'here' and 'there' are indicative of the lack of simultaneity between Marie's philanthropy and other embodied practices in Newfoundland and Fort McMurray.

I go to church when I go home. I support the church. We support the church. The other day I gave the church a cheque like I always do. We do it every year. It seems as though you got to give something to the church. My husband he couldn't care less. My views have stuck with me and so did my sister's. Their [children's] wives are the same thing. They take the kids to church and such. My boys and Carol [are different]. It's time Carol start taking the kids. I think I'm going to talk to her about it. How about we start going to church with the kids?

(Interview, 2009)

I find this part of Marie's narrative to be fascinating. She had just finished explaining to me that the 'church is not into the family nick of things anymore' (Interview, 2009) and



that she doesn't attend Catholic Church service or donate to the Church in Fort McMurray. The revelations that she donates to and attends Church when vacationing in Newfoundland took me by surprise. My wrongheaded assumption was that in religion, above other allegiances, granting for lopsided attendance, you either adhere or not. What I forgot was the tenacity of place-based cultural history.

Visiting Newfoundland's Avalon Peninsula in summer 2008, I observed that the Catholic Church remains the overarching architecture in rural outposts. In St. John's, while now eclipsed by province's museum *The Rooms*, the Basilica Cathedral of St. John the Baptist is centrally located, up the hill, overlooking the harbour, dominating its surrounding landscape. The Church's influence in Newfoundland and Marie's life is considerable and long-standing. It occupied her Sundays, gave her a start on wage-earning employment, supported her family in grief, and, evocative of its import, changed her first name. Marie recounts the work of Churchwomen who helped the community in times of dire poverty. Consequently, she and her family 'always gave money, whatever we could to the church even if it was only \$50 per year' (Interview, 2009).

Marie's continued philanthropy to the Church back home while living elsewhere speaks to the power of ritual embedded deeply into a particular locality and the need arising to pay homage to it through embodied practices. She doesn't mail donation cheques from Fort McMurray but physically hands them over while rooted in the Church and in her personal tradition. The territorial limitation to her philanthropy is not some murky zone; the dichotomy between 'here' and 'there' is clearly defined. Moreover, she is in charge of establishing and maintaining her family's philanthropic boundaries as exemplified by

melding I/We: 'I support the church. We support the church. The other day I gave the church a cheque like I always do. We do it every year' (Interview, 2009).

Earmarked donations to religious organizations, sociologist Viviana Zelizer (1994, 26) writes, are a manner of maintaining individual identity within a community or group. The central role of women as the family unit's main philanthropic decision-makers serves to extend their spatial domination of the domestic sphere into the public realm. While not wholly resolving the private/public sphere dichotomy as expressed by Liz Bondi (1992), where men produce in public for wages and women reproduce in private for domestic care, women's philanthropy straddles these gendered realms. It exists as a parallel hierarchal power structure (McCarthy, 1990), divisive to the extent that it separates the 'have' from 'have not', giver from receiver.

'Even when on unemployment, I'd give something to the church. Whatever I could because the church is struggling and it's good to poor people,' says Marie (Interview, 2009). In her mind, she is not poor when unemployed. Just as in the dualism of those who leave Newfoundland and those who stay behind, Marie posits herself as one who 'could get out and do for yourself', 'made their way' (Interview, 2009) or, using Michael Winter's metaphor, could be tossed a problem and handle it nonchalantly. The continuation of identity formation through Church donations in Newfoundland, I suggest, is self-affirming of her perceived unchanging positionality.

Marie's absence from the Church in Fort McMurray is not a systematic rejection of the institution there. As we can see, she desires to construct a relationship with the Church in Fort McMurray by persuading her daughter to conform to the family tradition. That is,

she plans to reinsert the Church back into the ‘family nick of things’ (Interview, 2009). The urge is palatable, adamant. ‘It’s time Carol start taking the kids. I think I’m going to talk to her about it. How about *we* start going to church with the kids?’ (Interview, 2009; emphasis added). And, thus, Marie plans to adapt her place production in Fort McMurray and within her family in and through the Church. Without a doubt, at least to me, if her plans are realized philanthropy to the Church in Fort McMurray will follow.

This example highlights how Marie’s range of caring modes sustains her power base at home. Victoria Lawson (2007, 5) urges us to consider that ‘emotional connections are also sites of power’ where the ‘carer exercises (often unwittingly) control and influence over the cared-for’ and the cared-for can ‘exercise a kind of power over the carer.’ This aptly describes the dialectic I sense is at work in Marie’s family.

### **A mother’s gift to the nation**

The inclusion of the military in the interpretation of Marie’s philanthropy and place production may seem tangential. Marie, herself, has never been physically involved in military service. As a mother of three children who have each spent time in the Canadian Armed Forces, her geographies of generosity, however, are shaped by the wayfaring and mortal risks of military life.

The world-changing event of 9/11 affected Marie’s attitude towards her children’s military service. Before that, her sons participated solely in overseas peacekeeping operations. The dangers of their military involvement escalated when Canada took a direct combat role in the Afghanistan War in 2001 and indirectly entered the Iraq War by patrolling the Persian Gulf with naval frigates and a destroyer starting in 2003. Keeping

in touch with her sons who were deployed to the Persian Gulf and other troubled world areas became Marie's preoccupation. In our non-recorded conversations, she unceremoniously expressed her past worry of receiving a telephone call conveying news that one of her children had been injured or killed. I gathered the dread surfaced intermittently, a buried emotional weight floating up each time news arrived of another Canadian soldier killed in action.

More than just sending care packages and telephoning her sons, she kept them regularly up-to-date with family happenings thereby maintaining their sense of belonging. In return, she maintains tight emotional bonding with her children. This form of trans-local connectivity and continual place production is well documented in the literature review. Further, the nature of her care corresponds to traditional gender roles as discussed below. What makes Marie's situation different, I think, is the unpredictability of immediate family whereabouts. Her caring *moves*. A dynamic flow – the cartography of which follows Marie's migrations and her children's globetrotting – replaces the notion of territorially bounded care. If we think of family members as mobile nodes in a global constellation maintained by circuits of caring, then drawing a connection to modern conceptions of place makes sense.

Like the transnational train that stops in one town and then moves onto the next (Massey, 2005), Marie's care is local and global and mobile. It perforates territory, offering emotional nurturance to her sons serving abroad and, by doing so, supports the Canadian military. More precisely, it supports the Government of Canada's global objectives. And this, I propose, is Marie's gift to the nation.

When Marie states, 'My three went military. A lot of their friends are military and still are' (Interview, 2009), she reminds us that many other families experience the same displacement. During summer 2008, I often visited *The Rooms*. On my first visit, I was taken aback by the considerable display space devoted to Newfoundland's involvement in wars. A multitude of guns, bullets, uniforms, soldiers' letters home to family, medals, and display copy commemorating loss of life and accentuating romantic pride in service to England (before 1949) and to Canada (after 1949). The military tradition runs deep in Newfoundland culture. It runs deep in Marie's family. The central placement of photos featuring her children in military uniform – the only photos displayed in her home – illustrates Marie's pride in her family's service to the country. As I understood it, however, Marie's interest in keeping her family close-by, in imagining her son who is still in the military moving to Fort McMurray, corresponds to figuratively receiving back in full the gifts she has given to the warring institution of the country.

### **The opacity of caring for family**

The emotion Marie exhibits when trying to communicate the meaning of family harkens to the intense caring bond produced and manifested in this social structure. In an age of postmodern feminism, where the perforation or downright elimination of age-old gender borders continues at every turn, family is Marie's life work. She invested heavily in the physical and emotional labour of homemaking and it keeps her fully engaged. In their study of care in families affected by HIV and AIDS, Evans and Thomas suggest that intense emotional and physical care, while leading to 'close emotional connections and a high level of responsiveness' within the family, can exacerbate 'isolation and lack of access to adequate resources' (Evans and Thomas, 2009, 111). Similarly, Marie's

narrative points to isolation caused by domestic demands. Busy with informal, at-home care-giving, she was unable, at some life points, to see the forest for the trees. This is exhibited in her late realization that her hometown was in decline due to out-migration.

And then Dave was always gone and then all the kids left and then I noticed everybody was leaving [her hometown]... 'Cause the kids were gone and my husband was gone.

(Interview, 2009)

I do not take Marie's statement to mean that she was physically unaware of the collapsing community structure. What I assume is that the community's situation did not affect her directly so she paid no heed of it. The opacity of intense physical and emotional caring for family, I therefore suggest, represents a problematic to vigilant caring for the community. I expand on this thought by using examples of Marie's family relations in Fort McMurray.

While the search for work is the primary reason she attributes to 'getting up and going' (Interview, 2009), keeping her family spatially together has strongly influenced Marie's migration decisions. In the Province of Alberta, Canada's economic powerhouse, Marie's family achieves nearly complete spatial unity after a decade of spatial fragmentation. Living in three households, no more than a 10-minute drive apart, they form a strategic, resource-sharing mini-network in Fort McMurray.

The support network's hub – the pivot or focal node – is Marie. She reigns the domestic sphere as a *supergrandmom* who takes care of her two grandchildren during the day, prepares home-cooked meals for her husband and any family member who drops by, keeps track of family whereabouts, organizes get-togethers, runs errands for the three households, and, until recently, operated a small business in her home. As Nicola Piper notes in her paper 'Gender and Migration' prepared for the Global Commission on

International Migration, migrant women have ‘ventured into entrepreneurship’ gravitating ‘towards self-employment because of a lack of alternatives, blocked mobility, and inability to find a job that fits their skills’ (2005, 9-10). Renting rooms in her five-bedroom house, Marie provided three migrant men who worked on-site in the oil fields with cleaning, breakfast and dinner in return for rent. Based on my knowledge of Fort McMurray’s room rental situation, I estimate Marie would receive no less than \$1,200 monthly per room. The income that she brought to the family was substantial.

Her ability to earn a high return on her labour directly related to the margin between the global market price for oil and its production and distribution costs. As the description ‘boomtown’ implies, the margin is wide and times are good in Fort McMurray. In spite of housing starts aplenty, the city lacks sufficient accommodation for oil sands workers. Taking advantage of the lucrative opportunity presented by adapting her domestic sphere to meet market needs, Marie’s node constitutes a supersite melding highly localized caring and the global-local market economy.

The consequence of Marie’s dual provider role as homemaker and breadwinner is deterioration in her health. She explains:

I gave up the boarders for a while. I’ve got some health issues. Nothing major, but it could lead to major. My sugar is up. My blood pressure is up. My cholesterol is up. And now, I’ve got the osteopenia in my hip and spine.

(Interview, 2009)

At age 59, many individuals are slowing down and thinking of retirement. Yet, in spite of her age, Marie plans merely a respite ‘for a while’ from running the home business. Working on overdrive emerged as a life pattern during her earlier migrations. Once again, Marie uses few words to describe what must have been a rough and hectic time. She

states simply, 'I had two jobs and the three kids' (Interview, 2009). She shows little sign of stopping now. Her present-day domestic preoccupations, I propose, significantly compress her space and time. 'Real people unplugged' (see pages 68-70) documents Marie's frenetic schedule and limited social interaction outside the domestic sphere. Elizabeth Wilson observed 'the perpetual struggle between rigid, routinised order, and pleasurable anarchy, the male-female dichotomy' (1991, 7-8) in her study of modern city life. Where Wilson saw the pleasure of women's metropolitan freedom, I observed unruliness barely under control in Marie's home. As Marie herself says, 'I can get a phone call anytime calling me to work from Carol or Kent. Kent is popping in. Carol is calling. She popped over yesterday with the two kids' for babysitting' (Interview, 2009). While her husband works 12-hour days, Marie's domestic work is an on-call gig.

Marie donates financially to local charities in Fort McMurray. While she states explicitly that she makes no decisions on which charities to support, the ones she mentions have a connection to the health or economic problems experienced by her extended family. As such, she gives to the 'The Cancer Society, heart and stroke, diabetes and food banks. We drop off and give to that. Especially Christmas and around that time because the winter is so hard for people to get around' (Interview, 2009). She adds, 'Even though I don't see why. They shouldn't be so dependent on food banks in Fort McMurray. I mean, wherever you go they're screaming for workers' (*ibid.*). Only when I explained the relatively low salaries paid to service workers did she comprehend the life realities of people who live presently on the economic margins as she did previously. Upon this wake-up call, Marie quickly calculated the \$15 per hour paid to some service workers is not a viable living wage. She jumped to their defence, advocating for the city to provide affordable housing



for the working poor. Access to information enabled her to draw upon real lived experiences, which stimulated her sense of justice, elicited outrage and sparked social policy advocacy. An example of 'how the topographies of emotions unfold' (Henderson, 2008, 29), it underscores how care is political in two interrelated ways: intensified domestic care, I suggest, withdraws the individual from the negotiation of ideas and knowledge gained through public discourse; and, contrary to the proposition of Henderson (2008), empathy can lead to a focus on the perpetrators of and solutions for injustices.

Geographers who argue that people do not care enough or far enough, Barnett and Land (2007, 1068) write, presume that people 'are trapped within self-interested, privatised worlds of restricted imagination' and that 'veiled relations' hide 'from their view their real interests and obligations.' This is not what I interpret from Marie's life story. Concentrating her place production in the domestic sphere, Marie's embodied care in the public sphere is limited to highly specific time-spaces. In contrast, she scatters her monetary donations to any charity that requests. Let us presume she has reason to do this and ask why. Her children are grown up. Most of them live nearby. There is money aplenty in the bank. She doesn't need to work because her husband's wage supports the family. She owns two homes. In spite of having attained a better economic and social position, Marie, I believe, hangs onto deep-rooted, socio-economic patterns that were established years ago. She is predisposed to norms produced in crisis and the instability of a hyper-migratory, bust and boom lifestyle.

What looks certain – a high-paying job, family close-by, a middle-class existence – might not be or feel certain to Marie, even if only at a subconscious level. At the conscious level, she imagines moving back to Newfoundland when she turns 60 years old, which is one year away. This is what she has done before – get up and leave. Logically, expansive emotional, physical and philanthropic investments in the locality from which she expects to shortly depart, would be a waste of time and effort. Further, as noted above, her donations to a community cease upon her leaving. Thus she sticks to what she knows, I argue, finding ‘stability, oneness and security’ (Massey, 1994, 167) at home. This speculative account shies away from the stock-in-trade argument that paints individuals’ self-interestedness in caring for family and friends with the broad, tainted brush of egotism (Barnett and Land, 2007). It relies instead on observation of real lived experiences and subsequent deduction of their effect. My sense is that this starting point offers more solid ground upon which to form theories of geographies of generosity.

## **Conclusion**

By interweaving Marie’s cultural history, generosity, and spatial representations, this essay shed light on how individuals produce place in and through everyday philanthropy. It espoused a structural viewpoint, examining Marie’s dynamic interplay with institutions. These institutions – migration, community, the Church, military, and family – are complexly entangled, pushing and pulling each other in a lively fashion. Long embedded in cultural history, with an agency of their own, they channel, and in the process, shape Marie’s everyday trajectories and social relations. In turn, and in varying degrees, Marie’s own agency shapes these institutions.

Marie's place production entwines a territorially fixed sense of place with more modern notions of nodal circuits decoupling place from the confines of one singular locale. In and through embodied care for family and money gifts to the wider community, she delineates the depth, strength and time limit of care bonds. Above all, family relations produced in and through hyper-mobility are valorized and, to a large degree, serve as stasis. It is within the domestic realm that Marie's agency of care exhibits its greatest influence. Commandeering Marie's temporality, the domestic sphere constrains her ability to extend generosity to broader spatial realms.

There are many reasons why giving to one's nearest and dearest endures. Marie's life story privileges dearest above nearest. Interestingly, in Marie's case, the desire to keep those who are dearest at close proximity can be realized through the institution of migration. And yet, by commandeering her spatiality, migration constrains Marie's ability to extend generosity temporally. And thus this essay illuminates the intricate paradoxes of philanthropy, place, and migration.

**Chapter 3:**  
**Brian Hatfield triptych**

### **Sharing space: Three's company**

Before I knew it, there was a third person in the living room. Brian Hatfield's front door must've been left open because his best friend, Cliff, slipped into the house without knocking.

Brian and I were about 10 minutes into our second interview at his comfortable bungalow in the Fort McMurray suburb of Thickwoods when Cliff arrived. After pleasantries, Cliff sat down on the living room couch across the room from Brian. Brian sat easily on an identical couch while I sat uncomfortably on a wooden piano stool equidistant between them. I picked up the hot topic: Where do you belong to? Cliff answered 'Fort McMurray' and then ducked out the conversation, expressing his feelings of awkwardness. While Cliff sat attentively and nodded, Brian sprinkled references in his life narrative to Cliff's partnership in volunteer activities, their friendship and Cliff's children. I got the sense that these two men had gone through much together.

Around the hour mark of taping, I was struggling, trying to contextualize Brian's comments about Fort Mac's lack of informal generosities. As example:

Today, in Fort McMurray, if you hold a door open for somebody people are just amazed. You know what I mean. You hold a door and people smile and say, Holy ... I think they're saying, holy smokes, somebody actually held a door for me. Like, where do you come from?  
(Interview, 2009)

Since the drive into town from the airport two months ago, people have persistently described Fort Mac as a stressed-out working town. At first, I scratched my head. People work and are stressed in every town, I thought. I wondered why folk here accentuate *This is a working town*. One roommate stopped decoding it and with less than hidden contempt dead panned, *You work here. You save your money. And then you get the hell*

*out*. I got that. What I didn't comprehend was the meaning of Brian's intermingled facts: People here came mainly from small-town Canada where everyday generosity was expected and reinforced; Fort McMurray, according to him, is loaded with family-friendly activities and services; he, his buddies and many other residents care about and for the community; yet somehow a good portion of people become hot-headed, tense, and impolite (my terms, not Brian's) not long after arriving here.

As I continued to thrash about the meaning, Cliff jumped into the discussion and laid out the best explanation of the transition from small-town life to Fort McMurray that I'd ever heard. There were three of us now sharing authority. They were the teachers and I was pupil. Instinctively, I slumped down onto the living room floor to get closer to them, bringing along the tape recorder and placing it smack centre of the coffee table. With 32 years and 25 years of Fort Mac living respectively, Brian and Cliff led me step by step past confusion about Fort McMurray life to a place of clarity. I got it. Below is a snippet of our conversation on this theme.

Cliff: I see myself in a hurry all the time when I'm here. When I go back home to Nova Scotia, I'm just relaxing. Because everybody else is. It's the environment. It probably takes me a week to get into their mode. After I'm there a week and I drive down the main highway and a cat goes across the road and I stop. I would never do it here probably. I don't know. I don't hate cats or anything, but you know I'm always in a hurry here. There's always someone right behind you on the road. And they're speeding too. Down there, I just get into the mode to just go with the flow. Somebody is driving 20 kilometres an hour down the street and that's the way you're supposed to drive. You're not supposed to curse and swear at them. They don't do that down there.

RF: There is a culture here – I've not been here long enough, I only arrived in June. But when I arrived, I saw a lot of big cars. And I saw a lot of big cars moving quickly in parking lots. Usually when you're pulling out of shopping, you don't go that quickly. So you're saying that this culture built up of speed.

BH: No. It was slow. The population wasn't here. Now that the population is growing, it makes for everybody being ... Everybody is in a hurry.

Cliff: In Fort McMurray, you're living on a 24-hour clock. This place never stops. It's not Vegas, but the work never stops. You can drive from here to the plant at 3 o'clock in the morning and the highway is never empty. I think that any time that I've been on

Highway 63 going north to these plants, there is always is traffic. It never stops. It's 365 days a year 24 hours a day that those plants are running. They're running. There's always people moving.

(Interview, 2009)

In the narrative above, I draw a simile of the oil plants running and the endless fast movement of people. It reminds me of the dictating, silent puppeteer mentioned in the 'Introduction' to this thesis (see page 4).

A 90-minute drive from Fort McMurray in the best of traffic, the oil patch hides from easy view. Tight security controls limit access onsite. Visitors must sign a long waiver, remove any audio and video recording devices, and give up the right to publicly post any photographs or quote tour guides. Consequently, my *feel* of the dominant industry came only from a 2-hour guided tour, a half-day visit to the industry-owned, Oil Sands Discovery Centre, conversations with site workers, boat trips up the Clearwater and Athabasca rivers, and the occasional distinctive sour odour of heavy oil in the city air. Yet, the industry, I came to understand through the help of Brian and Cliff, *speaks* through the social, spatial and psychological condition of Fort McMurray.

Fit and nearing 55 years of age, Brian is a man who waits his turn to speak. He never interrupted Cliff or me during our banter, sensing when someone's sentence would end and time-space would open for his words. He can be best described as a man who is so at ease with himself that people he meets feel at ease too. His handshake is firm, his eyes clear, face pleasant, and voice soothing. You *feel* his honesty. Coupled with this, he's got a propensity of using positive words such as 'good' and 'absolutely' and 'fine'. He's someone you'd hire to get the job done, to lead a team.

Our two interviews went off without a hitch even though he's extremely busy organizing charitable events and working shift in the oil sands. Phones rang during the interviews. Brian took notice of who called, didn't answer, and continued with the interview. When we were alone (his friends dropped over during each of our sessions) the interview space edged into a quiet intimate discussion about values, family, and friendships where the binaries of there/here and then/now merged. I think of it as merging the small town and the city.

We recorded four hours of taped conversation and held approximately three hours of informal, off-the-record conversations including a car trip to downtown Fort McMurray. That trip showed me how easily Brian navigates the town and the extensiveness of his community connections gained through informal and formal philanthropy. He knows low-income families, charity leaders, the mayor, the hockey coaches, teachers and school principals, nurses and doctors. The list is long and expands with each charitable act. There is an A-team of long-known and trusted family, friends and *memories*, however, who are frequent recipients of his generosity and enable it. Readers will spot them as they go through Brian's life story.



## **Gift barrels in the Oil Sands: The life story of Brian Hatfield**

### **Living in the hub of Placentia, Newfoundland**

Oh my goodness gracious. It'll be 31 years this year [that I'm married]. Same girl. That's enough for me. Some other fellows might want four or five times, but once for me is fine. [Brian laughs] I met my wife in Newfoundland. Placentia. She's from five to six miles away [Brian sits comfortably on the living room sofa in his spacious, detached home in Thickwoods. Seated across the room from him are two of his friends who dropped by earlier in the evening and decided to stay for the interview. The researcher sits on a piano stool in front of the stand-up]. My daughter is 24. She's playing professional basketball in Europe. [Brian points to the photo on the credenza behind the researcher] Guess which one she is [The researcher looks at the high school class photo. Brian's daughter stands a head taller than the rest].

I was born in Placentia, Newfoundland in 1954. It was a small fishing community. There was a naval base, which housed about 15 to 20 thousand people and also there was a phosphorus plant, which was probably 40 minutes away from my community, Placentia. That was the main community. Fishing, phosphorus plant plus a lot of civilians working on the naval base.

In my community, there were probably about 4,000. Everybody knew each other. That was like the biggest thing I think. Everybody was happy. And there was so many communities around the area. Where I was there was 4,000 people. But in the whole community, there's small towns. Probably 500 in this town, 1,000 in this town, 1,500 in this town, but they all congregated in Placentia where I was from. That's where the big stores were. The hub of the whole community was Placentia. [...] We didn't have a downtown. We just go to the snack bar. There was three snack bars, and you'd just say, We're going out to this snack bar, going out to that snack bar. Stuff like that.

[My family was] there for many generations. My great grandmother, my grandmother and then my mother and father. They were all raised there from generation to generation. The house that I grew up in – I think it's still lived in today – it's is over a 110 years old. It's probably more solid now that I think it ever was. All through the years when my dad was alive, he kept working at it, working at it. They took the side off and the planking was two feet. Today you would never see that. It's over a foot thick. Just to check all that and look. Today there would be none of that.

That's the only house that I ever lived in. It's a peaked house. It looked out on the street. There was a driveway there. Stuff like that. Like there was two of us in one room. There was eight of us in the family. There was two boys in the one room. It was fun when you were growing up.



My mom did lots of ... she did all the housework, washed clothes, cooked dinner. Everyday you had your breakfast, lunch and supper. That was all cooked. In between all that she used to go around ... she used to do perms that would take 2-3 hours. She used to get \$2 for per perm. That's what she used to get. \$2 was a lot of money back then.

And my dad worked in the hospital for about 40 years, 35 years as a nursing assistant and he drove the ambulance and looked after people. He made casts on people. If someone broke their arm, the doctor would say, Go and see Andrew. Doctors wouldn't put on the cast because dad was better than them. I don't know, but I was told that he was better than doctors. Back then also, there was no veterinarian for your dogs and cats or your horse or anything. He used to do all that. People would go to St. John's and pick up the vials for the distemper for the dogs and they would bring it out. They'd phone Andy and Andy would say, Bring 'em over to the hospital. In the basement furnace room – there was a big furnace room at the hospital – he would give them their needles and away you go. If a dog or cat that came in that was cut, what he would do is go in and talk to the doctor, tell the doctor about the dog's cut and then dad would go out ... Say you owned a dog. He would come out, stitch the dog up like a human being, and away you'd go. He did it all, I'll tell you. There's nothing he didn't do.

### **Gifts given and received**

We were a low-key family. We had lots of friends. We were involved in the community in a lot of ways. We helped out in different functions and helped a lot of people and stuff like that. Just that we did lots of volunteering. We shied away from things like I'm doing now. Interviews and stuff like that. We didn't want to be recognized. We just helped and then go onto the next project.

We were different [...] because we helped a lot of people. My dad helped a lot of people all through his life. My mom helped a lot of people. Sick people. When they get sick, dad would spend nights up at the person's house 'til they passed. My mom was the same way. There was no funeral homes. You had the house and you stayed up all night. The wake. The tradition. I don't know. We were different. We didn't want to be. We helped out.

We were involved in the Lion's Club. We used to sell tickets for the hockey game. I used to sell tickets every week going into the high school and elementary school. Professional hockey. The time was on the ticket. Nine-o-seven. If they scored a goal at nine-o-seven, you won probably \$20. It was big back then. It was different. It was good. It was nice to be able to do it. I was a few years at that.



I can remember when I was a kid, probably 14, and I was in elementary school. For about a year, I went over and looked after this older gentleman who was sick in the hospital. I used to go over to him everyday and he used to send me to the drug store for Vaseline for his hands or Q-Tips. Everyday. When he passed, his son came over to our house and he

gave me his wedding ring. That was one of the biggest. Not because I got something back, but because I used to go everyday and help him.

We were always my brother and I – he's a year younger than me – we had turns going with dad in the ambulance. Whether it was picking up people that were in a car accident, helping a woman having a baby, or whatever. We had turns going. The first one that I ever went to [...] it was a man got killed. He was coming down a hill. It was outside of Placentia and he lost his breaks in a big truck. He jumped and he got killed. So that was my first time ever going to an accident. Like it was something that was known. When you went over and did what your dad told you. Grabbed the feet. Put him on the stretcher. Put him in the ambulance. Take him to Placentia. Bring him to the morgue. Until they came out from St. John's to do an autopsy. Stuff like that you never ever forget.

That person was from outside of Placentia. It did bother you. Even today I can close my eyes and I know exactly what I did that night. It was almost 40 years ago. I know exactly what I did. I know exactly what happened. It didn't bother you. You just did it. You did it to help your dad. You never got paid. You did it to help your dad. You knew you were helping him because you knew he couldn't do it by himself.

Another time we went up these stairs about 30 feet – outside steps that were just sloped like you couldn't believe – and there was woman having a baby. So he goes in, delivers the baby. I had to carry the stretcher and he had to carry the woman down the stairs. You know it's something that you think about and you know that today if you could see that person you'd say, Holy smokes that was 40 years ago. You know if the woman is still alive ... she's probably is but a lot older ... just to have the baby back then. It was in the house. My dad just delivered a baby. It was big for me at the time.



If you were going to school, in the evenings you would go run errands for [elderly neighbours] as a kid. You'd go to the grocery store with a note and you'd give the note to the lady that was the owner of the store. She gave you all the groceries so you could give them back to them. You probably got ten cents for doing that, you know. You'd save it up. I remember now that I was up to see my sister and my nephew yesterday and we were talking about how I used to save my money. Every ten cents you got, you saved and you saved and saved. And whenever you wanted to buy something you had the money. I just had it in the dresser.

It taught me how to respect money. I know because when I was growing up, money was hard to come by. I worked in a grocery store. I was making 25 cents an hour. Packing groceries. People would come in and they want groceries, so you'd take the groceries and bring them home to their house. And make sure the older folks got everything and everything was good. They probably give you a tip of 25 cents. It was a lot of money back then. A lot of money.



It could've been [my father's influence]. My mom too. If somebody wanted their house papered, she'd go down and wallpaper the house. She wouldn't charge anything. Times weren't great financially wise. Like, if today were Thursday at 11 o'clock, she would give \$2 and she'd say, Go down and see Mr. Flynn. See if his boat was in and get a fresh fish from him. So I would go down, he'd come in, and he'd have a boatload of fresh fish. He would be down in the boat and look up and I would be up here. I'd say, Mr. Flynn, mom sent me down to get a fish. The first thing he would say was, How many people are home today? So I'd have to say seven or eight or nine of us or whatever. He'd get the biggest fish and pass it up to you. You'd give him the two dollars, throw it on your shoulder and walk home. Within an hour, the fresh fish was done.

### **Barrels from Boston**

We used to have aunts that lived in Boston and New York. Like I had aunts on my mom's side and they had been there for years. And we used to get barrels from Boston but they were from New York. We used to call them the barrels but they were boxes. We used to get boxes of clothes. So we'd all sit in the living room. All of us. Mom and Dad. All the family sitting and we'd all get clothes to do us for school.

They gave a lot of summer clothes. It was different. It was nice. Hand-me-downs. We didn't mind. But then the doctors used to get over and give us clothes – shirts and pants and boots and shoes. And when we wore it out, we wore it out. If there were any extras, they were given throughout the whole community. We weren't proud people. We're proud people but not to be above anybody else. We had hand-me-downs. We were never, ever above anybody else. That's the way it was.

### **Childhood then and now**

I have lots [of favourite memories]. In sports. We did a lot of sports. Ball hockey. And go sliding. That was the big thing. We used to have a hood of a car and we used to go up cemetery hill. It was way up and there used to be three or four of us. We'd haul it all the way up and then we'd just go down. We'd do that all day. Just go up and down all day.

That's the way it was. That was life. I mean you enjoyed everything. You went out in the boat. You did small stuff. Today it seems like you must be crazy because you enjoyed it all. You'd always have an apple. You'd always have an orange. You know. You enjoyed it more.

There's now an arena where I live. When I was growing up, there no arena. It was only outdoors and you loved that. You had your hockey stick, you had your gloves, your stick and second-hand skates and you had all that. Today, now, the kids wouldn't put on a pair skates unless they are three or four hundred dollars. When we were young, we had no choice. You take what's given.

### **Leaving one way or another fragments the family**

My mom died in 1993 and my dad died in 2003. My mom was 65. My dad was 75. I have a lot of family, but they're scattered. I have two brothers and five sisters. My oldest sister lives in Washington, DC. I have next sister is living in Corner Brook, Newfoundland. The next one is in Placentia, Newfoundland. The next one is Placentia. The next one is Placentia. I have a brother in St. John's. I have a sister that's living in Dawson Creek, BC. I'm the only one here in Fort McMurray. Actually, I have one cousin that's living here now with his wife and two kids.

Well, we catch up by telephone and email. Like writing letters, we used to do that for years and years and years before the internet. Because one time, you had to phone at a certain time. Like if you wanted to talk to your dad, he probably would be gone on an ambulance call or to St. John's with a patient or something like that.

### **Fort McMurray bound**

I finished school in grade 11 and came out here in 1977. [...] A friend of mine was up here. He phoned Newfoundland and asked if I was interested in coming up for a job. It was the best move I've ever made in my life. The only thing about it is that you miss your parents. You miss your family. You miss the water. You miss the salt water. You miss the older people. Saying hello to them. Just walking around town. The boardwalk – there's a boardwalk all around my town. Everybody walks. Everybody is saying hello. How are you doing today? You miss all that. Absolutely. I gave all that up.

You knew you had to come for a job. Jobs weren't that plentiful in Newfoundland. That's your first drive. You knew that there was no work in Newfoundland at the time. A lot of the mines were closing. Other stuff was closing back in the 70s. I look back today and if I stayed, at 45, I would have had 25 years of service at a job and the place would've closed down. Where am I going to go at 45 to get another job? Pretty tough.



You were pretty lonely at first. You were pretty lonely. And you're coming to a province that you've never seen, probably never heard of. Coming to Fort McMurray, where the hell is that? You know. We ended up in Edmonton a friend of mine and I. We got in, went to the hotel, got up the next morning so we could take a bus to Fort McMurray. And we met a girl that was from our hometown. From Placentia, Newfoundland. She was up here and says, Where are you guys going? Fort McMurray. So are we. Her and her husband was coming up. She was working here. He was coming up for a job. So she says, We've got room. Come with us. So we drove, drove, drove, drove. Oh my goodness. I didn't think we were ever going to get here. Finally, we got here and settled in.

No we didn't stay with that couple. We stayed with friends of ours. But we didn't know they were here though. Until we drove up, we had no idea.

It was a lot of contractors up here. A lot of Newfoundlanders. They were in the unions. Like I didn't have any idea of how to get in the union or what a union was about really. So when you saw a Newfoundlander, it was just like you could tell by the way they talk. You'd say, Oh my God, what part of Newfoundland are you from?

In 1977 when I came to Fort McMurray, I was coming from a job that was paying \$2.75 per hour. I came here and I had an interview for three hours with a security firm that I went with, Base Fort Security. For three hours money was never mentioned. When I was finished the interview, the guy who hired me – [he] has passed on now – he said to me, Brian, we never discussed money. Why is that? I said I was happy that I've got a job. The money I get is going to be a lot more than I need. He said, Okay, I'm starting you off at \$8.50. This was December of 77. He said, January I'll give you a 50 cents raise to nine dollars an hour. And he said, How's that sound? Of course, I said, It'll do.



My wife was working for a financial institution like a loan's place. [...] My wife quit that and came up [to Fort McMurray]. She knew in her own mind that we were going to get married. She knew that we were going to be married, happily married, and we are.

We talked every week and she said, I'm coming to Fort McMurray and I said, Right on. There was no convincing. I was tickled pink. You're happy and the next thing you know you're getting married. It was tough on the family. I mean, you know, your daughter leaving home. It's tough on everybody, but like everything they'll get over it. You've got to do better for yourself and that's the way it was.

[Getting settled was] probably a little more difficult for her, but once you get adjusted, meet new friends, you know. Not just the people who you grew up with ... we have a lot of friends here who we grew up with. Now we have.



I knew I wouldn't be moving back [to Newfoundland] because I had a permanent job. Pretty tough to give up a permanent job and go back. You knew more and more people were leaving the community. You know what I mean. People were leaving Placentia to look for better jobs. You know, money is the thing. Money is the root of all evil. You know what I mean.

More and more Newfoundlanders have moved here [from Placentia]. They are still your friends, but we don't socialize as much because you have a different network of people that you meet while you're in Fort McMurray. Mine are ... My friends at work. I have one friend, he's from Guyana [That's where my parents are from, the researcher interjects]. And he phones me. I'm white and he's black and he says, he phones up and says, How is my Number 1 son doing? I wanted him to come up and stay for a few days. He's in Lethbridge. So you meet different people. Different cultures. I was brought up to respect everybody no matter what their colour, their race. It didn't matter.

## **Establishing the Fort McMurray Newfoundlanders Club**

I've been involved in the Fort McMurray Newfoundlanders Club since about 1982. I was one of the originals. We had a club. Up in Abasand. That's where we started. We started off in a school. It started in the early 80s and we used to play darts and we used to have pop. Just pop, no beer. Pop, chocolate bars, and chips. We had a dart league. The dart league was at the school.

Finally, we got money together and we leased a place up in Gregoire. You know. Playing darts and just doing little fundraisers and selling tickets, 50 50s. And we just started that way, and then we moved up to Gregoire and we leased the top floor. [...] We used to have dances and we used to have a bar there open certain hours. There was so many Newfoundlanders here and they wanted an out. They wanted to go somewhere where they could meet people, where they could go to have fun. Dart tournaments and card games. You know it was all there. Pool tables. The whole kit and caboodle. It was very, very ... a place to go on Saturday night. [Before that] they'd go to other bars, I'm sure. The one thing about the Newfoundland Club is that everybody knew each other. You were a member. It cost you \$10 a year, I think it was.

Well, it grew leaps and bounds once we got it organized. We started putting by-laws in place and started to raffles with the gaming commission of Alberta. At the time, I think we started off with 40 or 50 [members] and then it went up to a couple hundred. And then we let up on top because the [owners] wanted the top deck for something. I don't know what it was. But anyway, we then went downtown. I think it was 15 years ago that we went downtown. [...] We had members who had passed on so we would do a golf tournament for them. We did the golf tournament for raising money for different people in Fort McMurray who needed help. Somebody who needed \$5,000, they would send letters to the club and phone asking for support. It was really nice. It was good. It was busy, busy, busy. But we got away from the memberships now. Now, you can go in there and have lunch. It's open to anyone. It's grown. Right now, the club has probably donated since it started well over a million dollars to the community.

Every year, there's a surplus of money, which the Club donates. Last year, I think they donated close to \$150,000 to the Salvation Army, to the hospital, to the soup kitchen, and different charities in Fort McMurray that need help. [...] People know that the Fort McMurray Newfoundlanders Club donated \$150,000. People are just happy about that. We tip our hat to the Fort McMurray Newfoundlanders Club because they donated \$50,000 to the soup kitchen, \$50,000 to the Salvation Army, \$50,000 to the hospital.



I was involved in the golf tournament. Last year was the final year because it sort of wears out. You know, like anything you do, you want different challenges. We're getting older and let somebody else do something. But now, what we've done, we've put it into the Justin Slate Memorial whose mom and dad are Newfoundlanders. He got killed on the highways. He was a 21-year-old. It was three years ago, so this year we said that the

Newfoundland Club golf tournament amalgamates with the Justin Slate Memorial. So you have a full slate of golfers and it will sell out in no time. [The funds are] going for the Justin Slate Youth Foundation. And what that is for troubled kids. Not troubled kids ... kids that need an outlet where they can come, go on the computer, play the guitar in a non- ... what's the word ... No alcohol, no drugs...

### **Hooked on giving**

I was chairman of United Way. Nineteen eighty-three, I started with United Way. Nineteen eighty-three, I think, I was chairman of Syncrude and the next year, I was chairman of all of Fort McMurray. Syncrude paid me to do it for two months, which was pretty sweet actually. In that year I was chairman, I got an award from the provincial government. It's called the Queen's medal just for volunteering and helping out the community. It's nice, but I don't do it for that. I shy away from all that.

You know, people are really generous in Fort McMurray. They're just unbelievable. I know the United Way. They are over \$4 million dollars now. When I was chairman, my goal was \$1.5 million. It was 1993 or 1994. That was a lot of money back then. I was having a conniption. I could see when we got the numbers. I thought we were never going to make it. But the last days when we go the numbers, it just went choo. I think we ended up at \$1.7 million.

I just did a golf tournament and we raised something like \$60,000 in one day. Like I know when Chris Phillip and Scotty Upshaw are up on the podium, I know they are going to talk about me. But I don't want to be front and centre. I usually sneak around the back and just ... I know what I do. I do it from the heart. I know that ... It makes me feel awesome. When it's all over. When it's all said and done and you've raised all this money. You say, Oh my God, this is just ... phew. Another one done. Get on with the next one.

I don't know [why I keep fundraising]. My wife asks me the same thing. Because you love it. You love people. You know you're going to be helping other people. Now, I'm involved in the Kids Forever. It's helping sick kids and now we've grown to all of Alberta. [Kids Forever] started about 13 years ago by a person named John Foy. [...] So about seven years ago, John asked me to help him out with Kids Forever. They wanted to raise money for sick kids in Fort McMurray. There's a lot of sick children in Fort McMurray. For travel back and forth to Edmonton, for food, for gas, for accommodation. So there's nothing cheap. Doesn't matter if you work for Syncrude, Suncor, Alban, CNRL, Shell – any of those big companies – when you have a sick kid and have to travel, it costs a lot of money. So he asked me if I would help him out and I said yes. So last year was my sixth year with them and we raised \$510,000.

This is my seventh year coming up. I take 40 kids who would never get to see the Edmonton hockey players. I take 40 kids that would never get to go. To me, when I see the smiles on their faces, knowing that I did something good, and that I don't want any recognition .... I just do it. It costs \$12,000 to do the trip. I can get \$12,000 in a matter of



hours, but I don't. We collect bottles, pop cans, recyclables. We raise four or five thousand dollars that way.

Well, I started it all, and then I got the boys [buddies] to help me out. They were just friends. I have known them for years. [...] Nope. I don't want the kids involved. I go to the schools and I phone them up and talk to the principal and say, Hey, this is what I'm doing this year. Before I retire, I would like to get all schools involved. Like, I know all the schools that I've picked so far. That's what I want to do. My goal is to have kids – I'll never get them all, all the kids, but at least I have a percentage of them that can go, get on the bus over by the arena, and I have bagged lunches for them, a movie to watch for them. I have a hockey ticket to the Oiler game. Some of them have never been in a hotel before.

Where I came from, there was no ... you had your Lion's Club and your Knights of Columbus, that's all you had. [...] Well, I have to say both [ways of giving] are good. In Newfoundland, if they needed \$5,000, it would take a year to raise it. They would raise the money and give it to the people that needed it. In Fort McMurray, you can raise \$5,000 in a week. That's the difference - the money part of it. Giving-wise? There's no difference.

I think when I was growing up we didn't have a lot, like I told you before. We didn't have a lot of money. And there's money here and there's people here. Because there is money here, people think that there's no need to fundraise, but there is. I get calls from paediatricians saying, Mr. Hatfield, we need help for a family that needs to go to Edmonton. Is there anyway you can help us to get the family down to Edmonton? And we know because we have a surplus of money from the Kids Forever, and we can say, We can give you a couple thousand dollars to get you down and back. And when they come back, we reassess the family. Just John and I do that. We don't get paid. It's all volunteer. And when you see a family come up to you and see how they react. I mean \$2,000 may mean nothing to me or you or Tom down to road, but for a lot of people, it's a lot of money. To see people come and hug you. You're like an angel from God for what you did for us. To me it was nothing because I know what I have to do in my own mind to go and raise money. I could do that.

•

Oh. That's a tough one [to answer how I learned to fundraise]. I think it's natural. I became known in the community. I played fastball, I played broomball, I played floor hockey. I played all the sports. I got involved the Oil Barrens Jr. A hockey team. I got known in the community. It was a pretty easy thing to do. You want to go and volunteer, people say do this with the Newfoundlanders Club. The next thing I know is that I'm campaign manager for the guy who is running for mayor and we win three terms and then he runs for the MLA. I won three elections with him there. I'm just behind the scenes type of person. I don't want the recognition. We won the election and now get on to do something else.

•

[My work and community networks are] not too separate. We volunteer for Club 63, which is part of Syncrude. We volunteer our time with them. It's about the same, about an even keel when it comes to stuff like that. We got about 25 or 30 people all the time. If I want get 25 or 30 people within the next couple of weeks, all just make some calls and we have all the people to help.

They're about the same group [that has always volunteered with me]. There's not too many new people coming on board. That's the sad part about it. I certainly hope that in the future the younger people will get involved but it doesn't seem to be that way. I think that once we go, I'm hoping that it doesn't happen that all the volunteering is done. That's what I'm afraid of.

People don't want to be involved. I don't know whether they're all new to the community. We were all new to the community. If we wanted to sit home and look out the window, we could have done that too. I think that that's what happening to a lot of people today. [...] Back in 77, there wasn't a lot. We build a lot of stuff ourselves. I don't mean physically. We built our own steppingstones ... Newfoundlanders Club is one. We had a lot to do. [...] When you are coming to Fort McMurray nowadays as a 25 year old and you're starting off a journeying welder, your time to buy a house it's costing 550 or 600 thousand dollars. You've got to work. There is no end to it. The kid is trying to save up enough money for a down payment, which is probably 40 or 50 thousand dollars and he's still ending up paying 2,000 or 3,000 a month. You still can't do it. You just can't do it. That's my take on it. [...] I mean, [when I arrived] you had a mortgage for 110 thousand dollars. It was a lot of money back then, don't get me wrong. It was a lot of money when I bought this place. But now that's it's gone to 500 thousand.

### **Family dynamics**

Time is the big ... it's the only thing. Time is the big thing. [...] Well, absolutely [my family wants me to slow down]. My wife says that I do too much. I get too much involved. I have to slow down. We're not getting younger. You do it for the right reasons. I mean Syncrude pays me a good wage and that's why I see that we can do that.



To be married for 31 years – I mean we were going for three or four years before that – you have to have the lines of communication open all the time. I mean you can't just say you know, it's all a one-way street for me. It's not. For me, I was in to sports. I was always into fastball. I'd get home from work, I would be gone and I would not see her until 10 or 11 o'clock at night. She'd be riding the bike or walking with her friends. Or cleaning the house. Now that she's gone back to Newfoundland, you can see that the house is in a little messy.

I don't find we have any stresses. You know you sit and talk to your wife. She's going to do what she wants to do and I'm going to do what I want to do. I mean, I'll say to her I would like to take trip to Germany and I'll go ahead and book the ticket. Away you go.

She's still working. She's a secretary over at Westview School. Loves the kids. Loves working with the kids and the teachers. She's into knitting and having fun. That's it.



If she's working and I'm off? Okay, her alarm goes off at 6:30 and that wakes me. So I'm automatically up with her. We talk about today. If it's raining we're selling bottles. If it's sunny, we're [my buddies and I] out golfing. She goes to work. Lunchtime, I'll come home and make a sandwich, whatever. And then have lunch with [my friend]. Oh yeah, I have a list of stuff that I have to do [that] my wife tells me. So I write it all down and then if she needs something downtown, I pick it up. So there you go. You got your note.

She comes home around 4:30. Now some days, I'll have supper ready but most days I don't. I can cook if I put my mind around it but I clean house and all that. Vacuum. Wash my clothes. I do all that.

Well on [my] working days, I get up at five and have a shower. Get up and have a slice of toast and coffee. At six-o-five, walk to the bus. Across at the arena is where the bus picks us up. Goes to site and then get out the work boots at 7:10, get ready for the job, then we have a safety meeting, and then we get on with our work. I'm involved with cranes. We book cranes for different jobs. We go to the job and make the lift.

We're lifting truck boxes, which are about 60 tonnes with slings and shackles. We hook them up. We have to get up in the JLG, which is a hoist. We get up and hook them up. We have got 35-ton shackles on each sling and we put them into the four lifting locks so that we lift it up even. So you lift up the truck box - there's pins that you take out - the truck pulls away and you set it up on stands.

We disconnect everything after that - the four slings - and put them on our truck. They get underneath and inspector comes in and expects them - gorge cracks and grinding. They probably spend two or three weeks rebuilding the truck box. And then we do that. Tomorrow we have two to do and that will be an all-day job. We'll have lunch. The afternoon, we'll do the next one. By that time, it'll be 4:30 or quarter to five and we'll have supper and put away the slings. It's about \$10,000 per sling and we don't want them to get wet. You can't buy them everyday. It's a special order. By that time, come home and 8:20 and then just go to bed by 10. I don't eat when I come home. I have a sandwich at supper. That's it.

4 days on, five off. Five days on, 4 off. It's about - I'd say - 12 years that I've done that. Before that it was night shift and the whole works. It's been good. You get a steady income. You have steady work. There's not too many days that you go in there and sit down for 12 hours. That will never happen. There's always work to do. Stable. You have your days on. You have your days off. It's just a continuous clock. It's always going. Syncrude never shuts down. They're going 365 days a year.

## Barrels from Fort McMurray

I helped out my hometown since I've been here. Just a little while ago where a gentleman had to go to Boston and have back surgery. We helped him out from Fort McMurray. In a small community people are more together. Here, people are from all over the world in Fort McMurray. In a small town like Placentia, you've just got the one group of people.

[How did I know about it] down there? You knew because it was announced. Everybody knew. Like there was a fundraiser was going to held tomorrow night at Star Hall in Placentia because people got burnt out in a fire. It's word of mouth. Everyone pitches in and do their piece.



Everybody thinks ... everybody thinks.... We're doing good. I did good here. I did really well, actually. In our life. For our family. If anybody calls up and says, hey I need \$500, I have no problems sending it to them. You know what I mean. I usually send money and stuff like that. You don't do it to get back. You just write it off and say that's it. It's good.

Oh, yeah. [I'm] probably central to the family. I send home golf shirts and t-shirts and ... And I'm not one bit embarrassed to do that because I know that they can use it and they do. My brothers are not one bit embarrassed or shy of saying, hey ... My brother-in-law or stuff like that have no issue about taking second-hand. They're proud when there's stuff on it and everyone will say, Oh where did you get that? Oh, I can't tell you. They know it's from Fort McMurray or at least some of them. Some of them have Fort McMurray on them.

When the need was there, I would send money. For example, they have fundraisers in Placentia. My sister would call and say, I need some stuff. We're selling tickets to raise money for the guy with the bad back who went for surgery. It cost them \$20,000. So I would do some stuff. Because I'm involved in the golf tournaments, people give you lots of stuff like hockey pictures. My friends will sign different pictures. We sent signed pictures with actual signatures. Chris Phillips, Scotty Upshaw. I would show you one in a second. Just to help out.

There's no difference [between giving to family and giving to community]. To give to community, you -- say a family get burnt out -- know you are giving to that family. When I give to my ... My brother was up two or three weeks ago in Edmonton and I know -- he works -- he doesn't have extra money, so I gave him a \$100.

Well, yeah. There's times [that I feel I should hold back being generous]. I can't say it ... Nah, I don't. I've done it lots. I go to McDonald's for a coffee and a muffin and if there's a homeless man outside, I'll go in and buy a bacon and egg and a hash brown and a coffee and I'll bring it out to give to him. You do it because you want to do it. [...] I haven't said no to too many people. I don't think as long as I'm alive, I don't think that I'll ever stop that. I worked hard for every bit I had. Hey, I'm not going to stop giving. It's a joy. When you give somebody 50 dollars, you should feel proud that you gave it to them and that it's going to a good cause. An obligation? I don't find it an obligation. I don't think

it's an obligation. [...] I think about it if I don't [give]. Maybe that poor man today wanted a coffee but he never asked. There are so many things that you can do in life to brighten somebody's day. It will always come back to you. [...] No I never felt [pressured]. Never ever did. If I did, I would let the people know and I would have no problem saying no.

There's nothing in my life that I need right now. I've got a half-decent home. I've got a half-decent vehicle. I've got a few dollars. I give to the church. I give to the poor. I have two kids over in Far East, where we've adopted two kids. We send money to them. I mean there's nothing in my life that I ... and I think if I had any amount of money, I would die a poor man. If I had a lot of money I'd give it all away. My wife says I'm going to die a poor man because I give away. I mean, if someone else can use it, then why not? You always go back and say, At the end of the day what did I do right today? What did I do wrong today? How could I have helped somebody? Not everyday, I mean. It's nice to help people. It's nice to give where you can give.

Absolutely I got burned. You just say, You need it worse than me. That person needs it worse than I do. I'm not a religious person. I believe we do it for a reason. Somebody is looking out for us. I've helped a lot of people since I've been here, since I've been born. God works in mysterious ways and you always look and you say ... It's like my nephew who had a bad accident and he was on life support for 10 days. The first night I was on my way ... I was in Red Deer and I drove back when I found out to Edmonton. I phoned my family in Newfoundland. People phoned me from here in Fort McMurray. People who I have been friends with and they said they're going to pray for him. And he's walking today. He was supposed to be paralyzed. He's walking today because of prayers. Absolutely. That's the truth.

If you think about it... In your own mind, yourself ... if you help people, it will always come back to you.

### **Retirement plans**

[...] I retire in two weeks at 55. I'll be 55 in September and I'll have just about 31 years at Syncrude. Plus I had a year before that at Big Fort Security.

Well, you know, when I left Newfoundland I always said if I ever get a job that I can work a lot of years, not have an injury, work until I'm 55, retire at 55, and that's what I'm ready to do ... to get involved in the community that's ... people have to get involved. I'm not going to be here forever. I'm leaving here in a couple of years. I'd like somebody to come, take over my spot, show him the ropes and say, Hey this is what we do in Fort McMurray. To get on the map and say, People need help. Just because the money is here doesn't mean it's going the right way.

I will see people in the next two years. I'll have someone come in and help. I'll show them the ropes on how we organize, how we get ready for our functions, how what we do. Show him exactly how we do it. That's how it will be carried on. It's no different

from the Newfoundlanders Club. Tradition. Keep it going. Keep it going. Make changes as you go. Absolutely.



No, I wouldn't go back to the same town I grew up in. It's a small community. Everybody wants to know what this fellow does, what that fellow does. When you buy something new, everybody wants to know about it in a small community. That's the way it is. [...] I don't think that I'll ever be an Albertan. I'm a Newfoundlander by heart. My family is back there. I talk to them every week. Actually, I just finished talking to my sister who is on her way to Grand Prairie because she lives out there.

You know, your heart is where you hang your hat. In Fort McMurray, we've been here now 32 years. I grew with the community. As you grow with the community, you get involved in the community. Like compared to Newfoundland, if I was back there I would be doing the same thing in a smaller scale. Right now, this is home to me right now.

I'm ready to retire which is a good thing. I'm leaving work in good health. I'm leaving with a pension. I'm leaving with a beautiful family. I have a lifetime pension until I pass which is good. It's been good to me as a community. I have a nice little home. It helped us along the way a lot. It was really, really good to us.

My way of thinking, I know for a fact that I'll have another job [after I retire] doing something probably 40 hours a month. Something to keep your hands and your mind going. That you will keep going and doing something plus the volunteering. [...] I just want to stay with things that I have now like the Kids Forever, the Kids Go Free. Now, I can sit back and say, Heck, I don't have to do this this morning. I don't have to get up at 5 o'clock unless I want to. To go out on a bus. I don't have to do certain things. Life is too short. You know you did your time. 31 years. It's time to move on and enjoy. I've always enjoyed life. I've just had enough. I'm young enough so that I can start another – not career – but do the things I want to do.

I've had a good life. I've got no issues. No closets. No nothing. When you can look at the mirror and say everyday, I did something. I'll tell you this ... I was in Edmonton three weeks ago and there was a native man who was in the hospital. I was in to see my nephew who was in a bad accident. He was on life support for 10 days. This native man was there and he had his leg cut off. He was in a wheelchair and he was having a cigarette. My sister and my daughter and somebody else was there – there was three of them – and they went ahead. I stopped to talk to the man. My sister said, Brian, Are you coming? No, I said, I'm talking to this gentleman now for a while. I talked to him for about five minutes and asked him how he was doing or stuff like that. I said, How long have you've been in the hospital? I've been in for a year now. I said to him, Do you need \$20? He looked at me, his eyes light up, and he said to me. I do this lots. He said, Everybody can use an extra 20 bucks, he said. That was ... you know what I mean ... If I had \$200, I would give it to him.

## **The rise of public man: Brian Hatfield's emotive spatial rhythms**

When we live in a city, our bodies move in a dialectical relationship with inanimate and animate others. Relational entities, we daily define others and ourselves by what I call portable social concepts such as race, gender, sexuality, age, class, ideology and culture and so forth. Seemingly more permanent structures of natural topography, city streets, buildings, institutions, and the omnipresent market economy produce the urban landscape in which we act out our lives. It is easy to feel that all these space shapers curtail freedom to personally articulate and appropriate space. The life story of Brian Hatfield gives us ample evidence that the politics of bodily freedom – a resistance to externally defined spatial ordering – plays out daily. By interpreting his philanthropic behaviour in Fort McMurray, this essay seeks to explore the appropriation of space as emotive rhythm.

The essay is organized in three parts: First, it outlines the socio-cultural and personal history from which Brian's philanthropic dispositions arise. In specific, this section scrutinizes embodied versus monetary caring and the emotions and symbolisms resulting from and revealed in corporeal generosity. Second, it highlights the politics of Newfoundlander philanthropy in Fort McMurray to provide a context and a contrast to Brian's everyday generosity. Lastly, the essay explores Brian's appropriation of space through philanthropy. It does so by delving into Brian's emotive spatial rhythms and relating them to theories of the gift and everyday resistance. I argue that Brian's philanthropy recreates *his* Newfoundland and contests, yet, in some ways, concedes to the oil sand industry's domineering role in producing Fort McMurray's time-space.

### **A reading of Brian's care map**

Brian Hatfield enters the world in 1954 as an inhabitant of the small fishing town of Placentia, Newfoundland. The hub of several amalgamated communities, it has served as home to many generations of the Hatfield family. His mother and father held service jobs, as a hairdresser and nursing assistant, respectively, which bring them and Brian into contact with the entire community. He illustrates the fluid, pluralistic nature of work in his hometown by providing the examples of his parents who, while having main professions, gravitated to service other community needs: his mother as interior decorator and his father as veterinarian and ambulance driver. Labour pigeonholing as a result of industrial specialization and unionization appears not to have been a dominant factor.

Anthropologist Reginald Bryon explains the economic conditions of rural outports:

... cash was chronically in short supply. From the earliest days of the fishery, the spectre of starvation loomed in lean seasons: merchant capital and public relief had to be deployed frequently in the outports to carry the fishers and their families through periods of distress. The non-cash, subsistence spheres of outport economies exploited every available resource. People were, perforce, as opportunistic and self-sufficient as possible: they built their own homes and boats from timber they felled in the woods, planted gardens during the short growing season, and hunted and trapped game for the table to supplement a monotonous diet of fish.

(2003, 4)

Industrialization reached Newfoundland's rural fishing villages in the early 1940s, with the emergence of a new product, quick-frozen cod fillets and blocks, and rapidly overtook the more manual activities of saltfish production (Wright, 2000). Rural outports for the most part continued to be sustained on family entrepreneurship and locally owned cooperatives until the late 1960s (Bryon, 2003; Wright, 2000), when new technologies and government infrastructure investments modernized the fishing industry.

More than a half-century before Brian's birth and the industrialization of



Newfoundland's fishing economy, early sociologist Georg Simmel described modern capitalism's demand for 'the functional specialization of man and his work,' making each person 'more directly dependent upon the supplementary activities of all others' (1903, 1). 'Industrial culture,' notes Bryon, insists 'on the importance of both class and individuality, as distinct from community' (2003, 158). From Allan Pred's (1990) empirical work on Stockholm at the turn of the nineteenth century as well as David Harvey's (1973) account of Baltimore in the 1960s, among others, we see that labour specialization and social division brought about marked spatial segmentation. In Brian's description of everyday Newfoundland life, however, community solidarity outweighs socio-spatial segmentation. This extends to gender divisions. In much literature examining gender and work, the focus leans to the dichotomy of laboured, public man and caring, private woman (for example, see Bondi, 1992). As Brian describes, these gender divisions were not as absolute.

Brian takes pride in his mother's dexterity at caring for the family of eight and working as well as his father's medical skills. Idealizing the community as a place where 'everybody was happy', and his father as being 'better than a doctor' (Interview, 2009), Brian at an early age assists his father in healthcare provision to community members. He appears awestruck to this day by the impact of their caring, imagining the Hatfield family to be different than others. Brian recalls, '[m]y dad helped a lot of people all through his life. My mom helped a lot of people' (Interview, 2009). The care received by his family, though, appears equivalent to the care given. I wish to draw attention to three of Brian's stories that speak to the nature of care he experienced: Mr. Flynn the fisherman, Boston barrels, and the wedding ring.

First, in remembering the localized caring of fisherman Mr. Flynn, Brian states:

... if today were Thursday at 11 o'clock, she would give \$2 and she'd say, Go down and see Mr. Flynn. See if his boat was in and get a fresh fish from him. So I would go down, he'd come in, and he'd have a boatload of fresh fish. He would be down in the boat and look up and I would be up here [Brian looks down]. I'd say, Mr. Flynn, mom sent me down to get a fish. The first thing he would say was, How many people are home today? So I'd have to say seven or eight or nine of us or whatever. He'd get the biggest fish and pass it up to you. You'd give him the two dollars, throw it on your shoulder and walk home.

(Interview, 2009)

Prioritizing need over monetary value, Mr. Flynn's caring flies against the underlying notions of commodity exchange and money's role in the modern capitalist system.

Reading Simmel's *The Philosophy of Money*, David Frisby writes:

Our participation in the money economy necessitates entering a sphere in which we are *distanced* from objects by means of a *mediator*, in which we participate in a 'labyrinth of means' and *abstract* relations between things, in which the dynamic mediator of all values 'emerges as the secure fulcrum in the flight of phenomena'. This domination by a common denominator, that reduces all values to its mediations, contributes to the 'flatness of everyday life'.

(Frisby, 1978, xx)

Brian's description above is not flat; it is cinematic. Time of the week, time of day, price, motion of a ship coming in, producer and consumer exchanging face-to-face, a boy carrying the 'biggest fish' home on his shoulder. It is movement and preciseness of detail that make this narrative segment theatrically 'round' and individualized.

'Money,' writes anthropologist Keith Hart, 'is the principal means for us all to bridge the gap between everyday personal experience and a society whose wider reaches are impersonal' (2009, unpaginated). In privileging personal relationships in a commodity exchange, the transaction between the boy and fisherman likens more to that of a gift: the fish given is part of the substance of Mr. Flynn and constitutes his identity production through little Brian, his fellow community member. 'Where the individual exists,' Simmel nicely summarizes, 'there the moments of existence are no longer unlocalized,

they are no longer lost for one another. The more strongly individuality is emphasized so all the more powerfully time is emphasized' (1978, xxv). And where the individual exists, where the mediator is suppressed, where values lead to tangible relations, space is tightly bounded producing place. This is what I propose is the upshot of valuing community care and social bonds above best market price.

Second, informal, embodied and localized caring was accompanied by the experience of caring at a distance.

We used to have aunts that lived in Boston and New York. Like I had aunts on my mom's side and they had been there for years. And we used to get barrels from Boston but they were from New York. We used to call them the barrels but they were boxes. We used to get boxes of clothes. So we'd all sit in the living room. All of us. Mom and Dad. All the family sitting and we'd all get clothes to do us for school.

(Interview, 2009)

The narrative segment above is drenched in tradition. That Brian evokes the custom of Newfoundlander diaspora philanthropy known as 'Boston barrels' to describe boxes received from New York relatives infers collective knowledge transfer through oral history.

Interestingly, in spite of being generally known to older generations of Newfoundlanders, there is little written about the Boston barrel tradition. Librarians at the Centre for Newfoundland Studies at Memorial University of Newfoundland knew of only one person who has critically explored the phenomenon, New England folklorist Millie Rahn. In my email correspondence with her in April 2010, she explained 'the barrels, often rum barrels, came through the underground, sometimes stowed on fishing boats coming into Boston from pre-Confederation Newfoundland. Many barrels would return to the Rock in time for Christmas, filled with clothing, shoes, ice skates, food, etcetera' (Rahn, 2010,

*pers com*). It is precisely the anticipation and excitement of the Christmas ritual that Brian's description of *summertime* gifts from New York brings to mind. Both tangibly and symbolically, Brian's memory connects caring at a distance with being in the same living space.

The care boxes from New York construct and constitute the family's 'simultaneous embeddedness in more than one society' (Glick Schiller *et. al.*, 1995, 48), redefining their social space into one field (Levitt and Glick Schiller, 2004). This caring space radiates through Placentia, Newfoundland. 'If there were any extras,' Brian notes, 'they were given throughout the whole community. We weren't proud people. We're proud people but not to be above anybody else.' From my perspective, the pride to which Brian refers is knowing where and whom he *belongs to*.

Third, Brian comes to know the emotional reward of embodied caring through his visits to a dying old man in hospital. Says Brian:

I can remember when I was a kid, probably 14, and I was in elementary school. For about a year, I went over and looked after this older gentleman who was sick in the hospital. I used to go over to him everyday and he used to send me to the drug store for Vaseline for his hands or Q-Tips. Everyday. When he passed, his son came over to our house and he gave me his wedding ring. That was one of the biggest. Not because I got something back, but because I used to go everyday and help him.

(Interview, 2009)

In this narrative segment, Brian savours the accomplishment of care he, as a teenager, bestowed. Emotions of surprise, pride, and joy are sparked by the unexpected reciprocal gift of the wedding ring. 'Everyday' is emphasized, I believe, because this is Brian's most important – strongest – memory of temporally expansive individual care, something he did on his own. It occurs at a stage of life where he is coming into his own being,

beginning to define what type of man he wishes to be. Given his idolization of his father, it could be proposed that Brian endeavoured to follow his father's footsteps.

The reciprocal gift of the wedding ring symbolizes the importance of Brian's caring to the old man's family. Reading this segment as a literary text, I interpret the gift as wedding Brian to the family that is the community and to social construct of care. It is a gift that lingers for wedding rings are supposed to last a lifetime.

It is important to note that Brian selectively recounts life segments that portray him as a model young citizen. In spite of economic hardships, he conveys a playful, carefree, caring and happy childhood. His choice of tales reveals his motives and values (Wirth, 1964), I think, and represent the synthesis (are synthetic) underlying his construction of 'discordance concordance' (Nielsen, 1999; see page 25 above). I propose that these early experiences – the entire community as place, personal and familial social differentiation based on care ethics, 'work' function fluidity, caring at a distance, and care-derived emotions of anticipation, pride, excitement, surprise, admiration, joy and awe – principally produce and constitute Brian's values, attitudes and beliefs in Fort McMurray. They entwine profoundly in his continual production of 'symbolisms and imaginations' (Lefebvre, 1991).

### **The politics of philanthropy in Fort McMurray**

When Brian arrives in Fort McMurray in 1977, his human flow brings the communitarian values of rural, outport Newfoundland. He's not the first to do so. Brian tells us, 'A friend of mine was up here. He phoned Newfoundland and asked if I was interested in coming

up for a job' (Interview, 2009). Brian's circle of acquaintances in Fort McMurray expands before setting foot there.

We ended up in Edmonton a friend of mine and I. We got in, went to the hotel, got up the next morning so we could take a bus to Fort McMurray. And we met a girl that was from our hometown. From Placentia, Newfoundland. She was up here and says, Where are you guys going? Fort McMurray. So are we. Her and her husband was coming up. She was working here. He was coming up for a job. So she says, We've got room. Come with us.

(Interview, 2009)

When he arrives in Fort McMurray, he meets Newfoundlanders who are in positions of power. They assist him to get a job that pays triple the wage he earned in Newfoundland.

It was a lot of contractors up here. A lot of Newfoundlanders. They were in the unions. Like I didn't have any idea of how to get in the union or what a union was about really. So when you saw a Newfoundlander, it was just like you could tell by the way they talk. You'd say, Oh my God, what part of Newfoundland are you from?

(Interview, 2009)

The values of community cooperation enmeshed in Newfoundland culture serve Brian well as he begins life in his adopted city. If we think of Newfoundlander mutual aid in terms of networks structuring and flows precipitating its reciprocal exchange, it has a direct correlation to the theory of social capital. Social capital is a term, which, like globalization, has become ubiquitous, applied vastly. Pierre Bourdieu defined the concept as 'the aggregate of the actual or potential resources which are linked to possession of a durable network of more or less institutional relationships of mutual acquaintance or recognition' (1985, in Portes, 1998, 3). Alejandro Portes (1998) succinctly summarizes the salient two elements of Bourdieu's argument as 'the social relationship itself that allows for individuals to claim access to resources possessed by their associates' and 'the amount and quality of those resources' (Portes, 1998, 4). He concludes 'resources obtained through social capital have, from the point of view of the recipient, the character of a gift' (1998, 5).

Informal interviews with outsiders, specifically those from other parts of Canada and abroad, indicate that to Newfoundlanders the ‘gift’ of this social support network stops at contours of place of birth. In other words, others perceive Newfoundlanders as favouring their own in passing on job leads and in hiring. Indeed, on more than a handful of occasions, service (mainly transmigrants) and community (Canadian-born) workers expressed their resentment at the manner in which Newfoundlanders systematically block access to on-site jobs through union offices. These accusations, grounded or not, signify social stratification based on locality of origin. They represent a leak in the ‘we’re all in one boat’ characterization of Newfoundlanders.

The renting and subsequent ownership and naming of a physical space – the Fort McMurray Newfoundlanders Club – signals the enactment of group identity by claiming urban space. As Peggy Levitt (2001) conceptualizes it, this ‘way of belonging’ to a group combines concrete, visible activities with a consciousness of the kind of identity that these actions signify. The Club signifies Newfoundlanders’ allegiance to place of origin and their feelings of compatriotism. This contrasts the actions of Canadians from other provinces who have not formed their own official institution. It parallels those of Fort McMurray’s other ethno-cultural groups such as Chinese-Canadians and Filipino-Canadians and concurs with Leitner and Ehrkamp’s observations on enactment of citizenship (2006; see pages 29-30 above).

The Club’s functions expand from ‘a place to go on Saturday night ... where everybody knew each other’ (Interview, 2009) to a fee-based membership, from restricted

Newfoundlander-only membership to being open to anyone.<sup>§</sup> Along the way, the Club grows structurally from social activities such as darts games and dances to formal registration with the Province of Alberta to community-wide financial donations. The Club's rising power is symbolized by its move from the suburbs to downtown. Social relations within the Club are embodied – for example, working together to fundraise – while philanthropy is monetized.

The contrast between charity in Newfoundland as described above and that of Fort McMurray is perceptible. In *The Philosophy of Money*, Simmel compares the value of being to the impersonal rationality of monetary value. Money, Simmel tells us, umpires human relations, including emotional and social ties, so that it separates the giver from receiver, itself becoming an elemental force, a 'colourless', purely relativist interlocutor in the midst of embodied relations. He explains:

[M]oney represents pure interaction in its purest form; it makes comprehensible the most abstract concept; it is an individual thing whose essential significance is to reach beyond individualities. Thus, money is the adequate expression of the relationship of human beings to the world, which can only be grasped in single and concrete instances, yet only really conceived when the singular becomes the embodiment of the living mental process which interweaves all singularities and, in this fashion, becomes reality.

(1900, in Frisby, 1992, 92)

It is this lack of singularity that lies at the heart of the impersonal attributes of money. Lack of singularity has always been money's power to occupy social space from local micro-spaces to the global sphere. More often than not, money's spatial ubiquity generates marked criticism. Sociologist Vivanna Zelizer challenges the generally held notion that money renders 'social life cold, distant and calculating' (Zelizer, 1994, 2). I agree with her insofar as the 'colourless', pure relativity of money gifts makes them ideal

---

<sup>§</sup> The volunteer leadership of the Fort McMurray Newfoundlanders Club remains resolutely 100 percent Newfoundland-born.



for fitting into diverse spatial representations (Lefebvre, 1991). Let me explain: two social institutions combine to produce money gifts. One, the gift, implies the creation or maintenance of social bonds. The other, money, is devoid of explicit meaning and value. As old as the hills, philanthropy, I propose, *colours* the newer social upstart.

‘In contrast to men and goods, money [is] free from all hampering measures and [continues] to develop its capacity to transact business at any distance at any time,’ writes Karl Polanyi (2001, 205-206). Considered a universal social construct, generosity displays similar time-space liquidity. The catch is that embodied care expresses itself most often in the temporally and spatially proximate (Bourdieu, 1990 in Schrift, 1997).

Merging these two institutions constitute a power of considerable force. The socially produced power of philanthropic money gifts by the Fort McMurray Newfoundlanders Club crosses and occupies a range of scales to exclude or contest the presence of other socially constructions. Excluded, at least in the perception of the service workers with whom I conducted informal interviews, is the community polarization caused by Newfoundlander solidarity, which is thought to prevent ‘others’ from gaining labour market opportunities. Instead, the Club’s charitable activities inculcate the city landscape with message flows propelled by local media and the agency of generosity. As a result, Newfoundlanders are appreciated as responsible, caring citizens. The community’s reciprocity is expressed in emotion. Brian explains:

Every year, there’s a surplus of money, which the Club donates. Last year, I think they donated close to \$150,000 to the Salvation Army, to the hospital, to the soup kitchen, and different charities in Fort McMurray that need help. [...] People know that the Fort McMurray Newfoundlanders Club donated \$150,000. People are just happy about that. We tip our hat to the Fort McMurray Newfoundlanders Club because they donated \$50,000 to the soup kitchen, \$50,000 to the Salvation Army, \$50,000 to the hospital.

(Interview, 2009)

A Lefebvrian production of space (1991) is apparent in the narrative above: the power-laden interplay among representation of space (Newfoundlanders Club), spatial practices (donating money gifts) and spatial representations (symbolisms of gifts to both the giver and receiver) produces social space. The spiralling effect of the dialectic of Newfoundlanders' philanthropy-related place production and the emotions of gratitude, appreciation and happiness stimulated in others entwines obligations at both ends. On the one hand, the moral obligation to give begets prestige, which motivates continued generosity. On the other hand, accepting the gifts obligates recipients to respond with feelings of thankfulness and indebtedness, elicits positive cognitive appraisals of Newfoundlanders, and reproduces 'the social order [so that] the permanence of relations of dominance remain hidden' (Bourdieu, 1990, in Schrift, 1997, 223). Viewed through this lens, the institutionalized philanthropy of Newfoundlanders fizzles and depoliticizes the spatio-political claims of others.

The philanthropy of the Newfoundlanders Club illustrate – similar to geographer Jon May's study of the London neighbourhood of Stoke Newington (May, 1996; see page 28 above) – that battles over city space define differentiated local senses of place. Michel de Certeau (1984) proposed that the battle over and in city space operates at two power levels: 'strategic' and 'tactical'. Strategic power is the domain of those who conceive, control, and structure space. This includes the state, groups, associations and elite individuals. Tactical power amounts to everyday acts of resistance (de Certeau, 1984; Pred, 1990) by marginalized and vulnerable individuals. They usurp space by using 'ruses and combination of powers' (de Certeau, 1984, 95) that lie outside the reach of

strategic power. The way I see it, Brian brandishes both strategic and tactical power in Fort McMurray to recreate the sense of belonging he had in Newfoundland.

The strategic power of the Newfoundlanders Club serves as Brian's steppingstones. Philanthropy becomes his modality of strategic power to perforate spatial boundaries and extend place production to wider socio-spatial spheres. He chairs the United Way of Fort McMurray's annual fundraising campaign, and launches and leads charitable organizations. Further, his political identity becomes well established by running mayoralty campaigns. He attains a position of considerable influence in the city, whereby he is seen as the 'go-to' person for charity.

A change in Brian's social relations coincides with the spread of his philanthropic activities. Of Placentia-born residents living in Fort McMurray, Brian says 'they are still your friends, but we don't socialize as much because you have a different network of people that you meet while you're in Fort McMurray' (Interview, 2009). Furthermore, his generosity to those back home appears to fall in line with his gifting in Fort McMurray. His 'caring at a distance' signals he belongs now to an enlarged, entwined social field that combines here, there, and elsewhere. Simmel foresaw the alchemy of such changes:

As the individual escapes the domination of the small circle that imprisons his personality within its confines, he becomes conscious of a sense of liberation. The segmentation of group involvement brings about a sense of uniqueness and of freedom. The intersection of social circles is the precondition for the emergence of individualism. Not only do men become more unlike one another; they are also afforded the opportunity to move without effort in different social contexts.

(1903, in Coser, 1977, 189)

While Brian moves into different social contexts, I think he continues to be enmeshed in the value-driven ethos of Newfoundland culture where people were proud 'but not to be

above anybody else' (Interview, 2009). This is where I propose tactical ruses come into play.

### **Emotive rhythms and the appropriation of public space**

De Certeau (1984) proposes that ordinary citizens sketch their own personal maps of the city, resisting the rational spatial order of urban design imposed by architects and planners. This essay section reads Brian's everyday generosity through this lens. I start by describing the temporal and spatial power of the oil sands industry. I go on to interpret Brian's appropriation of space through philanthropic acts as an emotive rhythm. This leisure-time rhythm, I suggest, contests the oil sands industry's time-space domination. Finally, I propose that Brian's philanthropy releases his bodily accumulation of power and thus keeps him socio-culturally anchored to his imagined place.

In Fort McMurray, the oil sands industry's dictums have far greater influence on everyday life than urban space design, which itself, in part, is a manifestation of the industry's needs. Most significantly, the industry's around-the-clock, 365-days-a-year shift-work schedule subjugates all other dimensions of daily life. 'Everyday life is shot through ... the spatial organization of work,' write Henri Lefebvre and Catherine Régulier (1985, in Elden, S. *et. al.*, 2003, 190). Brian's narrative details precisely what Lefebvre and Régulier observed: 'times for sleep and waking, times for meals and private life, relationships between adults and children, entertainment and leisure, relationships in the home' (*ibid.*) skew to working time. Brian describes his 14-hour shift schedule:

4 days on, five off. Five days on, 4 off. It's about – I'd say – 12 years that I've done that. Before that it was night shift and the whole works. It's been good. You get a steady income. You have steady work. There's not too many days that you go in there and sit down for 12 hours. That will never happen. There's always work to do. Stable. You have your days on.

You have your days off. It's just a continuous clock. It's always going. Syncrude never shuts down. They're going 365 days a year.

(Interview, 2009)

'Such repetition is weary, exhausting and tiresome' (Lefebvre and Régulier, 1985, in Elden, S. *et. al.*, 2003, 190) and devoid of the 'sharp discontinuity', 'unexpectedness', and 'changing images' that Simmel (1903) described as characteristic of the city. Similarly, Brian's family life is a well-honed routine. The everyday schedule of Brian and his wife overlap spatially and temporally for only a few waking hours. Each has separate interests outside the home. From his account, they have a well-established, stable relationship, the only tension being the time Brian spends on charitable activities.

Beyond the steady and secure private spheres of work and family, Brian's life changes perpetually due to public-sphere philanthropic activities. These engagements take him into diverse city environments and make possible encounters with new circles of people. My sense is that Brian's freedom is expressed, his spontaneity of life experienced through embodied giving in public. His continuously changing cartography of care refuses to go along with the oil sands industry's social, psychological, and occupational time-space ordering. Unlike other Fort McMurray residents who appear locked in their cars, speeding from work to home to shopping (see pages 53 and 113; also see Vignettes – 'The walkers', page 203), Brian plots and navigates complex trajectories. The wide spatial scope and diversity of his public-sphere generosity juxtapose his highly specific onsite labour work. Through generosity, Brian enunciates his individuality. Simmel summarizes:

... life is composed more and more of these impersonal contents and offerings which tend to displace the genuine personal colorations and incomparabilities. This results in the individual's summoning the utmost in uniqueness and particularization, in order to

preserve his utmost personal core. He has to exaggerate this personal element in order to remain audible even to himself.

(1903, 9)

Brian attaches a huge emotional and physical investment in public-sphere embodied giving. Illustrating his valuation of embodied generosity above monetary gifts, he tells us, 'I can get \$12,000 in a matter of hours, but I don't. We collect bottles, pop cans, recyclables' (Interview, 2009). Not only does he traverse the city each week to collect recyclables to cash in for charity, he lends a dollar or helping hand wherever he sees a need. He and his buddies take Fort McMurray children to Edmonton to watch a professional hockey game. He organizes charity golf tournaments. Moreover, in certain situations his embodied generosity extends into the realm of professional social work. By conducting needs assessments of families whose homes have suffered fire damage, he defies labour pigeonholing. Again, his actions mimic his early-life experiences where his parents occupied several socio-economic roles.

His Fort McMurray roundabouts keep him updated of 'ground up' and 'top down' viewpoints, from street to corporate office. The intensity and variety of his public-sphere giving, I argue, parallels that of women in the domestic sphere (Bondi, 1992; see essay on Marie Callaghan, page 102). It is as though Brian doesn't want to be seen (by himself or anyone else) as someone who would walk by a community member in need. This is consistent with his belief that community is family. It is also, I propose, Brian's articulation of his social space, a statement of his right to the entire city.

From what I've seen, academic work on everyday resistance – graffiti, skateboarding, j-walking, foot dragging, jumping the subway stall, and so on (as examples, see Borden,

2001; Pred, 1990; Scott, 1985; de Certeau, 1984) – tends to concentrate on activities that in some way contradict societal rules or norms. Most often the connection between space appropriation and philanthropy has been observed from the vantage point of elites (for example, see Meller, 1995; Wilson, 1989). Generosity as an act of everyday resistance by average city dwellers remains largely overlooked. Perhaps it is the ultimate ‘ruse’.

Like all ruses used to claim space, philanthropy is political. For Brian, it conjures emotions. The internal emotional gratification of which he speaks – ‘you love it’, ‘it makes me feels awesome’ and ‘it’s a joy’ – is coupled with external validation of his good deeds, leading to his constitution of self through the other’s affirmation (Diprose, 2002). ‘You’re like an angel from God for what you did for us,’ people tell him (Interview, 2009). Along with Brian’s religiously inspired conception of temporally displaced gift reciprocity, he receives the immediate reciprocity of hugs, smiles, and other friendly embodied gestures. These emotional ‘upbeats’ provide an extra layer of reflectivity of his community caring. They produce and map his bodily ‘politico-emotional landscape’ (Henderson, 2008, 30) as it navigates urban space.

It seems to me that these fleeting, rhythmic time-spaces of emotion – emotional beats, a melody played in time-space that is spatial and temporally distant yet symbolically and perhaps psychologically overlying the oil sand’s monotonous metallic drone – can only soften or even displace the ‘inconsiderate hardness’ (Simmel, 1903, 2) of Fort McMurray’s subarctic climate, ‘stable and impersonal time schedule’ (Simmel, 1903, 3), and tense ‘go, go, go’ atmosphere. Brian’s generosity produces an emotive spatial rhythm to *his* city.

The power relations associated with Brian's giving are anything but easy to unpack. In one reading, he self-affirms his power and, at the same time, reinforces the receiver's powerlessness (Derrida, 1991, in Schrift, 1997). Another reading likens Brian's philanthropic actions and emotions to 'victim-focused' empathy that does not 'locate blame for injustice' or 'motivate punitive and/or preventive demands against unjust treatment of others' (Henderson, 2008, 30). Offering a differing perspective, philosopher Rosalyn Diprose (2002) conceives the act of giving as bridging difference and distance. Evoking her feminist gift theory, I propose that Brian's philanthropy releases his bodily accumulation of gifts to others, thereby reducing inequality so as 'not to be above anybody else' (Interview, 2009). However, I fence-sit here. My sense is that the intricate, tangled power relations that produce and constitute Brian's generosity may entwine all of the different readings mentioned above and even more.

In particular ways, I see Brian's philanthropy and Fort McMurray's social context as dialectic. As if onsite in the oil field, where he repeatedly hoists heavy equipment, Brian reflexively signals his completion of a philanthropic 'job' by using phrases such as 'Another one done. Get on with the next one' (Interview, 2009). This, coupled with Brian's increasing monetization of giving, I interpret as being shaped by the oil sands industry and the city commonly referred to as 'Fort McMoney'.

## **Conclusion**

From Brian's life story, we can see the dynamic and complex interplay of place and philanthropy. Philanthropy is a key component of Brian's self-identity and sense of place. An adaptable social construct, it keeps Brian 'in place' with his personal and collective



cultural history and establishes his expansive social space in Fort McMurray. Its strength in stimulating and embodying personal imaginations and significations intervenes in the rational time-space ordering of global capitalism – its local expression being the oil sands industry – to foster an emotive spatial rhythm of city life. And yet, at the same time, the money economy attains co-dominance in his generosity alongside embodied caring. The blending of these social constructs allows Brian to extend his appropriation of space community-wide to become the public man that his father was. And thus Brian's generosity (re)produces his early-life perceptions and experiences.

**Chapter 4:**  
**Tina Burden triptych**

### **Sharing space: Pitfalls of thoughtless gifts**

In the third hour of my third interview with Tina Burden, a 38-year-old Newfoundlander in Fort McMurray, my tape recorder broke down. Tina, who had driven her full-sized 4x4 downtown to squeeze the interview in between her part-time job at the local Baptist Church and taking care of her two kids, just shrugged. *Things happen*, she told me.

It was the afternoon of August 11, 2009. As I fiddled with the recorder, we sat and talked at Coco Jo, the upscale bistro café that pours the best coffee in town. More than the other interviewees, Tina had expressed an interest in my life story beyond cursory details. Our conversations wandered – the married life in Fort Mac, openness to others, cooking up a jigs dinner, family health issues, driving habits, surviving the city's pitch-black, arctic-chill winters, philanthropy and so on. We were munching on goodies and chatting about philanthropy when I carelessly mentioned the theory of the deferred return of the gift.

*You do something good now and get something back later on. It could be in anytime or even in Heaven*, I said. Tina winced, fleetingly. From her reaction, I got the sense she had not considered her giving as transactional beforehand (put plainly, good deeds on earth reap afterlife rewards). I saw the discomfort she experienced when served up this new consideration. I changed the topic.

That little slip-in of theory into our conversation made me reassess shared authority methods and my role as researcher in the interview process. Just because I could speak to Tina as though she were a fellow graduate student (she's keenly interested in learning and holds a degree in business and English literature), it doesn't mean that I, the researcher,

should treat her as one. The dynamic flow of the conversation between researcher and interviewee as proposed by Frisch (1990) has risks, I came to understand, especially when the subject of discussion relates to core values.

At the heart of Tina's philanthropy is her sense of self as a Christian and a good neighbour. By thoughtlessly introducing reciprocity theory, I found myself in a position – with the power – to shake-up Tina's belief in the altruism of her community caring.\*\* This led to three questions: As a researcher, was my role to upset the apple cart? Where should the ethical line be drawn between the free flow of information championed in shared authority methods and a contrived course? How should I assess harm?

I still wrestle with these questions. Perhaps Tina could have helped me in this regard, if I had trusted myself more and placed more trust in her to negotiate discordant viewpoints with me.

Cultivating trust and negotiating the unspoken and formal rules of sharing authority takes time. Historian Linda Shopes advocates for researchers to plan for months of informal conversations before recording interviews and even taking months to interview research participants (Shopes, 2003). Moreover, she implores researchers to be courageous. The willingness to take risks, I feel, relates directly to trust *and* time. Time in Fort McMurray is overwhelming dictated by money. Without a job, grant funding, or benefactor, my time in the city was circumscribed.

---

\*\* On the contrary, I did not have concerns about introducing Diprose's (2002) theory of generosity, which proposes that the bestowal of gifts posits one's personal power in others thereby reducing social inequity.

I understand more clearly than ever how money, space and time interlink in fashioning research parameters. Better management of these social constructs may lead me to explore the questions posed above, if they arise again, in a more confident manner.

The kind of confidence that Tina exhibits reminds me of the farmers I once knew in southern Ontario. It's a knowing of who you are and where you come from. A sturdy, wide-face and bodied woman with curly sandy brown hair, Tina conveys a startling openness and honesty about her life history. Paradoxical to my hesitancy in engaging her in deep discussion about gift theory, I found Tina's openness to be her strength. *I have no problem telling someone if I have a problem*, she was fond of saying. *It's how it is today. It may not be the same tomorrow. And maybe somebody can help me* (Interview, 2009).

She speaks clearly at a slow measured pace, chooses her words carefully, and, on several occasions, interpreted her life history, making connections between cause and effect. Of the eight hours we spent in face-to-face conversation at the popular Fort McMurray restaurant favoured by Newfoundlanders, Mrs. B's, and at Coco Jo plus two hours via telephone, five hours were audio recorded. In the last hour of tape, Tina recounted stories that were lost due to the technical mishap. These stories are creation stories – the crafting of place through senses, materials, beliefs, and, of course, generosity.

## **Crafting similes of *The Rock*: The life story of Tina Burden**

### **Growing up in remote Labrador City**

I was born in Carbonear, Newfoundland in 1970. It's a little community in Conception Bay North on the Avalon Peninsula, but I only lived there until I was about three and then we moved to Labrador City.

My dad went there and he worked [in Labrador City] about a year in the camp bunkhouses before we moved up with him. It's a one-industry town. Iron ore is its main industry. When I grew up there, there were no roads in or out. Everything was shipped there by train or plane. In order to leave there, you'd have to fly or you had to take a train that would take you into Quebec and you could drive from Quebec across the three provinces into the island of Newfoundland. Now there is a road, but it's an eight-hour dirt road. It's not paved or anything so it's still very isolated.

My first memories [of Labrador City] would probably be the snow. A lot of snow. It's on the same northern latitude as Fort McMurray so it's a similar climate but it gets colder there and there's more snow. It's a lot colder there. We lived in a house. It was much laid out like a city. It had the perfect blocks. We first lived in a trailer or a mobile home. We first moved into a house when I was probably around 10. [The community] wasn't as close-knit as you would typically see in Newfoundland because it was a working community.

My father was a millwright at the Iron Ore Company of Canada, which is IOC, and my mother was a labourer. Well my dad is still there so that's well over 30 now. My mom lived there probably for 30.

There was a lot of movement in the early years, but then it settled out. The people that I went to kindergarten with most of them I graduated with. They were mostly Newfoundlanders. There were some Natives – the Inuit – but not too many. There wasn't a lot of poverty there. But there were fundraisers for people who got sick and if they needed to fly out of the community, which typically would happen. If it is a serious illness, they can't deal with it there. So there were a lot of fundraisers for that – to help people to go – and people would help out that way. There's a food bank there. And I know that some of the business owners were generous with people who didn't do so well. Like, if you didn't work for a company or have a post-secondary degree, it was harder to work there. Because there wasn't anything.

In the wintertime there was a lot of skidooing. People had cabins at the lake in the provincial park. In the summer, there's a lot of dirt biking and camping. But in the summer, most people left. They went to their home – wherever they came from. We went back to Harbour Grace/Carbonear - it's not the same town but one is beside the other – to the extended family, to visit grandparents. In Lab City, you didn't usually see a family

that had their grandparents, aunts and uncles all around. There were some, but it wasn't the norm.

I tried to volunteer as much as I could in my community. At the hospital where I grew up, I did volunteer here and there. But there wasn't a lot of places that I could volunteer as best I can remember. The library was there, but I don't remember a lot of opportunities. I think there is now – But when I grew up there was no arts and culture centre there, for example. There was no mall. It got built later on. The Legion, the O'Brien Hall, they did a lot of things for people in the community. Those are places where miners can go. There was a family with some disabled children. There was an opportunity to volunteer and help them but they would only take certain people depending on your knowledge and how you were with the kids. You needed to know what you were doing. Then within the church you could volunteer. So there were not a lot of opportunities.

I would say that I felt like [Lab City] was home, but my mother did not. I think it was because nobody else from her family was there. She didn't embrace it as her home. But for myself and my brother, we couldn't remember. I mean we would still talk of Harbour Grace. She would still consider [Harbour Grace] her home more than I would.

### **Three jobs, marriage, a baby and a degree**

After I graduated high school, I left Labrador City [in 1989] to start university. [...] I went to Halifax for my first year and then I went to St. John's – MUN [Memorial University of Newfoundland]. For my first two years, I would go home in the summer but then I stopped. I couldn't wait to get out there. I think most of the people that I graduated with – there is still some of them there – but most of them have left.

It was really hard at the beginning. I was really homesick. They had to push me to stay [in St. John's]. [...] Even though I was homesick, I didn't want to stay in Labrador City because there was nothing there in my opinion. But there are things there of course. There's a library, an arts & culture centre – I has grown significantly since I grew up there.

So I graduated from university [in 1995 with a joint specialization in business and English Literature] and had my son the same month. Because I got married in June of 1994 and then – it wasn't a planned pregnancy – September I found out that I was pregnant. When I found out I was probably about 8 or 9 weeks pregnant by then. So then I had my son on May 5 and I graduated on May 25. So I just graduated and I had a newborn baby. It was almost a year [later that I moved to Fort McMurray]. And while I was in university, I worked at three different jobs. I worked at A & W, I worked for tutoring, and I worked at Mailboxes Etc. And I had a son. So I graduated from university, put my resume out to wherever I could. Not one call. So I still worked at A & W and paid a babysitter.

When I was in university, we didn't think that far ahead. [...] We kind of knew that we wouldn't be able to stay in Newfoundland because there was no work. But we didn't

know where we were going to go. You just knew because ... you kind of knew forever. It was something that I guess we grew up hearing. You know, that we wouldn't be able to find work. A lot of our parents couldn't find work. I was fortunate because where we lived there was lots of jobs. But on the island portion of Newfoundland, in 1991 the cod moratorium hit and so many people lost their jobs. I actually took a part-time job while I was in university. I tutored adult fishermen who had lost everything when the fishery died. They were offered retraining. So I tutored some of them. So you heard about [unemployment] through them too. And then Newfoundland has always had a history of people leaving there. And the rural communities, their houses and such floated across to new areas for relocation. The government decided to close down – now, I don't know how accurate I am with this – they chose to close down some communities because it didn't make sense to keep them because there was hardly anybody left living there and it was too expensive to keep the services going. So people floated their houses to another community.

So yes. It was just kind of something you knew. It was either stay in Labrador City and work at the same company that my parents worked. But that can be dirty job. That's working in iron ore and pellets. It's for a tradesperson. It's their ideal job probably. Engineering as well. It's not something that I would be interested in. It was always – after you go to university, you have to get a job and a career and you knew that you were never going to be able to find a job [in Newfoundland].

[My husband] Clark did have a government job working with roads. He did civil engineering technology. So he had a government job in Newfoundland but it's seasonal, which is the way a lot of work is there. He couldn't take not having work four months of the year. Just being home doing nothing. We knew we had to go.

My husband's father was a fisherman ... an offshore fisherman. He would be gone for two to three months if not longer. And [Clark] did not want that for his family. And I did not want that. That's a specific choice that we had made. We chose that we did not want to be separated when raising our kids and in our marriage. That's just not for us. I'm not saying it's wrong. We want – I don't know. I didn't have kids to do it on my own. I want us to be a family. I think that that is very important and I think that's what's wrong with society in some ways. Everybody is too independent and for themselves, you know. Look at my parents for example. They had their own separate lives and then they divorced because they grew apart. She was working. They both worked. She would work 8 to 4 and he would work 8 to 4. They'd both get home and they had different interests. He played hockey and mom did other things. And they just grew apart.

### **Finding Newfoundland in Fort McMurray**

I didn't hear anything negative [about Fort McMurray]. Because of the economic bust in Labrador, my parents had friends who moved up here. Because Fort McMurray had jobs. All the negative things in the news and such didn't exist when I came.



I did not want to come. You know, you get comfortable. You have your peer group and your friends and I was comfortable where I was. I loved where I was. I didn't want to leave it. I wanted to be able to get work there. I had to get used to the idea [of moving here]. It took me a while.

[My husband] came out here six weeks before I did because I was working in Newfoundland. I was working for a publishing company. They published all the local papers in Newfoundland. So I had a job but it wasn't a high-paying job. Job security probably wasn't there, but I still had a job. You wouldn't quit. You don't just quit your job and go to nothing. That's just not heard of. People don't do that. You have a job and stay with it until you find another job. So he came out here and six weeks later I joined him.

We sold everything. We had our first son that year too. We sold everything and what I didn't sell, I mailed by Canada Post. I mailed 60 boxes. [Tina laughs]. And then I shipped a trunk through Air Canada. That's how I moved here. I packed what I could in a box and I mailed it. What ever I would fit in a box, I mailed. Photos, pictures, anything that I could throw in a box, seriously. I so was resentful because we had to sell everything. I was sad, but it was so much money to move it across the country. So pictures, all our clothes, all of Charles' toys, books – all of that – came in boxes. All of my dishes. All of my pots and pans.

I arrived in May 7, 1996. I remember I got to Edmonton and my husband met me there. I just remembered relief at seeing him again. My son had just turned one. And I remember driving up here from Edmonton and just, you know, I felt that I was going to the middle of nowhere. You know, Where are you taking me?

We [first] lived on the fourth floor of an apartment building in Thickwoods. And there was no elevator. I remember that. We had to walk up and down the stairs with my child. It wasn't fun. But interestingly enough, a friend of mine, who became a good friend over the years, she moved here the same day as I did. We didn't know each other but we had met before one time in Newfoundland. We didn't know each other and we moved here the same day.

I just had seen her on the plane. Where you going? she said, and we figured out that we were both coming here. So when I got here we hooked up. I had one friend anyway and then ... She was downtown at that point. But she had a vehicle and she would come up and see me. ... We didn't have a vehicle. For the first two months, we didn't have a vehicle. It's really hard to live in this community without a vehicle.

When I met [Newfoundlanders] was just another piece of home. It was like, You're here and it's not so bad. And you're happy. It's just that familiarity that helps you say, Okay. And different restaurants that cater to Newfoundlanders. The Newfoundlander Club was there and Kosy Korners.

[...] When you are far from home and you meet up with people that are from your home, you automatically connect. You hear them talking so you approach them and say, 'Where are you from?' And they would tell you and then you'd say, 'Oh, yeah. I know so and so from there.' It seems as always we're connected in some way. Most times, they know somebody that you know. That tends to happen a lot. Or they know of some family that you know of. We try to connect of how we may know each other.

I think it's because Newfoundlanders have a sense of national pride, if you will, but in their province. They're proud of where they're from and we connect over that. The loyalty to the province. Just the way of life there, you don't have anywhere else. The way of life that's there is not the same as anyplace else in Canada because it's very much a fishing community everywhere, you know. Just on a large scale.

When I first came, we couldn't get the [Newfoundland] channel. You know now how you get a lot of news products. You couldn't get them that easily when I first got here. You could but you couldn't get them that easily. But the grocery store would carry some of the products. Purity products and stuff like that. Stuff that you would see at home. Even now when I buy that I cringe at the cost of what I pay for it here, when in Newfoundland it is so much cheaper.

When [my family] came to visit they always brought stuff and they still do. Things that you couldn't get here but could get there. Probably when I lived there, I never really cared about that stuff. Yellow cheesies with nachos crust. You know, like cheesies. Instead of cheddar cheese, these are nacho cheesies. You can get them in other parts of the country, but it just reminds me of home. And you cannot get them here. And the other thing – you can get them here sometimes – is vanilla half moons. They're those Vachon cakes. The vanilla half moon. That's not a Newfie thing by any means but it's something that you can get there but can't get here. Now I've seen them recently but those are another example. And then savory cheese pudding, yellow split cheese pudding, salt beef, salt pork, certain kinds of crackers and that sort of stuff. And things that I'm used to eating that people up here don't eat.

You tend to have the traditional dinner too. You know, jigs dinner. Whenever, we get together with Newfoundlanders that's what we have. That's salt beef and cabbage and carrot, turnip and potato. Stuffing with savory. The traditional jigs dinner itself, you don't have roast or turkey with it. You just have the vegetables and salt beef, but we always add meat of some sort. So turkey and roast beef or chicken and they're stuffed. [...] We have it every special occasion. So Christmas and Thanksgiving that's what we'll have. And whenever our parents visit usually before they leave there's a one meal if not more of that. And traditional Newfoundland food is eaten when they're here all the time.

Well, slowly [I settled in]. I remember there was a restaurant close to where I lived in Thickwoods. I would take my son and go there and sit down and wait for somebody to talk to me. And then I met one of the waitresses there who became one of my friends. Then when I started a job, I began to meet other people.

My first job here was working at the [employment insurance] office. I just applied and went through the competition thing. You had to write an exam and have a board interview and all that. I think I applied for the job in June but I didn't actually start until September. There was quite a process to it. It was very hard. It was hard because then I had to put my son in daycare with people I didn't know. So it wasn't an easy decision. If you're in one of the major centres [in Newfoundland], it probably more of a regular thing. But if you're in your hometown, or around the Bay as we call it, I think most of the time you have family members that would look after your children.

I moved here in May and September I was working. But I didn't look right away. I was making minimum wage in Newfoundland. It was six dollars an hour. When I first started [working in Fort McMurray] it was 15 something. Quite a significant difference. When we moved here, my husband made \$10 per hour. We moved here for \$10 an hour. That's not a lot of money. We moved for \$10 an hour because we wouldn't be able to get that in Newfoundland.

Well, I worked there for quite a while off and on. I got laid off and then got back and got laid off and then came back. The federal government in Fort McMurray there's only four employees. Everything switched to provincial. So when that happened the positions just weren't there. They were no longer in existence so I was the newest one there and the first one to go. But then I would get called in for different things. Until a couple of years ago, I was still getting called in for different things, when people were on leave and so on. But then the last time I got called, I said, No. Because ... I said you either give me a job or no, I'm done with this. And it was good because I really didn't want to be working when my kids were little. Up to age five. I did not really enjoy having them in full-time daycare. I did do it for certain periods of time, but it not what we wanted. So you sacrifice and you make it work.

[My brother] is here in Fort McMurray. He works at Suncor for emergency services. I was here first. And he came out here – I was here probably 3 or 4 years before he came out here. He came and stayed with us for a year before he found a place of his own. My dad is actually retired from IOC. He worked there for 30 years. And he's been out here for two six-month periods. He was working. So that means he got to spend times with his grandkids and still make some money. My mother has [thought of moving to Fort McMurray] for sure. But it too expensive to live here really. She's living in Newfoundland not too far from her mom now. Not in the same town she grew up in but in St. John's, the capital, because that's where my family still is – the majority of them.

### **A stake in the town**

The first house [was bought].... That probably would be 1998. Well, you know, we didn't have a plan. Some people come up here and think, I'll stay for five years and then quit. A lot of people have that idea. We didn't come with that. We said, We're here. We'll just take it one day at a time. We will most likely be here until retirement. This is home now. And I don't dislike it here. It has a bad reputation, but I don't think it's

warranted. This town has more stories to it than any town than I know of. I mean, other than major cities, this has a lot of things to offer.

I think the reputation is coming from people who do not actually live here. They commute. This place to them is just a money-making pit. They don't have any ties to the community. They don't care about the community. They don't bring their families here. So they don't consider it home. I think it causes negativity. People who may lose their job or get fired, they have a negative take on the place. They caused their own demise. It's not the town.

I can't speak for all of them because I don't know them, but for people that I have talked to they say it's an awful place. They don't want to raise their kids here. They don't like it here. I mean ... They say that the drugs are really bad. The alcohol is really bad. But if you talk to the police, which I have done, it is no worse than anywhere else. Because I have children, I have an interest in that. I think that ... people tell me if you walk down the street here, you'll be offered drugs. That's never happened to me. I've never been offered drugs. Ever.

I don't go to the bars. So I think you make choices. And you choose who you are going to spend your time with and what you do. And those choices will reflect your view of Fort McMurray.

When we came here, I made a choice: I'm going to be happy. I'm going to like where I am. I've seen too often – even in my own home, my mom never liked where she lived – and I don't want that. I firmly believe it's a choice. I'm going to be happy. I'm going to make the best of this. I'm going to live in happiness. And expect things to be happy. And be thankful instead of always wanting, wanting, wanting. To be thankful for what I do have and the opportunities that do happen. People are so lucky to be able to go to work everyday. I think if people took more of a thankfulness attitude ... be thankful for the opportunity to contribute, be thankful that you have a job, that you're making money. If you stayed in Newfoundland or Nova Scotia or wherever it is where you're from, would you have a job? Probably not. So instead of ... look at what it gives you, instead of what it takes.

Home for now is here because this is where I am. In order for me to be happy here – not even happy, but content – I need to block out that longing. I need to mentally say, Okay. I'm not going to think about it. I'm not going to focus on the fact that my family is there and we miss out on things. We miss out on family get-togethers. Birthday celebrations. You can't fly home for everything. I miss out on my grandparents. They're going to be 80 next year. I've missed 10 years of their life. You know, you miss out on those things. I have to block that out. I have to say, I'm not there. I can't be there right now. I need to put my thoughts and energy into Fort McMurray. I have to be happy here.

[I have to block it out] mostly around the holidays. Holiday time and summer when a lot of people are going back home. Or if you hear of a family moving. That's most of the

time that I have to think, it's alright, you know. Our parents come to visit all the time. We aren't home, but we are building a legacy here.

I long for familiarity I guess. I long for the way of life. Sometimes I worry that we've been away for 15 years. Things change. People change. So if we go back there, I don't know if we'd like it now because we're used to a faster pace of life. We're used to being busy all the time. My husband works crazy hours. You adapt to the situation you're in. It would be a huge adjustment. It would be tough.

### **Informal generosity binds friendship circle**

When I moved here and started my job at the EI centre. And I started making friends. And you see different needs. And just being able to help them. Before that I probably wasn't in a position to help anybody. Because I was young and I didn't have any life experience. I mean, I was either in school or I was working. When I moved here, I had more free time. I didn't work and I didn't know anybody. I wanted to get to know people and I guess I wanted them to like me too. You know you start out like that. I don't know. I don't know what really got me started. I think I just kind of warmed into it.

I kind of started [volunteering] to some degree right away. I wanted to get more involved so that I could meet people. That was my initial thing. We used to have a blueberry festival every summer around Labour Day weekend and during that time there was a country fair. That's not the right word for it. But I volunteered for that and that's how I started. And then, I think helping my friends for different things. I really love that. If [my friends] need help with their housework or babysitting or anything. I just love helping people. I love making them happy. [...] I love to give. I love to help people, but interestingly enough I don't always like when people say thank you. So times I just like to be – let me just do this and there's no need to acknowledge it. Maybe say thank you to me over the phone or something like that but when somebody is making a big deal out of it, it embarrasses me. I don't know why. A lot of people I know are like that.

My friends here are my family. All of us give each other advice. When somebody is having a bad day or has to deal with this or that, we give each other advice. I help people out by watching their children. I help them by cleaning their house if they're sick. If they're out of town, we look after each other's house. We water the flowers. We cook each other meals. If somebody is sick, everybody takes a turn on making them supper. Within in the community, I do a lot of things within my church. I volunteer to teach a program to kids during the week. I help out wherever there is somebody short – the info booth or the nursery or the playroom. I don't generally help out there too often, but if there is a need, I will help. I'll just do it. I help out at the soup kitchen. It could be buying the pies for the soup kitchen or something like that. I cook there. I bring my kids to the soup kitchen to volunteer in the summer when they're not in school. [...] I like to connect in that way and just ... I really like it when I can make somebody's life a bit easier you know. And I can't always do it. And people do wonderful things for me too.

What do people do for me? Well, I've had some health issues. I've had many surgeries. They cooked meals for me. They've cleaned my house for me. They've watched my kids. All this sort of thing.

If my friends need something, I do my best to do it. I'll do my best for my friends and family to give them what they need. When it comes to the community, I might say, Okay. Look at my finances and say can I do this? And look at my time and say, Can I do this? When it comes to my friend and my family, it's not can I do this. It's when will I do this.

I don't know [if my generosity relates to my family history]. I find people in Newfoundland are willing to put themselves last and sacrifice themselves for the benefit of others if there's a need. No matter how tired you are, if somebody is in need, you're going to help them. And it's been given to me. I've had a lot of surgeries and people have been there for me for emotional security, for helping with my kids, for meals for my family. [...] I think it comes from it being given to me. I have that deep desire to help other people. It comes from my faith and my belief in God. God tells us to be his servant. Jesus was a servant to us. So it definitely stems from my belief in that as well.

### **Finding comfort in religion**

I was raised Catholic. Religious? It's probably not a good term to describe the family. But now my father is a born-again Christian. I am a born-again Christian and my husband is as well. It's a very important in our lives. A very big part. [...] It's a very important part of my life and I really feel partly that God .... He knew. He knew that I was going to come here because he knew that's here I would find him.

[My religious conversion] happened when I had my second child. After I had my second child – I was here when I had my second child – I started going and I wanted my kids to go to church. Even though, when I grew up I didn't go to church every Sunday, I knew it was the right thing to do. I was raised in a Catholic school with all the beliefs that come along with that. So I started to take my kids to the Catholic church. I went there for about three years. I taught at Sunday school there off and on. [...] I was just searching for more. And then I met a good friend of mine. Our oldest two were in pre-school together. We had a pre-school meeting one evening and another lady who was on the Board was the Pastor's wife. I just started questioning her and asking her different questions. And then all of a sudden, we started a bible study. And so it went from there. And then where I am now, it just attracted me – what they had to offer in the community. I have a really strong belief that we are to help those less fortunate than us. The homeless people. I really care for them and I really like helping them. I love seeing them change. I love seeing them get jobs. I love how you can make a difference to one person at a time. I can't change the world, but you can change one person. Or even change that one person's experience.

The church balances me. Absolutely. Because when you belong to a church... I recommend that to people when they move to new communities. If you want to get to know people, if you want to get to know the good things that your community has to

offer, go to a church because that's where you're going to find love and acceptance. Not at the bar.

### **Replicating Newfoundland in Fort McMurray**

We're in Grayling Terrace [now]. We really like the area. It's not my first house, it's my second house. I went from Thickwoods, to Beacon Hill the Grayling Terrace.

One of the reasons that we moved into the house that we're in is because when we looked at it my husband fell in love with it. Right behind our house, there are no other houses. And it can't be build up. There's a river and a cliff. And when you look out my bedroom window, you see trees and the water. That's what there. When I have my bedroom window open in the night, you can hear the river. And I think for him that represents home. The sound of water. His father was a fisherman and that really represents that for him. It's kind of like Newfoundland – the sound, the cliff. And that you've have a backyard to yourself.

What my husband's dream was to do our basement in a Newfie theme. So what that means is that we have Newfoundland things all over the basement. Things that represent home. So we have pictures of Newfoundland – of different scenes in Newfoundland. We have a map of Newfoundland. It's a map from the 1600s so not even all the places are on it. He spent more on framing the map than on purchasing the map. We have a pellet stove, like a wood stove. That's another smell that really reminds me of Newfoundland. You know that wood stove smell or fireplace smell of wood when you're outside. You always smell that in Newfoundland. That is a smell that reminds me of home. Clark put some old, old equipment that his grandfather built for fishing, There's a cast net with fishing anchors and stuff hung up on our ceiling and then there's other tools that were used in that trade. And he also has down there his grandfather's accordion – a push button accordion. It's really old. We are still looking for things to put in there, but we just don't want to buy anything. It needs to mean something.

Even I have this teapot and my grandmother had one for years and years and years. When I look at it – I mean, it's the ugliest thing that you could ever hope to have. But my grandmother used to steep tea in it all the time. One of my memories from her house was the smell of homemade baked bread and having tea in a saucer so it would be cool and you can drink it. As a child, I remember that so the last time I was home, I was kind of sneaking through cupboards at my mom's and I found a teapot that was just like my grandmothers. So I took it – like, they told me I could.

In our neighbourhood, a lot of us are from back East. Not all of us but a lot of us. A couple of years ago, we just started to have coffee together. And what we do is in the morning who ever is around – some of us work, some of us don't, some of us are part-time, some of us are stay-home moms – so we'll get together. In the wintertime, it's after the kids go to school. After we drive them to school, we'll get together and have a coffee before we start our day.

[Back home] usually there is someone at your house visiting and you're having tea or coffee. They've just dropped in to see how you're doing. I remember being out at Clark's family and anytime of day, you know, (somebody) comes through the kitchen. One of the friends just is coming to see what you're doing. That's what I'm used to and I miss that. At the coffee group, we have that.

In Newfoundland, you'd get together, have a cup of tea and then you'd chat about what ever is on your mind and then you go home. But here, it's very busy. It's not like you can sit around for the whole day. Our conversation here is, So what are you doing today? What are you doing? So I have to go here, here and here. And I have to do this and this. And then we compare what we have to do. Maybe we can do some of it together. Maybe we can't.

In Newfoundland, one of the things that I notice is that anytime of the day, somebody will just pop into your house. Because there's a lot of seasonal work there. People only work so many months of the year and then they get laid off. So there's people home all the time. You can go and visit whenever you want. You don't have to wait for an invitation. You just go. If you're there at lunchtime, you have lunch. If you're there at suppertime, you get supper. And food is a big thing in Newfoundland. When you go to visit my grandparents, for example, you have to eat. My grandmother will not rest until you eat. So here, people work all the time. They're shift workers. There's crazy hours. One of the things that I've had to get used to is adjusting to inviting people to the house. Because I don't do that. No because they're not welcome. Back home, people come on over whenever you want. I don't want to invite them. They don't need to wait for an invitation. I don't do that. You just come. Because if I have to give an invitation and I have time to think about it, I can get all these excuses why I can't do it. As with when somebody drops in, they're there. And I love that. One of my friends used to make fun of me saying there's cobwebs on my doorbell because nobody uses it. Most of the people I know have the combination to my front door lock. They just come in whenever they want. I could be in bed and people come in.

### **'This is home for now'**

Within our families – [Clark] has a brother that commutes and his wife, they don't mind it at all. He commutes [to Edmonton] but they want to do it back and forth to Newfoundland. They want to move back. They'd move back tomorrow if they could. But I don't know if we would now. When I first moved here, I was so sad to leave my friends. I cried the whole way up here. But now, my kids have to be considered. My kids consider this as home. This is their home now. And I have really good friends and a great neighbourhood. A really good church. Clark has a great job and I have a great job. And it would be hard to leave now.

Believe it or not, I still call Lab City home. But I think I consider St. John's more my home. I think that's because my parents divorced, though. Because my parents divorced, mom doesn't live there anymore. The house that I grew up in has been sold. So I kind of feel homeless in that sense. You know what I mean. So that's a little ... I think that [St.



John's] is where I first became a grown-up. That's where I went to university, had lots of fun. Friends. I got serious at university and that's when I met Clark and settled down. I think that's where I grew up.

This is home for now. [...] I do think we won't stay here when we retire. I don't believe that. I view this, I guess, as a working community not a retirement community. [...] I think that we'll be here until retirement. But I don't know where we'll go. Now, we think always that we'll go back to Newfoundland, but I don't know anymore. Not as if I don't love it there. It's just that there's no future there for my kids. So if we move back there, they won't. And I want to be near them, you know. I don't want to be next door to them, but I don't want to be this far. This is far from your family and that is hard on you.

## **How far can we be expected to care? Looking for answers in Tina Burden's life story**

This essay explores the life story of Tina Burden by interpreting her religiosity in relation to theories of the gift and place production. That people's perceptions and experiences derive partly from antecedents of their individual and collective cultural history is taken for granted. The previous section documents Tina's social predispositions. Therefore, this essay focuses primarily on her current life in Fort McMurray. First, however, it presents Tina's salient life decisions to construct a coherent frame for the discussion ahead. It goes on to use research results from the 2007 Canada Survey of Giving, Volunteering and Participating (CSGVP) to demonstrate that Tina's religiously inspired philanthropic values and behaviour are not out of the ordinary. The essay then relates Tina's philanthropy to theories on citizenship. By doing so, I set the stage for examining the problematic of limited spatial extension of generosity (Barnett and Land, 2007).

So let me recap Tina's exodus to Fort McMurray. After finding full-time work in a publishing house in St. John's, Newfoundland – a job corresponding to her academic interests – new university graduate and mother Tina follows her husband to Fort McMurray in 1996. A conscious decision predicates her migration: she desires family dynamics different from that of her parents and of traditional Newfoundland culture. Eschewing a life where husband and wife are temporally and spatially separated, she migrates in bitterness. Packing up everything she could carry or ship, Tina arrives in Fort McMurray with literally Newfoundland in a box. In other words, she mediates her 'resentment and fear' (Amin, 2004, 3) of 'placelessness' through the comfort and familiarity of material belongings (Ehrkamp, 2005). This represents Tina's initial effort

to build the ‘experienced or imagined ‘home’ country’ as ‘no longer just a memory’ but ‘present and part of [her] everyday’ life (Ehrkamp, 2005, 356). Tina says:

When we came here, I made a choice: I’m going to be happy. I’m going to like where I am. I’ve seen too often – even in my own home, my mom never liked where she lived – and I don’t want that. I firmly believe it’s a choice. I’m going to be happy. I’m going to make the best of this. I’m going to live in happiness. And expect things to be happy. And be thankful instead of always wanting, wanting, wanting. To be thankful for what I do have and the opportunities that do happen.

(Interview, 2009)

She sets her mind to control her emotional response to the socio-spatial displacement. This lock-down is supplemented by her openness to opportunities that arise from migration. At first unable to find stable full-time work and then unable to find employment that accommodates her decision not to place her first child in full-time daycare, Tina begins carving her community of belonging in Fort McMurray through reciprocal gift exchange. She volunteers at her child’s school to meet people. She helps her neighbours and friends to be liked and to establish tight social bonds akin to those of small-town Newfoundland. The emotion she derived from and manifested in these bonds is love. She illustrates the *quid pro quo*:

My friends here are my family. All of us give each other advice. When somebody is having a bad day or has to deal with this or that, we give each other advice. I help people out by watching their children. I help them by cleaning their house if they’re sick. If they’re out of town, we look after each other’s house. We water the flowers. We cook each other meals. If somebody is sick, everybody takes a turn on making them supper.

(Interview, 2009)

Further, she joins the church to attain a life balance, ‘get to know the good thing the community has to offer’ and ‘find love and acceptance’ (Interview, 2009). Her religious conversion to born-again Christian establishes a new, commanding purpose to her life. This propels her philanthropic behaviour in Fort McMurray. Locating close-by the casino, strip clubs, the Franklin & Harkin street corner (often featured in media reports about Fort McMurray because of its open drug trade), and across the street from its drop-

in centre for homeless people, the Fellowship Baptist Church, to which Tina belongs, forms the community hub of care for the city's most marginalized populations.

### **Philanthropy and religion**

Within in the community, I do a lot of things within my church. I volunteer to teach a program to kids during the week. I help out wherever there is somebody short – the info booth or the nursery or the playroom. I don't generally help out there too often, but if there is a need, I will help. I'll just do it. I help out at the soup kitchen. It could be buying the pies for the soup kitchen or something like that. I cook there. I bring my kids to the soup kitchen to volunteer in the summer when they're not in school. [...] I like to connect in that way and just ... I really like it when I can make somebody's life a bit easier you know.

(Interview, 2009)

The church accommodates Tina's desire for a life-work balance. She can bring her children into the establishment and provide them with active learning opportunities. Furthermore, she is able to mix paid employment as the church's administrator with her philanthropic activities. This allows Tina to extend her philanthropy to the broader community. She assists marginalized individuals to find employment and change their lifestyle. She visits people who are sick in the community. In addition, she donates to several community-based charities, choosing to support smaller ones whose good works are overshadowed by larger, well-marketed nonprofits.

The expanse of her formal philanthropy is not surprising. In the fundraising profession, it is commonly known that individuals who profess religious or spiritual beliefs are the top donors of time and money to charitable organizations (Klein, 2006). This knowledge is grounded as much in donors' personal testimonies as it is in observation. Clearly, religious organizations have many advantages in attracting donors: they speak to people's core beliefs and values, they acclimatize adherents to giving early on, they ask regularly, they accept all types and amounts of donations, and so forth. This explains why religious organizations are among the top recipients of gifts of time and money. Religion, however,

also motivates philanthropic behaviour outside of its confines, fostering both informal and formal generosity to others in the community.

The CSGVP provides a snapshot of the contribution of the informal and formal generosity of Canadians. Combining two separate surveys, it represents the responses of 21,827 Canadians above the age of 15. The survey data was compiled in 2007 and encompasses all provinces and territories. It points to the motives, values and interests of Canadians in engaging in 'prosocial' activities such as volunteering time and donating money to help the community. I've chosen a few of the report's conclusions to highlight here:

- 84% (23 million Canadians) of the population over age 15 made a financial donation in 2007. Those aged 45 to 55 are most likely to donate (89%) followed by those over age 55 (88%). In general, the likelihood of donating decreases with age to a low of 71% for 15 to 24 year olds.
- Albertans made the largest average annual donations (\$596), followed by residents of the Northwest Territories (\$550), the Yukon (\$530), Manitoba (\$520), British Columbia (\$506) and Ontario (\$501). Newfoundlanders (91%) had highest donation rates, followed by residents of Prince Edward Island (89%), New Brunswick (88%), Nova Scotia (87%) and Manitoba (87%) and Ontario (86%).
- The volunteer rate was highest in Saskatchewan (59%), the Yukon (58%), Prince Edward Island (56%) and Nova Scotia (55%). It was lowest in Quebec (37%) with Newfoundland and Labrador attaining the national average (46%) and Alberta above the national average (52%).
- The largest average volunteer hours were from Nunavut (186), followed by Nova Scotia (183), the Yukon (176), Newfoundland and Labrador (176) and New Brunswick (175). Albertans (172) were above the national average (166).
- Religious obligations or beliefs were cited among the top reasons why people donate time and money.
- All forms of 'prosocial' behaviour measured by the CSGVP link to the frequency of attendance at religious services. People who attended weekly religious services were significantly more likely to volunteer more time in total and volunteer at more charities than those who did not.

- Individuals who attended religious services on a weekly basis were much more likely to volunteer than those who did not (66% vs. 43%). Similarly, weekly attendees who volunteered tended to give more time (232 hours vs. 142 hours).
- Forty-six percent of the \$10 billion donated by Canadians to charitable organizations went to religious institutions, making them the biggest beneficiaries of philanthropy.
- Approximately one in five Canadians (17%) reported that they attended religious services at least once a week. They were more likely than other Canadians to donate (94% versus 82%) and make larger donations than those who did not attend religious services on a weekly basis (\$1,038 annually versus \$295).
- Eighty-four percent of Canadians indicated that they provided direct help (non-institutionalized generosity) to others who live outside of their household. They helped their friends and neighbours with health-related or personal care, shopped for or drove someone, did housework, or provided emotional support. Almost half of those who offered such informal care did so at least weekly.

The CSGVP indicates that Tina, as a Newfoundlander and Alberta resident, should be more likely to donate money and at larger amounts, respectively. Conflating this with the philanthropic behaviour of religious Canadians, we see that Tina's enormous donation of time and money could be predicted. Indeed, Tina's philanthropic behaviour situates within the norm for Canadians who are both religiously minded and active worshippers. A born-again Christian and thus a conservative Protestant, she is among the most philanthropic religious denominations (Berger, 2006). Religious participation, as sociologist Ida Berger (2006) explains, not only provides the motive to volunteer, it can also increase the number of invitations that one receives to volunteer and one's knowledge about volunteer opportunities. In Tina's case, the spatial and social positioning of the Fellowship Baptist Church increases her opportunity to maximize philanthropic engagement in Fort McMurray.

### **Place production and religiously inspired philanthropy**

What I would like to do here is examine Tina's religiously prescribed philanthropy in relation to the discursive and descriptive observations of migrant citizenship presented in the literature review. Her story adds another dimension to Appadurai's proposition that the 'problem of jurisdiction and the problem of loyalty are increasingly disjunct' (1996, 47). My mind jumps to the centuries-long jurisdictional squabbles between the Catholic Church and monarchy-states in Western Europe. The dualism of loyalty and jurisdiction for Christians has had sorry history of disunity.

Inasmuch as Tina's place production in and through philanthropy corresponds to Fort McMurray's city limits, it appears to correspond to the classic definition of citizenship as proposed by Marshall (1950; see page 30 above). In fact, as I see it, Tina's philanthropy falls under the more progressive, 'substantive' definition of citizenship (Staeheli, 2006; Leitner and Ehrkamp, 2006). However, a twist emerges. When Leitner and Ehrkamp (2006) argue that individuals engage in social practices at differing geographic scales through civil actions and organizations beyond their jurisdiction, they constitute the local in the global. Tina's philanthropy constitutes spiritual geography of the universal (Heaven) in the local and the local in the global (her localized social practices embody God's will on Earth). Says Tina:

I have that deep desire to help other people. It comes from my faith and my belief in God. God tells us to be his servant. Jesus was a servant to us. So it definitely stems from my belief in that as well.

(Interview, 2009)

In the simplest sense, Tina's philanthropy can be disaggregated into fluctuating and intertwined levels of place production: Tina and God, Tina and herself, Tina and her family, Tina and her friends, Tina and her church, and Tina and the broader community.

It is the latter that I wish to explore in the discussion on citizenship below.

Paralleling the observations of Luisa Veronis (2006) that migrants reframe the notion of citizenship through global ideology, religious ideology continues to shape the concept of a good citizen. Religion's role in creating social space and, in doing so, producing the relations that constitute democratic traditions and institutions of Western Europe and its former colonies has been suggested by theologian James Adams (1976; 1986). He proposes that religion provides a reliable basis upon which to order and derive meaning from space:

... the very fact of being in the world of space possesses a religious value system stemming from its relation to the cosmic axis. To live in space is to participate in the cosmic axis. [...] Often the sacred cosmic space or axis is believed to have been created after a struggle between the divine and an evil (a demonic) principle. One is reminded of the Old Testament myth of the creation of spatial order, which occurred only as a consequence of God's overcoming chaos. And also we recall that in the New Testament the Reign of Heaven is viewed as a dynamic power still engaged in a cosmic struggle against demonic powers. [...] The theme of Exodus is not only that of release from slavery; it is also the theme of being led through the wilderness into freedom; it is liberation from an old space, "the house of bondage" and also the conquest of a new, ampler space.

(1976, 137-138)

Thus Christian-inspired philanthropy can be considered a tool of 'spatialised, temporalised ordering' (Malpas, 1999 in Cresswell, 2004, 31) and of claiming space through righteous conquest. Veronis (2006) argued that Toronto's Latin American migrants use the visible and emotive space-appropriation strategy of street parading for multiple tiers of place production. Likewise, geographer Rosalyn Trigger (2004) suggests the spatio-politics of the St. Patrick's Day parades in Montreal and Toronto in the nineteenth century overlapped several levels of place production, including inter-sect, local community, and global Church. Paralleling this argument, I think that the philanthropy of religious followers such as Tina unites different scales of the social construction of space.



On the one hand, religious adherents use bottom-up philanthropic actions in public space to increase their social and spatial visibility. Their collective, political claims to urban space are linked to their claims and practices of belonging to both the community (material/social) and to the realm of God (spiritual). Such public display serves to unite the religious community through collective action and sense of spiritual empowerment. It is a manner of exerting religious power – not just ideological but also the emotional and material indebtedness of others – in space. On the other hand, their philanthropy is not neutral to other social constructs; it is relational; it includes some people, materiality and ideologies and excludes others. It can depoliticize or politicize community problems, reinforce or claw away at government policies, and promote or oppose top-down global neoliberalism. It carries messages.

As example, The Fellowship Baptist Church believes ‘that civil government is of divine appointment for the interest and good order of society; that all in authority over us are to be prayed for, conscientiously honoured and obeyed, except only in the things opposed to the will of our Lord Jesus Christ’ (Fellowship Baptist Church, 2010). The Church takes a constrained view of the will of Christ, considering ‘the Bible to be the complete Word of God; that the sixty-six books, as originally written, comprising the Old and New Testaments, were verbally inspired by the Spirit of God and were entirely free from error’ (*ibid.*). Further, it believes that man is ‘affected by sin in all aspects of his being, so that all people by nature and choice are sinners, thereby incurring physical and spiritual death’ (*ibid.*).

In line with this thinking, Tina depoliticizes the situation of Fort McMurray’s temporary

and commuter workers, blaming them for their own unhappiness and marginalization and for the city's bad reputation.

I think the reputation is coming from people who do not actually live here. They commute. This place to them is just a money-making pit. They don't have any ties to the community. They don't care about the community. They don't bring their families here. So they don't consider it home. I think it causes negativity. People who may lose their job or get fired, they have a negative take on the place. They caused their own demise. It's not the town.

(Interview, 2009)

The structural reasons why people choose a commuter lifestyle instead of undertaking permanent migration elude her consideration. Unlike during the era of Tina's migration, concern about employment insecurity circulates in the oil sands. The 2008 downturn in oil prices caused substantial layoffs (Jones, 2010). The last to arrive were the first to be let go. Understandably, this may result in newcomers' reluctance to bet on long-term viable employment.

Beyond the global economy, more intimate structures such as family may dictate the decision to commute. We need to look no farther than life story of 'Marie Callaghan' (see pages 73-85). Marie conveys the difficulties of migrating when children are older and possess their own social networks. We can see that knowledge of such difficulties do not escape Tina when she contemplates her family's future in Fort McMurray. However, she fails to extend this consideration to commuters. Instead, she creates a care boundary between us (good citizen/family/stable) and them (bad citizen/single men/transient). Moreover, Tina disregards Fort McMurray's visually apparent and well-documented lack of social services to buffer individuals in between jobs and to provide affordable housing. A 2007 article carried by Canadian Press points to the city's troubled side that Tina's narrative obscures:

Milly Quark, head of the local real estate board, isn't surprised by trans-Canada commuting. "It's pretty hard to put down roots and purchase (a home) with our prices right now," said Quark. ... "There are people having to take low-income jobs and they're staying at the homeless shelters in town. It's kind of sad."

She estimates prices will rise in the new year, as new housing subdivisions are delayed because of backlogs in sewer and other services.

The Regional Municipality of Wood Buffalo is scrambling to keep up, aided by a \$400-million boost from the province over the next three years, but is fighting a losing battle. The waste-water treatment plant is being upgraded but won't be able to handle a population that is expected to hit 100,000 by 2012.

There's a shortage of doctors and nurses. Crime is well above the provincial average and the city is facing a growing problem of pushers peddling crack and crystal meth.

(Bennett, 2007, unpaginated)

David Harvey (2007) draws a correlation between neoliberalism and the beliefs and values of the religiously conservative right. 'Neoliberalism,' Harvey explains, 'is a theory of political economic practices proposing that human well-being can best be advanced by the maximization of entrepreneurial freedoms within an institutional framework characterized by private property rights, individual liberty, unencumbered markets, and free trade' (2007, 21). From the doctrinal passages above, we can see how the principles of individual liberty and unencumbered government may correspond to the leanings of the Fellowship Baptist Church. Harvey points to the marrying of the religious right with the Republican Party as building 'a moral highground for its authority and legitimacy' (2006b, 67) since the 1970s. Similarly, media reports allege an alliance between The Conservative Party of Canada and the religious right (McDonald, 2006; Legault, 2010).

It would be a far leap to conclude that a union of political doctrine and religious beliefs solely provoked Tina's othering. Perhaps the 'neoliberal line' has been hammered into her consciousness by the media (Harvey, 2006b) and the ethos of Alberta, Canada's most conservative province. Whatever the reasons may be for Tina's perception and projection

where the fault lays for Fort McMurray's social problems, her attitudes and thoughts are in line with and thus promote the neoliberal agenda.

Moreover, it seems logical to consider Tina's views on 'others' as relational to her social construction of space. They provide the oppositional tension for forging and sustaining her discrete social spaces of intensified care. The 'others' influence not just the relationship between spaces but also the interstitial relations within spaces (Massey, 2005). As example, Tina contrasts the love and acceptance she finds in church, family and friends with the lack of emotional support found in Fort McMurray's bar scene. Applying the agency of her love and acceptance to her social spaces, she reinforces them. Church values pour into the space of family whilst the family comprises an active element of the church community. And so the ever-changing production of the social continues.

### **How far can we care?**

Before jumping to the perennial concern of extending geographies of generosity, I think it is wise to recall Tina's double disposition to universal generosity. First, her sense of caring is well established in communitarian norms:

I find people in Newfoundland are willing to put themselves last and sacrifice themselves for the benefit of others if there's a need. No matter how tired you are, if somebody is in need, you're going to help them. And it's been given to me. I've had a lot of surgeries and people have been there for me for emotional security, for helping with my kids, for meals for my family. [...] I think it comes from it being given to me.

(Interview, 2009)

Second, her evangelistic, conservative Protestant faith compels her to love others. Yet, she draws a clear demarcation between caring for her friends and caring for the entire community:

If my friends need something, I do my best to do it. I'll do my best for my friends and family to give them what they need. When it comes to the community, I might say, Okay. Look at my finances and say can I do this? And look at my time and say, Can I do this? When it comes to my friend and my family, it's not can I do this. It's when will I do this.

(Interview, 2009)

Further, Tina's generosity by means of 'showing active kindness' (Smith, 1998) is withdrawn from certain community populations, in particular transient oil sands workers. And, paradoxically, Tina, who works and volunteers at the hub of community care, downplays Fort McMurray's pressing socio-structural problems (see figures 5 and 6). In essence, she isolates 'homely spots' in the city 'from the wilderness in between' (Bauman 1993, 158). Somehow halted imaginatively are the Newfoundland communitarian values that embrace community universalism, where 'one of us' connotes 'part of us' (Smith, 1998, 17). One could propose that particularism results from or comes into view with the socio-spatial and psychological destabilization caused by migration.<sup>††</sup>

Studying contemporary identity-production of middle-class and poor residents of Santiago, Chile, Márquez and Pérez suggest urban segregation such as that produced by Tina connotes a 'neo-communitarian lifestyle' based on 'fear of the other' (2008, 1461). This causes individuals to depict their social group as a homey family circle in contrast to the insecurity, individuality and pluralism of the wider city (Márquez and Pérez, 2008). While the theory of Márquez and Pérez (2008) seems plausible, others factors may play in Tina's social-spatial segmentations. Upon migration, what had been 'given' – the willingness of community members 'to put themselves last and sacrifice themselves for the benefit of others' (Interview, 2009) – now must be recreated. The original gift

---

<sup>††</sup> Tina moved from St. John's to Fort McMurray in 1996, a time when the population of the former (101,936) was nearly three times that of the latter (35,213) (Statistics Canada, 1996).

evolved over centuries, forged by communal struggles to survive hardships. It was ‘not just a matter of social and cultural construction, but also a matter of *constant* social and cultural construction’ (Carter, 2007, 1106). To expect Tina to first replicate and then extend the gift to the entire Fort McMurray community flies against commonsense as to what is possible.

I therefore change the question posed by geographer David Smith (1998) in his article, ‘How far should we care? On the spatial scope of beneficence’ to *how far can we realistically be expected to care?* Using the example of the oil patch workers who commute, I explore the barriers to caring for and about ‘others’. I then connect these barriers with theories of distance/difference and generosity. Finally, I suggest extending geographies of generosity may in fact be positively correlated to preserving the oft-maligned territorially bounded place.

To care for distant strangers is to extend the geographical, psychological and political scope of a universal human activity.

(Silk, 2004, 229)

Tina lives in the leafy, middle-class enclave of Grayling Terrace (see Figure 3), an oasis of calm, south of Highway 63, linked to the mean streets of Fort McMurray’s downtown core via a pedestrian tunnel and one thoroughfare. A 90-minute drive north on the same highway is a gated, compound-like base that houses transient oil patch workers. They live in close proximity to oil extraction sites where they work and out-of-sight from most Fort McMurray residents. It’s hardly surprising that they chose to do so. Automobiles, buses and heavy transport vehicles clog Highway 63 from morning to night. It is the only road into and out of the oil sands. In fact, it is the sole road linking the oil sands and Fort

McMurray to central and southern Alberta. Living in Fort McMurray and working onsite means you add three to four more hours to the workday. Lengthy traffic jams result in hot-headed drivers who cause numerous traffic accidents that cause more traffic jams. The road has been dubbed 'Highway to Hell'. Add to these dangers Fort McMurray's exorbitant cost of accommodation.

The lack of affordable housing and the conditions of Highway 63 highlight the city's severe infrastructure problems. Despite \$36 billion already invested in the oil sands and another \$45 billion predicted over the next decade (*The Economist*, 2007), the largesse isn't sufficiently reinvested in the local community, the social service leaders whom I interviewed informed me. The Regional Municipality of Wood Buffalo's submission to the Alberta Royalty Review Panel explains the situation:

The Regional Municipality of Wood Buffalo ... is significantly impacted by development in the Athabasca Oil Sands right now. In recent years, oil sands development has increased dramatically, creating profits in the billions of dollars for oil sands developers, while at the same time, placing unprecedented pressure on the infrastructure and services in the Region. If the level of monetary support from the Province and Industry remains unchanged, the residents of the Region will continue to experience now, and be left with a legacy of insurmountable environmental, fiscal and social impacts long after the oil sands developers are gone. ... Despite Alberta's booming economy, infrastructure deficits are becoming more and more pronounced, indicating an imbalance in the system – both in the *quantity* of revenues generated from royalties, taxes and other costs, and in the *manner* that those revenues are distributed.

(2007, 2)

In spite of its inadequate infrastructure, Fort McMurray is the major social hub of the Region. It draws the oil sands commuters away from their compound. They frequent the bars and casino on weekend nights, venues that Tina avoids and at a diurnal time that she spends at home. Not income-marginalized, they are unlikely to need the basic social service supports provided by the Fellowship Baptist Church. Thus Tina has a slim chance of establishing a direct face-to-face relationship with this particular 'other'. She may

receive information on commuters through friends or relatives. Just as likely, she has read the news. For many Fort McMurray residents, top of mind is the media's less than flattering depiction of the city:

Many of the thousands of workers who live in barrack-like accommodation at near-by mines and construction sites come to town at weekends to drink a beer or ten, brawl, and buy sex and drugs. "This town is awash in cocaine," says one long-time resident. Marijuana, crack and crystal meth are also widely used. Drug abuse in the northern oil patch is more than four times the provincial average.

(*The Economist*, 2007, unpaginated)

While none of my informal or formal interviewees outside of the social service sector knew about the 'Big Spirit' campaign to portray Fort McMurray in a positive light, I found middle-class, middle-aged 'white' residents<sup>††</sup> in general to be defensive about the city's reputation. Similarly, Tina's laying blame on commuters for media representations of the city appears defensive.

Certainly beyond the splashy headlines of drugs and sex, there lay other stories of Fort McMurray life - the vibrant summer festivals, extensive network of children's programming, diligent social service sector, and new, multiplex sporting complex, among others. However, residents' appropriation of public space to counter the power of global media happens as a rule in piecemeal fashion. This is due a subarctic climate limiting sunlight during half of the year and the elongated oil sands work-shift schedule.

The 'Big Spirit' campaign, with a budget of \$400,000 (*Fort McMurray Today*, 2007), amounts to a drop in the bucket, insufficient to wash away the media representations that establish the way outsiders view the city. These media representations undermine Tina's

---

<sup>††</sup> Other than one woman who stated that the city was a good place to raise a family, the other Canadians of Filipino, African, South Asian and Middle Eastern descent drew a picture of Fort McMurray as a hard-living working town. Correspondingly, the young, 'white' Canadians aged 18-30, who I interviewed, perceived the same.



efforts to construct an imagined community based on mutual aid, gift reciprocity and family values. I think this is a major reason why she distances her social space from others. 'Distance is active,' says Michael Shaw, 'something we create in our response' (1996, 8). He explains:

Distance is also a question of course, of openness – or lack of openness – in our attitudes to others' problems. We can open or close ourselves, either consciously or subconsciously, and we all move between different levels of awareness and responsiveness to a situation.

(1996, 8)

One could propose that Tina closes off care to others because her current generousities preoccupy her time-space. If we believe the theory of 'emotional surplus value' (Hochschild, 2000, 136), however, she should be able to find and siphon off emotional reserves and then transfer them to other sites. According to Hochschild, the possibility of a spiralling cycle of care exists. Given Tina's double disposition towards extending care, we could expect this to be the case. The agency of such caring, Hochschild illustrates, derives from affective bonds, knowledge of need, and requests. In other words, the agency manifests in some sort of relationship. David Harvey writes:

... information gets internalized ... to support this or that line of thinking or action. Plainly, we cannot understand the shifting terrain upon which political subjectivities are formed and political action occur without thinking about what happens in relational terms.

(2006c, 277)

From the get-go, generosity has been conceived as 'reciprocity to the needs of others' (Barnett and Land, 2007, 1072) that sustains relationships within a community (Mauss, 1924). Concurring with Hochschild (2000), Barnett and Land (2007, 1073) argue that people's motivation to extend care 'are not only their own self-interest, but also normative demands on them to notice, attend, and respond to their needs.' Drawing on Fisher and Tronto's conception, they highlight four categories of care:

1. the capacity to be attentive to the needs of others;

2. the capacity of taking responsibility for meeting needs for care;
3. the capacity to actually provide care competently;
4. the capacity to be responsive to the ongoing needs of receivers of care.

(2007, 1067)

If we follow this logic, Tina's *motivation* to be generous is not the key issue. Her capacity to be attentive to commuter needs, I think, is limited by their confront to her sense of place. This causes her to reinforce her existing care-related place-making. The oil sands industry's time-space dynamics curtail Tina's ability to take responsibility for the care of commuters. Lack of training impedes her capacity to provide care properly for drug-addicted and gambling-addicted commuters. Lastly, her capacity to be responsible for ongoing care is restricted by the reasons above and commuters' transient lifestyle.

It seems to me that of the categories mentioned above, the capacity to notice the needs of others is the most malleable and attainable. A host of ways to be attentive exists. But there is a clash between 'a wide variety of disparate influences swirling over space in the past, present and future ...' (Harvey, 2006c, 274) and specific individual or group needs. Of primordial importance is the *politics* of which messages flow into Tina's social space.

One can imagine aligning the nodes of Tina's relational network so that they connect at the right time with information trajectories beneficial to extending generosity to commuters. This alignment comes to light most often during natural or human-caused disasters, when we viscerally feel vulnerability in ourselves through the suffering of others. One can imagine this reconfiguration possessing enough staying power to permit the other care categories to take hold, to last long enough to address ongoing needs. Alas, such permanency is under siege, say geographers, replaced by the flux, fluidity, and fragmentation of postmodernity. Place, we are told, cedes now to space. And thus, while

we look to theories of space to grapple with geographies of generosity, we should not negate the affirming relationship between place's bounded durability and extending care. How far we can care depends on the unique balance of stability in place and opportunities arising from space.

**Chapter 5:**  
**Andrew Bradbury triptych**

## **Sharing space: Click of a Bic**

Andrew Bradbury is what one would call all-Canadian. He sports a red Montreal Canadiens cap that presses down brown hair strands, framing his youthfully chubby, pinkish white face. The loose-fitted hooded sweatshirt and khaki pants that he wears do not conceal that he's fit and strong. As I shake his hand, I feel the confident, firm grip of a businessman.

We are at the office of United Way, a haven of banal civility, tucked safely on second floor office space of Fort McMurray's dusty main drag. Andrew's girlfriend who works for United Way has set up this meeting via email. Her boss, the organization's executive director, introduced us because she exemplifies Fort McMurray's 'positive outlook'. I've spoken to her twice on the phone and met her once in person. She's a go-getter for sure: neat, quiet, capable, professional. I assume she has 'voluntold' Andrew to sit for the interview.

Unlike the other interviewees with whom I chatted up before taping, Andrew's personality and voice are unknown. I wonder if he's wondering what I would be wondering: who is this person who wants to record my life?

All-Canadian too, I represent another archetype, one that hails from multicultural, big-city Toronto. It's a city mocked relentlessly as 'the centre of the universe'. I don't simply 'come from away' as a Newfoundlander would say, I come from the most hated place in the land. The contrast between Andrew and me could not be more apparent: Small town,

big city. White, black. Younger, older. Trades, academics. Man, woman. Sought, seeker. Where could we find common ground?

It's been said that the bits and pieces binding Canada together to form a coherent national narrative are few. Hockey and universal medical care may plausibly be the only two social objects that we see eye to eye on, that we deem to be definitive of the national character. No coin toss is required to decide which of the two best unites Andrew and me. He wears his allegiance.

The Montreal Canadiens. Goalie Patrick Roy. The Stanley Cup's parade last year in Harbour Grace, Newfoundland. Arm-and-a-leg tickets. The Oilers. In one instant the effort to break the ice becomes ours, the next it falters. I sense that Andrew is confident *and* uncomfortable. My worry is time. His girlfriend had cautioned me beforehand that his time is limited.

Time is tight, Andrew reminds me. He only has an hour or so. He takes a seat near the window of the corner office. I take a seat across the room from him. Dry reedy branches of a palm tree droop in the space between us. I feel far away. Andrew's voice is quiet and wary. He observes me as I turn on the tape recorder, move my chair closer, push away the plant.

Click, Click, Click, Click. Andrew presses the top of a Bic retractable pen in his left hand. Click. Click. The snaps go on and on. My nerves feel picked like banjo strings. Within six minutes, I reach a sonic limit.

RF: Can you describe your community?

AB: I don't know how would you describe it [long pause]. Click. Click. Click. Click. Click. What way are you looking for?

RF: Anyway you want to.

AB: Click. Click. Click.

RF: I'm going to take away the pen because in an hour when I hear this ...

Without permission, I extricate the pen from his clutch. Andrew looks startled. His rhythm, his space ruptured.

Resting the pen on the side of the desk, I feel calmed right away. So much for sharing authority, I think, immediately regretting the intrusion.

The shift in the interview dynamics reaps an unexpected reward. Andrew, who has previously answered questions with a few words strung together, hardly a sentence, begins to reply in full paragraphs splashed with Newfoundlander idioms. I can hear his calculations as he navigates place and time. I do not realize this until transcribing the tape a day later. In our hour and a half together, though, the pen-snatching faux pas looms in my imagined interview space.

Andrew's click of the Bic could be considered a dilution of intimacy in so far as it triangulates the sonic exchange – his voice, my voice, and the click. It would have been interesting to learn when the click would have stopped so that the sole sounds in the room were Andrew's voice and mine. Correspondingly, it would be noteworthy to observe if the clicking ceased at certain points in the interview or remained constant throughout. Pen clicks may at first glance appear peripheral to my primary focus, that being how place production and philanthropy relate. However, *if* Andrew was 'voluntold' to

participate, and *if* he telling his life to a stranger interfered with his sense of place, the pen could be symbolic of unwilling gift giving. Researchers should, Geoffrey Hawthorne advises, 'dance critically on the edge of every narrative ... pointing out the silences, pointing out the unspoken, undescribed others' (quoted in Spivak, 1990, 19). I chide myself for losing a segment of this opportunity.

That interview, one and a half hours in length, plus a fifteen-minute conversation on ethical guidelines and confidentiality forms, was the only time I spent with Andrew. Subsequent attempts to contact him through his girlfriend proved fruitless. They were very busy first getting ready to move and then moving into their first home. Afterwards, they went to Newfoundland for summer vacation.

I did sense that Andrew and I were developing a unique cadence and rapport as the interview progressed, but it would be hard to categorize our interview as shared authority in a traditional sense. Much more than the other interviews, I controlled the slate of questions. Conversely, Andrew was hard-fisted with time. These power poles are interrelated. If time was not pressed, the conversation could meander. If the interview meandered, a preference for sharing certain aspects of life would be revealed.

There are aspects of Andrew's life that remain very much unexplored. The strands of commentary about his relationship with his girlfriend are revealing, but I would have liked to explore this more. Furthermore, his older brother plays a prominent role in coaxing Andrew to Fort McMurray and helping him settle. Details of their relationship from childhood to present would have added much to the understanding of his family dynamics. The list of the narrative voids could go on and on.



Notwithstanding our short time together, I find fertile interpretative ground in both what Andrews says and what he does not. For example, his difficulty in completing sentences dealing with his parents' hard financial times evolves into the declaration of wanting a worry-free life. A good life. This desire is fulfilled in Fort McMurray, where Andrew states his life belongs to for the next 20 to 25 years. The past echoes in the present and the presently imagined future. The same can be said of his the foretelling of community involvement. The symbolism of his investing in visions of future voluntarism can be juxtaposed to his past gains in community connectivity through giving of time.

### **Challenging the notion of academic power**

Reflecting on the power dynamics of life-story interviews, academics have customarily posited the upper hand in many regards with the researcher (Miles and Crush, 1993; Cruikshank, 1998). This is due as much to the researcher's real or perceived elevated levels of socio-economic and educational status as to the structures and agency of the research agenda. I must confess that this claim of powerfulness has never *felt* right. On the one hand, I am a black, poor, single woman who, while in Fort McMurray, is spatially distant from her support network. Further, I am very much in need of the interviewee's story and time. The fact is *I need a gift*. Lévi-Strauss (1950, in Schrift, 1997) argues the gift giver establishes a relationship of non-equivalence, detrimental to level power relations. If we accept this premise, being needy of another's bequest and powerlessness conflate. On the other hand, as Miles and Crush explain, the 'positing of questions not normally formulated and posed, the imposition of a narrative form on memory, [and] the definition of a social relationship (interviewee-interviewer) not normally forged' (1993, 87) heighten my power.

Andrew's positionality cannot be disregarded in the construction of the social space of our interview. At 19 years of age, Andrew, an oil sands worker, likely earns \$100,000 or more per annum. Already he has purchased a home and expects to retire at age 45. He, his girlfriend and brother comprise a tight-knit social network. Yet untapped, his safety net of the broader Newfoundland network in Fort McMurray could be conceived as latent power or social capital. Even the tricky topic of 'race' kneads into consideration, white privilege being all but universally accepted. His youth is an active agent as well. He is *becoming*, his personhood being formed, both expanding and deepening his place of being. Moreover, critical to our power relationship, I propose, Andrew possesses the time and the story that I covet.

Let me try to rephrase the issue in different terms. Andrew sits down. I sit down, turn on the tape recorder and ask questions. Andrew depresses a retractable pen. We talk. These are spatial practices, observable by anyone looking at us through the office window. The potted palm plant, the desk and chairs, and the volume of space created by walling the room are representation of space. Missing to complete Lefebvre's theory of the production of social space is space of representation. Unseen by the human eye, the space's symbolism (including my contribution in its production) to Andrew is the alchemy of spatial practice, representations of space and his inimitable personal and cultural history. Always at crosscurrents, his production of social space is convolutedly dynamic.

I return to the pen-snatching one last time to expand on this point. Without the pen in his hand, Andrew becomes less reticent. What changed in his imaginations? Could his

appreciation of his girlfriend's leadership – 'she gives me that extra little push that I need' (Interview, 2009) – be associated with his change in disposition? Was the pen an evasive tactic used to deflect the intensity of the interview social space? How did the act of clicking hamper Andrew's ability to delve into and convey his personal history? I can't answer these questions. Using normalized academic thought of interviewee-interviewer dynamics, one would propose that both my snatching of the pen and Andrew's reaction correlate to my power-inscribed positioning. I propose that snatching the potency of an individual's unique spatial representations in space production in favour of a presupposed meta-narrative of academic power does not suffice.

Topsy-turvy to convention, this appraisal suggests the understanding of interview power dynamics should not anymore rely on long-held assumptions of who interviews and is interviewed. The fragments of identities so championed in post-modernism play out in interpersonal power dynamics. It may be more apt to view each interviewee-interviewer encounter as series of intimate points in space and time where complexly layered power oscillations occur. Space, therefore, opens to embrace alternative ways of comprehending personal power and to the vastness of individual imaginations and symbolisms.

Andrew's story evolves over the next few pages. While reading it, readers will be struck by how much Andrew could benefit from the knowledge that surfaces in the other life stories featured in this thesis. He is young. Learning about actions and consequences, unforeseen attachments and homeward deliberations of his elders may help Andrew map his life routes with added forethought. The stories may not get him to the destination he desires. They can only enrich his journey.

## **In search of the good life: The life story of Andrew Bradbury**

### **At home in Clarke's Beach, Newfoundland**

I'll be 19 in October.

I was born in St. John's in 1989. I lived in Clarke's Beach my entire life, and I went to Placentia for school. From St. John's, it's an hour drive. I obtained a trade: heavy equipment operator's.

[Clarke's Beach] is about 1,000. Small. Quiet. Like it's quiet. There's nothing. No noise. Very small. Just not too many people. It's not crowded. The community is pretty close together, but not like being in a city. [...] Everyone was friendly and pretty well know everybody. When I grew up, for the most part of my life, it was like that. But now it's growing. Getting bigger. And there are other people moving in. And I guess it was pretty much like any small town in Newfoundland. Everyone knows each other. Most people participate in the same thing. It's not a fishing town. That's one thing it's not. It's only a residential town. Most people would probably commute to St. John's. My dad and a lot of people commute to St. John's for work or down the other way around Bear Island.

It's just me and my brother, my dad and my mum. My brother is up here. He works in the oil sands. And he's five years older. I have one cousin up here.

My dad was a cabinetmaker. My mother, she worked in Bear Island. She was the manager of the Dominion Store. [...] Dad's 58. Mum's 51. So they're getting up there. [...] My extended family is fairly big. My mum has eight brothers and sisters. My dad has six. So Mom's family, I have seven aunts and one uncle. And my dad's family, I have four uncles and one aunt. My mom's side is a bit crazy. They're not shy. Well, both my families are like that. They like having fun. Like ... not very many of them live at home.

I delivered the paper my whole life while I lived back home. Even when I was older because they just didn't want me to quit. So I became close to a lot of people in the town. [...] I knew everybody. All the old people. All the young people. Everybody in town because I was around so much. So for me, when I go back home, I see lots of people that I know. But now that there's new people moving in and you don't really know anybody. The newer people that move in, so ... a little bit different.

Me and my brother played sports in the community. And I coached softball in my community for a couple of years. The first year, I was on the town grant when softball was started so I was paid for it for that year, but the next two years I went back just as a volunteer. My brother and me coached softball for a couple of years in the next community to us when we never had any softball. My parents, they always supported what we did. Everything. Every team that we were on.

I seen my parents struggle sometimes. My dad, he's got a very good job now, but before, in the past, sometimes he never, sometimes my mom she never...and I just find that when I seen them struggle, I knew what they went through and sometimes ...They had a strong influence on me and they wanted me to do good.

I don't want that [financial struggles] for me. My parents, me and my brother were never without. There's nothing they wouldn't do for us. But, you can see sometimes. I want to be able to just ... I never want to have to worry about anything ...financially, whatever.

How did [people] help each other? Well, there were a few charities. I don't think as many as here. Normally, if someone had a problem, they'd have benefit dances and dinners and do things for them. There would be a big turnout usually to help this person. And just people going out collecting coins or anything like that left in the convenience stores. They'd fill up pretty quickly. And donations to the Salvation Army and there was another one that I can't remember the name of. And they help each other out like that.

In my free time, I just hung out with my friends. Rent movies. Slept a lot. I changed every week what I wanted to do, so I really ... Actually, to tell you the truth, I always thought I would move away.

### **Training to leave**

I had never any interest in going to university. Never. [Heavy equipment] was just something that I liked and plan to do for now. And down the road, get more trades and change my job a bit and see what happens.

When I went and done this [heavy equipment operator's training], I didn't think I'd get a job in Newfoundland. I waited for a month [after graduation]. I was trying to get a job actually, but I got sick of that and so I just came here. I graduated college in March 17 last year and I got here May 2. I applied for a couple of jobs back home but I knew there was no chance because it's got to do with insurance rates for heavy equipment operators in Newfoundland. You've got to be over 25 or your insurance is ridiculously expensive and the companies won't pay for it. It's different here and there's more money.

I knew if I stayed home the chances for me to get a job were slim and that I would have to go back to school the next year and get another course and get myself further in debt. And I didn't want to do that. I worked at McDonald's for a year and I didn't want to do that anymore.

My brother was already up here. He's a [welder] by trade. [...] He really wanted me to come up. He begged me. I guess he wanted me around. He knew the chance I would get up here to make good money and have a good living. He wanted me to come up and I guess he wanted someone up here that was in his immediate family. I knew it was a great opportunity and it was a great chance for me to come here or somewhere else and make a good living.

[My parents] kind of knew I would be okay on my own. They had no problem with it. I was pretty mature and good with my money. They understood where I had to be, I guess. They're proud of how well I'm doing. [...] They weren't pushing me out the door or anything. But they knew I needed to do it, it was the best thing for me. So they supported it.

I seen other people moving away and just always wanted to move away so that I can experience different things that I couldn't experience in Newfoundland. I always wanted to go to a NHL game. Go to a baseball game. And I knew I couldn't do that. I knew I could go away and do that. But it's something that I wanted to do regularly. But I didn't know where. I knew it was going to be somewhere out west. It wasn't going to be central Canada, but I had no idea where it was going to be. I just knew I was going to move to the best spot I could find and where it would give me an opportunity. When [my brother] moved away and came here, I found out what it was. It did influence my decision of where to come, but not to move away.

### **'Where my life is to'**

The first thing I did when I got here? I said, Holy crap, where am I to? I was pretty, like, wow. In a couple days, I settled in. And when we got into an apartment, I got my stuff and you know, felt I had everything the way I wanted it and feel more at home.

I spent a lot of time in St. John's. This isn't a big place. St. John's is a lot bigger than this. Just to come here and see it, it wasn't what I expected. I was expecting it to be actually bigger. And just wondering, oh man, am I going to be able to? You know. Seeing it all in the dark, I was like, Okay. Just driving around after coming off the plane after an eighteen-hour day travel, I just wanted to go home and go to bed.

When I arrived [in 2008] I was living with my cousin and my brother. [My cousin] had an apartment when I came here. So I stayed there for about two or three days and then we moved into an apartment by ourselves [Andrew and his brother in Thickwoods].

[My girlfriend] came up one month after me. We talked about it [beforehand] and my cousin was up here. So when I came up [my brother and I] didn't have an apartment. I was going to stay with my cousin until we found an apartment and she was going to come after I had a job and after I had an apartment. And so, as I was coming across the country, my brother found an apartment and she booked her ticket that day to come up here.

It took a couple of months [to find a job]. I worked as labourer for three weeks. Then I moved to another job where I was operating heavy equipment in a scrap yard. I worked there for a month and I worked for a contractor and was operating heavy equipment for six months and I've been with Suncor for six and a half months so far.

Four jobs, yeah. This one is the permanent one.

[My girlfriend] came up here, and when she first got here, she looked for her job in her field for a week and couldn't find one. So she started working at the Dollar Store for a month. Then she took a human resources job and she was there for six months. Actually, the day I got the job with the contractor on site, she got a new job the next day in HR. And when I started with Suncor, she got this job here [at United Way] a week later.

I like that I have lots of opportunities up here. I had three, four, or five people phoning me and offering me a job. After turning them down, they say, Well, if you ever need a job just give me a call and you'll have one. I never met this person and they're going to give me a job. But in Newfoundland it wouldn't be quite the same. I mean, there is more job possibilities opening up now than when I left. But it's still not the same as up here. There's way more opportunities.

The position I was in then, wow. It's a lot better here. A lot easier. It's more comfortable. [Back home] I didn't like my job. I was working at McDonald's. I love my job now. I love where I work. The only thing is different is that if I could do this back home, I would rather be back home but I can't. Like people say: they only come up here to work. I don't feel that way. When I first came up here, I thought I was here to work. But now that I've been here for a year, I like it here. It's like a second home.

It's not overly ... like I wouldn't want to live in St. John's. St. John's is too big for me. I couldn't handle it. It's not overly big and you go in Thickwoods and Timberlea, it's pretty quiet. It's just downtown. That's pretty crazy. If you want to get away and go somewhere, Edmonton is only four hours, Calgary is eight hours. If you want to go away in Newfoundland, St. John's is an hour, but outside of that, you've got to go to Corner Brook, which is the other side of the province, 12 hours away. After that, you've got to go outside.

In order for me to be successful right now and have a good life, I need ... 'cause if I'm there [in Newfoundland], it's going to be harder on me for looking for work. Seasonal work, being laid off in the winter, I'd go crazy, especially in my field. Right here I can work here all-year round. I make a good living. There's lots of things for me to do and experience and just take in that I probably wouldn't get the chance to do in Newfoundland. You know like just driving around and seeing different parts of the country. Just different. Like going to different concerts that you'd never see back home because it's smaller. Living away makes you appreciate it more when you go back.

[What I appreciate about home is] how quiet everything is. Not Thickwoods where I live, but downtown [Fort McMurray] is fairly loud. I come downtown and the traffic is crazy. You go back home and you go the same distance in two minutes and there's no hectic.

I was back once in a year. It felt good to go home to be home for a while and see everybody and go home to see my mum, my dad, my aunts and uncles and my grandfather and see my friends and everything. It felt good. But then after a week or two, you want to come back to work. Get everything back going.

I miss home. You never forget it, no. I don't know how to explain how I miss home. I just miss. I guess, I miss home for a while and then when I went home in September, and seen everything that I grew up with and I realized when I came back up here that I didn't miss it so much. All I miss really is the quiet. I like, I always grew up with a big backyard. Lots of yard around where I live. Just come up here and you have this little, tiny area. It bugs me a little bit. But, I've got used to that.

What's changed? [pause]. Not too much. I didn't like to spend money before and I don't like to spend it now although I make more. Nothing really. I'm the same person. It's just my job and where I live, that's all. I still sit on the couch. I still play softball. I still play hockey. I play golf. I never played golf when I was home. I play golf now and I love playing golf.

What sense of belonging means to me? I guess where I belong ... it feels like where my life is to. And where I need to be. And when I feel I belong somewhere. Like now I feel that I belong here because this is where my life is to and this is where the best chances and the best opportunities for me. I feel as though I belong here because I'll be .... How do I put that? I don't know. It just feels like here is where I belong. And it's because it's where my life is to. And ... you know ... I like life back home, but it's here right now. Where I am right now in my life is where I need to be.

At the time when I was in Newfoundland until the time I was ready to leave, I thought that I belong there, yes. When I went home in September, I realized that if I was home I'd be working. All my friends are in university or college, and I wouldn't get the chance to catch up with them as much. And when you go home to see your family, after a while you get bored, there's nothing to do, and you want to get back here.

I'm about to move actually because I take my money for rent and put it in the toilet and flush it down. [Andrew laughs] We just bought a new trailer<sup>§§</sup> in Timberlea because I pay way too much for rent. And right now, it's a good interest rate and a good investment. Our move is rather easy because we don't have a lot of stuff. My brother will be [renting from me]. He loves that idea. Him being my older brother.

If I was home, well, you never know. I guess because I would be living with my parents rent-free and if I did happen to stumble on a good job in heavy equipment, I might [buy a house] because it's so cheap. But that wouldn't have bothered into any of my plans because what am I moving out [of my parents' house] for?

### **The rhythm of the oil sands shift**

When I was home, you didn't know what your schedule was going to be [working shift at McDonald's], but it's really good here because I know I'm going to work my six days. I'll see [my girlfriend] two hours at night. When I work nights, I see [my girlfriend] two

---

<sup>§§</sup> During summer 2009, the price of a new trailer is \$325,000 to \$450,000 depending on location and size.



hours before I go to work. On my days off, we have all the time in the world together. We can do what we want when she's not working.

Three days, three nights, and six days off. Every pay cheque is the same. Unless you work overtime. It's the exact same for the whole year. Right now, the first year, you don't have any vacation because you've got to save up. You don't earn your vacation until the next year. After that, we get two cycles, six stats holiday and two travel days. It works out to 40 or 50 days in a row, or you can take three sets of 18 days off in a row.

When I book my holidays in December, I plan to take a week or 18 days in March or February and 18 days at Christmastime. Summer: Newfoundland. In February or March, we're planning to go to Disneyland. And Christmastime, we'll probably stay home. Probably stay here. Even though it's minus 40. You just put on a pair of snow pants.



I get up 5:30 in the morning. I get dressed. Put my lunch in my book bag. Get washed. I [make my own lunch]. Sometimes [my girlfriend] will make my lunch. I can't lie. She'll do it when I'm working days, especially. She'll make my lunch or else I'll just pack something when I get home. And then I go to work. I catch the bus at 6:50. [The bus stop] is like a 2-minute walk. So I get on the bus. I go to work. I get dressed for work. I go out, get in my truck and drive all day. Eight o'clock, we come in from the mine, get ready to come back on the bus, go home nine or 10 after nine. Sit down. Have some supper. Watch some TV. Whatever. Relax for a couple of hours. Go to bed. 11:30 or 12. Wake up and do it all again the next day. When I work nights, I come home. I'll get washed. Go straight to bed. I get home probably about 10 to 9 on nights. I'll get to bed by 9:30 or I'll be asleep by 9:35. I get up around 4:00 or 4:30. Pack my lunch. Have supper. Sit down. Talk to [my girlfriend]. Relax. Then 6:50 again, I'm off to work again.

You see [your coworkers] every now and then. You'll go for a break and lug check\*\*\* or something like that. You'll get down and you talking to people. Or your truck will breakdown and you'll go talk to a few guys. And you see them on the bus, in the locker room. I mean I play hockey with the shift out there. I played hockey. You see them outside of work. But it's hard. Like I've not met everybody who works with me in the mine. I never will. There's 250 of us and sometimes your paths just don't cross.

### **Community involvement**

Here, I haven't really been involved in the community here yet. There wasn't an opportunity for the whole year that I was here because I worked everyday. It's only now that I've had some spare time so I'm enjoying my time home sitting on the couch. I guess I plan to [get involved] in some way shape or form, but I'm not sure right now. I'm not sure. [...] In the next little while, I'll get involved in more things that go on in the community because this is where I'll live for a while. This is going to be my home for a while. I hope to help it. Help it grow and make it a better place.

---

\*\*\* A lug check is inspecting the tightness of wheel bolts.

When I was [in Clarke's Beach], I wanted ... When I grew up and I played softball, our sports in our community stopped because no one would coach it. I didn't want that. I didn't like that. And I knew when I got older and I started being involved in it, it made me want to do more for it because when I was a kid it was really was important and [coaching] was very little for us to do sometimes. It was just to help everybody find something for their kids to do in the summertime especially.

Right now, I won't be involved in the community [in Clarke's Beach] right now because I'm living away and I'm living somewhere else. I want to be involved in the community that I live in. But when I go back, sure, I'll be involved in the community for sure in different ways.

**'You go away for a while and then you go back'**

[I'll be here] probably, 25, 20, 20 to 25 years. That's a long time. I'm not going to get another job. I will hopefully stay with this one for 25 years so it all works out pretty good. So that makes for early retirement. And for my future, I expect in the next couple years or next three or four years, we're going to move up the size of our house and in the next few years, I guess, well ... a long few years ... I guess we'll have a family.

I want to go home [to retire]. I honestly want to go home. I don't want to go home and do nothing. I've always wanted to start my own business in something. So that's what I plan to go home and do because everything is seeming to go, looking good back there. So I'll go home and see what happens.

[In Newfoundland], there's talk of oil, refineries, the mines, and the housing market is picking up and the prices are going up. There's more people coming there for work. I remember people always going away. Like a lot of people still go away, but there's a lot more work and more people staying home now than what it was. And hopefully that will continue to grow. If I thought I could get a great job in Newfoundland ...[pause]. Right now, I wouldn't leave [Fort McMurray] because I've got a great opportunity at Suncor to make good money and good pension and benefits. But if I had a good opportunity [in Newfoundland] in 10 years, I'd take it.

I like it here, but I always picture myself in Newfoundland. It's where I was born and raised. You go away for a while and then you go back. And it's cold here in the wintertime. Minus 40. We hit minus 35 for four weeks last year. It was crazy. They don't have the best weather in Newfoundland, but it's never that cold.

When I grew up, I always spent lots of time out in the yard of my parents. We had a big garden. Vegetables. Whatever. I really liked doing that. It's something that you can't do here unless you've got a big piece of land. And that's really expensive. I like doing that. It's a nice pastime for me in the summer. And it's quiet. It's just everything that ... I don't know.

I remember when I ... It was the first thing that I noticed the difference of, when I got off the plane in September. The air. It's ... It just smells fresh. My aunt and uncle always come from Ontario and they ride their motorcycle sometimes. They say they can go forever coming across the mainland, across Ontario, whatever. As soon as they get to Newfoundland, the fresh air hits them, they become really tired and it wears them out because they are not used to it.

Where I work, you get a lot of sulfur. And if you get a good wind from site, you'll get the smell in town of the tailing ponds. You don't get it a lot, but sometimes it's pretty bad.

### **A good, happy life**

There's not one thing that I can pinpoint right now and say that this is bad, if I could change it I would. Everything that I have right now and everything that is around me makes me happy. I have [my girlfriend]. I have a job that I like. I have my time off. And my ability to go places and see things and do different stuff and not me limited or worry about it. And I know that if I do need my family or anybody else, they're always still there for me. For everything that I do. It's a good thing.

I call my parents. I don't call my parents when I'm working. I don't have time with the time difference. But the six days [I'm off] I call them everyday or every second day. How everything is going? How are things going back there? Then you get into some gossip and things.

I only brought photos of [my girlfriend]. Oh, that's shocking. I didn't bring one of my parents. I didn't do it. [My girlfriend] is the only one I brought. The relationship that most important to me now is my relationship with [my girlfriend]. She drives me. I know what I want but sometimes I'm a little too lazy to go out and get it. And she gives me that extra little push that I need. Every now and then when I need a little jumpstart to do something ... 'cause I know I want to do it. I want to get it done and she'll give me that extra little shove.

I've been able to come up here and make a good life for myself and that's what I'm proud of. It's a good life that I enjoy.

A good life? Just ... I don't know how to put it into words. A good life ... I don't have worries or troubles. I don't have to think about working too hard. I work my six days, I take my six days off. I can go where I want to. Do what I want. It's just being free and doing it. And knowing that I'm not sick. That I'm healthy. There's nothing that I have to worry about. I don't have any family members who are sick that I have to worry about.

My biggest worry? They find an alternative source for oil. [Andrew laughs] Really, I'm not too worried about anything. Everything happens for a reason. I feel like I've done pretty good for myself. I just want to keep doing better. I always knew that I wanted to move away and just go and experience different things. But I always knew I wanted to come back.

## **The gift of place: A triptych of Andrew Bradbury's places of generosity**

In an effort to explore how philanthropic dispositions arise, I reread Andrew Bradbury's life story with an eye out for the genesis of gifts. What I found was an elaborate mixture of personal and cultural history crafting and sculpted by shifting social relations and personal needs, aspirations, imaginations that were bound up in his generosity. Let me call this the gift of place and speak about it more generally to set a path for the exploration ahead. From the body to the physical landscape, the materiality in which we are emplaced fluctuates in both detectable and untraceable ways. When conjuring a place where we had once lived, we seldom privilege its fluidity in our mindscape. More often than not, we invoke fixed memories, akin to a nodal approach, to delineate the sweeping movement of place. Thus the gifts of place unfold in a stop-motion fashion. Life-story methods provide a multitude of frames from various angles from which to piece together a facsimile of movement in such gifting.

In this essay, I strive to unpack the gifts of three interrelated 'places' of Andrew Bradbury: Newfoundland, Fort McMurray and youth. I will do so by interplaying Andrew's life story with those of the other Newfoundlanders presented in this thesis – 'Marie Callaghan', Tina Burden and Brian Hatfield. As well, theories of place and generosity and my experiences and perceptions are linked into the discussion. The socio-economic conditions of the localities, I suggest, produce distinct time-space articulations through which opportunities and predispositions (or lack thereof) to give emerge. Furthermore, there are times in life, I propose, that people are more apt or able to return the gifts given to them by others. Philosopher Rosalyn Diprose (2002) proposed that

unreturned gifts compile within bodies thereby storing power in the self. I will use her work to suggest that Andrew's particular life stage, situation, and imagination may contribute to the temporal displacement of the return of gifts received.

### **The gifts of Newfoundland**

In the preface to the Morningside edition of Yi-Fu Tuan's classic book, *Topophilia*, first published in 1974, the author speaks of his affection for the desert. 'I see it in purity, timelessness, a generosity of mind and spirit' (xi, 1990), he writes. I turn to his book every now and then to get my head around Newfoundlanders' zealous expounding on the sensual tactility of home. Invariably, at some point in a conversation with a Newfoundlander, the land, sea, and air would make an appearance like a free calling card to connect to home. Andrew speaks of quietness of Clarke's Beach, his hometown, and tells us about his family's large backyard and the ample garden it supports. Like the other life-story interviewees, he expresses a sense of loss by remembering Newfoundland's fresh ocean air. 'I could smell the salt. I could almost taste it. It was thick in the air,' says Marie, speaking of her return home (Interview, 2009). She performs her exhilaration of the memory physically by breathing in and out audibly in her Fort McMurray living room.

I perceive the tendency of Newfoundlanders to recount the sensorial joys of home as an emotive ritual based on cultural tradition as much as on personal experience. For I too stopped to smell the air, as Marie did, when first stepping outside the St. John's airport in summer 2008. It was a breezy night and the air was cool and light in flavour, not as heavy in taste as found in Montreal. The place that I had imagined based on varied media

became real. The air is *really* fresh, I thought. It spoke to me of being emplaced in nature. Bereft of the Newfoundland poems, novels, plays, and ample tourism ads bespeaking the air quality, however, I would have most likely picked up my luggage and hailed the first cab without pausing to taking note of the air.

As I breathed in and out, a young man driving a taxi came over and asked if I needed a lift into town. He took me to Memorial University of Newfoundland (MUN) and, without asking if I desired help, carried my luggage up to my room for me. A few weeks after my arrival, I fell climbing the cliffs on St. John's Signal Hill. Within minutes, a lad was offering me assistance. He even phoned his mother, a nurse working in Nova Scotia, to ask her for medical advice. Later that summer, when I was out to sea I experienced the salt, smells and terrible might of the ocean. Losing a life, it was easy to appreciate, could be as quick as a blink of the eye out there. After being rocked by the ocean, Loyola O'Brien of the O'Brien clan of Bay Bulls, Newfoundland, drove me back to my socio-spatial place at MUN.

Along the winding road, O'Brien spoke about the beauty of the land. I was unimpressed, for the coniferous forest surrounding the road paled in beauty to what I had seen in other parts of Canada. And peering back to my early-years travels in rural Ontario, Newfoundlanders' bigheartedness is not exceptional. Yet O'Brien's passion about and generosity to the landscape made a deep impression on me. Newfoundlanders, it appears, count their blessings and *root* out loud. The dialectic of two sorts of rooting – audible encouragement and becoming entrenched – is played out habitually thereby renewing mythologizes of place. It's a strategic gift, I say, to *believe* in the beautiful and awful

power of place and to return that gift in generosity to the place itself, to oneself and to others.

Places, writes Tuan, 'are strong visceral feelings' but are seldom experienced as such because this sort of primeval attachment 'presupposes rootedness in a locality and an emotional commitment to it that are increasingly rare' (1975, 164). Repeated sensorial experiences that position humanity as infinitesimal and impermanent and nature as grand and enduring define space. They create affective interpersonal bonds that are productive and celebrative of generosity. The way I read it, the rootedness of Newfoundlanders stems as much or more from opposition to nature as to opposition to people. Just recently in July 2010, two fishermen and two boys drowned off the coast of Twillingate, Newfoundland. The stories of death at sea repeat year after year. Life-affirming stories juxtapose such tragedies. The lasting Newfoundlander narrative of openness to others, as discussed below, for example, could be seen as anchorage similar to the perennial gift of fresh air entering open lungs. The words of Tuan have the eloquence that I lack:

The city or land is viewed as mother and it nourishes; place is an archive of fond memories and splendid achievements that inspire the present; place is permanent and hence reassuring to man, who sees frailty in himself and chance and flux everywhere.

(1977, 154)

'Vitality is a gift of nature,' writes geographer Philip Porter, 'unequally distributed among people ... and makes possible a largeness of spirit and the achievement of virtue' (2000, 336). He was speaking of Tuan's personality, but the passage conveys precisely one gift of 'The Rock' to its people.

The openness of Newfoundlanders to others pops up in every life story featured in this thesis. Although it is difficult to know whether this openness is a generic trait of

Newfoundlanders, of those who move, or just of the ones I interviewed, I see a similarity between this study and that of Uma Kothari (2008). She researched the ‘cosmopolitan sensibility’ of Senegalese transmigrants, illustrating how they espouse ‘notions of toleration and openness to the world’ (Kothari, 2008, 510). Diprose interpreted corporeal generosity as the bodily predisposition allowing gifts to be exchanged, being receptive of others and to *touch* others (Diprose, 2002; Barnett and Land, 2007). Marie uses her husband’s saying, ‘A stranger is a friend you haven’t met’ (Interview, 2009), as a mental tool to change her behaviour in favour of openness to people outside of her social circle. Upon moving to Fort McMurray, Tina makes a conscious decision ‘to be happy’ and thankful ‘for the opportunities that do happen’ (Interview, 2009). Brian’s positive attitude pulls people towards him. It could be that cultural or ethnic communities with an extended migratory history have developed traits of corporeal generosity that enable their socio-spatial networks to expand globally. These sociability traits serve Andrew well, I suspect. He tells us how well liked he was as a paperboy in his hometown. As mentioned in the ‘Sharing space’ exposition, he presents himself as an up-and-coming young adult. Further, the positive reaction of his employers in Fort McMurray attest that he, as a worker and a person, is valued.

Other gifts of Newfoundland overlap and contrast the gifts of rootedness and openness mentioned above. The province’s unrelenting history of severe economic downturns has left an indelible mark on the psyche of Newfoundlanders (Bryon, 2002; Nolan, 2007). To consider economic misery a gift may appear disingenuous. I use the lyrics of Somali-Canadian hip-hop artist, K’naan, as credence for the thought. In the 2009 song, ‘Take a Minute’, he sings of the civil wars he survived in his homeland. K’naan states ‘... every



time I felt the hurt, I felt the givin' gettin' me up off the wall' and thanks 'Dear Africa ... for showing me to give is priceless.' Similarly, the life stories of the Newfoundlanders highlight the transformation of bad times to good deeds.

For example, spurred by the lack of children's sporting activities in a neighbouring town, Andrew volunteered to coach the team. He did so because the benefits that he derived from sport were important to him. He felt that other children deserve the same opportunity. Likewise, Tina's passion for helping homeless people in Fort McMurray grounds in her understanding of having a family who are willing and able to help her out. The force of personal experience mixed with empathy, therefore, propelled Andrew's and Tina's philanthropic actions. This gives reason to contest the dichotomous conception of generosity and justice. Heretofore, generosity has been paired with partiality, particularity, and proximity while the value of justice is coupled with impartiality, universality and distance (Barnett and Land, 2007; Smith, 1998). As I see it, Andrew's sense of justice is paired with his generosity. Universalisms too – for example, children deserve to the right to play – appear bound to generosity. Perhaps, the theoretical dualisms need to be reworked. Instead, academics should look at the process of how individuals attain a sense of what is just and good to test conceptual platforms.

Connected to Andrew's narrative of volunteerism, I propose, is the continued high rate of outmigration from Newfoundland's small villages due mainly to limited job opportunities. The province's population slipped 12.1% or 69,841 persons between 1991 and 2006 (Government of Newfoundland & Labrador, 2006). Media and government reports during this time lament the decline in residents to sustain social services, clubs

and activities that weave the fabric of community life (Beaton, 2008; Higgins, 2008; Moore, 2007; Government of Newfoundland & Labrador, 2006). In her 2008 *Chatelaine* magazine article on Atlantic Canada's outmigration, Eleanor Beaton notes the loss of adult males in particular has unraveled the social fabric of communities. She writes:

The biggest concern might be what doesn't happen when the men are away. Little-league teams, community groups and fire departments have all been hit by the loss of male volunteers, while the women left behind are so overloaded with the demands of running a home solo that many can no longer spare the time to take their place.

(Beaton, 2008, 177)

The male exodus, it could be conceived, opened space for Andrew's fulfillment of community needs through voluntarism. This speaks to a paradox of philanthropy: it arises in conditions it strives to rectify. It may be that Andrew's ways of seeing the world and his place in it have been attuned from his early-years volunteer experiences. Results from the Canadian Survey of Giving, Volunteering and Participating (Hall, 2007) indicate that Andrew, as someone who started volunteering at a young age, is likely to volunteer when he is older. Further, through his newspaper delivery job, he got to know everybody in his hometown. He is a prime candidate for becoming a 'public' man, someone who engages voluntarily in activities that benefit the community. Importantly, he predicts he will again contribute to the public realm.

Yet, the economic hardships that drove people away from Newfoundland communities affected Andrew's family as well. These adversities have shaped some of Andrew's needs and aspirations. One of the most moving life-story segments is his conveyance of his parents' financial difficulties. Andrew struggles to complete his sentences, to make known the impact of money problems:

I seen my parents struggle sometimes. My dad, he's got a very good job now, but before, in the past, sometimes he never, sometimes my mom she never...and I just find that when I seen them struggle, I knew what they went through and sometimes... They had a strong influence on me and they wanted me to do good.

I don't want that [financial struggles] for me. My parents, me and my brother were never without. There's nothing they wouldn't do for us. But, you can see sometimes. I want to be able to just ... I never want to have to worry about anything ...financially, whatever.

(Interview, 2009)

The 'strong influence' that Andrew speaks about, I think, relates to his present-day disposition to money and his aspirations. Like Brian, Andrew learned to respect and save money as a child and he continues to plan prudently for his future. Unlike portraits that depict youth as lost, disillusioned and disoriented (Mort, 1996; Mahdi *et. al.*, 1996), Andrew knows what he desires. He seeks 'a good life' (Interview, 2009) devoid of the economic hardships that his parents experienced and, for the most part, are synonymous with Newfoundland's socio-economic history. A similarity to Tina Burden's life story is evident. Tina made a conscious decision to avoid the time-space spousal separation that her parents and generations of Newfoundland families experienced. While not communicated explicitly as Tina's decision, Marie made the same choice. There is a knowing of what your values are that is apparent in these life stories. This knowledge is another gift of The Rock.

We see from the life stories featuring in this thesis that Newfoundlanders, despite apprehension and occasional hostility, migrate and adapt successfully. There persists in the imagination of many of them, however, the return home. Even living away from Newfoundland for 31 years, Brian cannot entirely stamp out the thought of returning home. Of the life-story and informal interviewees, only Tina, who is firmly committed to keeping her immediate family together, had expunged the idea. A newcomer to Fort

McMurray, Andrew shows no hesitancy in stating that he will move back. Two examples bring this point to the fore. First, he outlays his retirement plans:

I want to go home [to retire]. I honestly want to go home. I don't want to go home and do nothing. I've always wanted to start my own business in something. [...] I like it here, but I always picture myself in Newfoundland. It's where I was born and raised. You go away for a while and then you go back.

(Interview, 2009)

Second, he imagines himself as a hometown volunteer in the future. He says:

Right now, I won't be involved in the community [in Clarke's Beach] right now because I'm living away and I'm living somewhere else. I want to be involved in the community that I live in. But when I go back, sure, I'll be involved in the community for sure in different ways.

(Interview, 2009)

I think that the idea of being philanthropic in Clarke's Beach, a belonging to the public realm staked out in advance of actual realization and therefore potentially precipitous of future events, overlaps his imagination of eventual return to home. We see at work the 'myth of return', a central concept of diaspora literature (Cohen, 1997; Safran, 1991). The presentation of imagination in this regard allows Andrew to place his eggs in more than one basket, to use a familiar phrase. It reminds me of how residents of rural outports diversify their income generation so that if one job disappeared they could subsist on others (Byron, 2002; Cadigan, 2002). Andrew's foresight is bi-nodal. It keeps his options open all the while maintaining socio-spatial anchorage in Newfoundland. And why shouldn't he? As he points out, Newfoundland is changing.

In Andrew's narrative, we feel the tug of home as he becomes more firmly entrenched in Fort McMurray. Often he appears moving forth in Fort McMurray while looking at Newfoundland through the rear-view window. He navigates between the two locales, sure of his directionality at one point and then hesitating in the next:

[In Newfoundland], there's talk of oil, refineries, the mines, and the housing market is picking up and the prices are going up. There's more people coming there for work. I remember people always going away. Like a lot of people still go away, but there's a lot more work and more people staying home now than what it was. And hopefully that will continue to grow. If I thought I could get a great job in Newfoundland ...[pause]. Right now, I wouldn't leave [Fort McMurray] because I've got a great opportunity at Suncor to make good money and good pension and benefits. But if I had a good opportunity [in Newfoundland] in 10 years, I'd take it.

(Interview, 2009)

Newfoundland's development of offshore oil deposits has reinvigorated the province's economy. From 1997 to 2007, the three offshore oil projects produced 867 million barrels of crude oil, worth about \$46 billion (Higgins, 2009). The industry accounted for 36 per cent of the provincial GDP in 2009 (Canadian Association of Petroleum Producers, 2009b). Statistics indicate that wealth has not trickled down to improve the lot of most Newfoundland workers. Only 2,851 workers were employed directly by the oil and gas sector in 2007 (Higgins, 2009). In total, 7,000 direct and indirect jobs have been created by the sector (Canadian Association of Petroleum Producers, 2009b). Income levels of Newfoundland residents still lag well behind that of other provinces (Statistics Canada, 2006a). The rumors of an influx of migrants, including people coming back from away, prove to not live up to the facts. The province's population did grow by 2,484 between 2008 and 2009 but the 2009 province-wide head count of 508,925 remains lower than that of the mid-2000's and the 1990's (Newfoundland & Labrador Statistics Agency, 2009). However, the Government of Newfoundland and Labrador announced in November 2008 that it no longer would be a recipient of federal equalization payments. This marks a break-through for the province and I imagine renewed coming-home dreams of Newfoundland expatriates.

The province's boom and bust economic cycle, played out for centuries, serves as

coquetry, a come hither wink and a playing of hard-to-get to pique the interests of distanced suitors. The plans to return of Andrew and others may not materialize, yet there is a feeling among the Newfoundlanders whom I interviewed, aptly described by Richler (2007: 317), 'that home is a place where most things, including themselves, wash up eventually.' Although those who come back from away have to 'get on the block again' and 'start all over again' (Marie Callaghan interview, 2009), Newfoundland provides space for drifters who ebb and flow to economic currents. This is another gift.

### **The gifts of Fort McMurray**

Sitting on the edge of and serving the immensely profitable oil sands industry, Fort McMurray is often called by media and locals alike 'Fort Mac' or 'Fort McMoney'. Six-figure salaries are common for on-site oil sands labourers. Workers in the city's services industry can expect a wage that is more than double that of elsewhere in the country. It is not surprising that the financial aspirations of Andrew and the other interviewees are met there. So are many of their social aspirations. Marie unifies her family. Tina stays home to raise her children. Brian becomes a community leader in keeping with his family's tradition. Andrew eliminates money problems from his concerns. Fort McMurray allows these individuals to attain their ideals.

For example, since arriving in Fort McMurray, Andrew has worked exceedingly hard, gained a good reputation as a worker, and has garnered a plum position working onsite. His list of desires to 'experience new things' (Interview, 2009), go to a professional hockey game, go to Disneyland and so forth are being checked off one by one. I interpret these ambitions as seeking the commodity of spectacle, a different version of the jacked-

up pick-up trucks and Hummers carousing Fort McMurray streets. They are rites of passage, I believe, that keep Andrew happy and entertained, and, importantly, in-line or ahead of his peers. In his own eyes, he is moving up in the world. We can compare his experiential gains in Fort McMurray to his sense of stagnation and lack of purpose back home:

At the time when I was in Newfoundland until the time I was ready to leave, I thought that I belong there, yes. When I went home in September, I realized that if I was home I'd be working. All my friends are in university or college, and I wouldn't get the chance to catch up with them as much. And when you go home to see your family, after a while you get bored, there's nothing to do, and you want to get back here.

(Interview, 2009)

When Andrew gets back to Fort McMurray, his job keeps him busy. It sets the frame for his inhabitation of time-space. With his earnings, he can recreate his homeland in the fashion he desires. From what I've seen, Newfoundlanders reproduce the touch, sights, sounds and smells of home in many different ways. From setting aside a room in their home to celebrate Newfoundland culture, buying junk food that reminds them of home, cooking up a jigs dinner, watching Newfoundland television or listening to radio broadcasts, moving to a location within the city that has similar sounds and sights to that of home, to joining the Newfoundlanders Club. These activities re-establish their sense of belonging that was lost in the spatial transition.

In some ways, it could seem as if Andrew has not left Newfoundland at all. Fort McMurray serves as a major node of Newfoundlanders' interconnected social network that extends spatially around the world. A welcome mat spread out before all of the life-story interviewees arrived. The mat appears in different forms: from familiar comforts of home such as food, media, and vocal accents to formal support from local clubs and

union offices made up of Newfoundlanders to the reputation of Newfoundlanders as reliable workers. This aid, coupled with his brother's assistance, I think, facilitated Andrew's speedy adaptation to Fort McMurray. It was there even if Andrew didn't ask for help. If we look back to the definition of place as conceived by Malpas (1999), we can draw the conclusion that Fort McMurray's 'social ordering' in many ways is productive and enactive of Newfoundland. As Tina Burden says, 'It's been given to me' (Interview, 2009). It's a gift. So when Andrew tells us, 'I've been able to come up here and make a good life for myself and that's what I'm proud of' (Interview, 2009), his words evoke the unspoken, unseen nature of the gift (Portes, 1998). As Peggy Levitt summarizes, migrant social networks 'extend beyond the chains of social relations and kin that are specific to each person located within them' and therefore personal socio-economic achievements 'cannot be viewed in isolation' (2001, 197) from the network itself.

Nor can Andrew's achievements be viewed without taking into consideration the gifts of the biosphere that has produced such a bounty of tar sands. It should be pointed out that Fort McMurray is not merely a blank landscape on which Newfoundlanders reconstruct home and engage in diasporic connections. Various descriptions of the built and natural environment can be found throughout this thesis so I will not repeat them here. What I gather from the interviewees is that Fort McMurray was not a case of love at first sight. They have grown to respect the city for the money and security it provides. Other than expressing gratitude for these benefits, the Newfoundlanders for the most part consider Fort McMurray as 'home for now' (Tina Burden interview, 2009). Andrew, only 1.5 years into his stay, echoes this bent. His discourse lacks the bluntness of 'You work here.



You save your money. And you get the hell out' ('Three's company', page 110 above).  
The meaning, I suspect, is the same.

Evidently, the city has become the butt of Newfoundlanders' jokes. During the August 11, 2010 edition of *The Debaters*, a nation-wide radio show of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, Newfoundland comic John Sheehan said the following:

Fort McMurray is to Newfoundland what a litter box is to a cat. You go in there. You do your business. Then you leave.

(Sheehan, *The Debaters*, 2010)

The image is evocative and smacks of ungratefulness. It contrasts Newfoundlanders' sense of indebtedness to their homeland as reflected in their audible and unremitting praise of its land, sea and air. When reciprocating the homeland's generosity, I think their gifting produces and comprises social ties of a cherished place. Fort McMurray, on the other hand, may provide for one's fortunes but at best it will never be more than a second love.

As is often with human treatment of the environment, the gift of nature is taken as a right in Fort McMurray. If we consider the world as given or the 'world-as-gift', as postmodern philosopher Mark Manolopolous (2009) asks us to do, then its materiality should be bound by the circle of reciprocity. Such inanimate-animate circulation of generosity is not far-fetched when we take into account the nature-based belief-systems of American Indian spirituality (King, 2003) and the moral codes of shamanism, among other spiritual traditions. In fact, it is conceivable that normative rules of the gift emerged out of humanity's perception and experience of the environment alongside with negotiating group interpersonal relations.

Numerous interpretative and overlapping routes can be taken to explain the general lack of generosity to the Athabasca region's natural environment. It could be proposed that the gift of the raw nature is returned through philanthropy to the human-made community. Or one could suggest that the return of the gift is temporally and spatially displaced to the homeland or elsewhere. In this regard, perhaps affective distancing from Fort McMurray sustains and reinforces the positive affective bonds to the homeland. Although Tuan might not have considered the dialectical implication, his thought that '[f]amiliarity breeds affection when it does not breed contempt' (1990, 99) fits aptly. Moreover, it is plausible that the gift of nature, being a true gift in the Derridian sense, is not thought of as a gift at all. If this is the case, a gift surplus has and continues to be accumulated unbeknownst by Fort McMurray inhabitants.

Let me connect thematically the environmental degradation caused by the multinational oil sands industry and the international overfishing that depleted cod stocks off the coast of Newfoundland to the latter proposition. If we accept Manolopolous' concept of the gift as a relation between excess (gratuity, linearity) and exchange (gratitude, return), the accumulation of environmental gifts breaks the cycle of reciprocity needed to sustain equilibrium between humans and the environment. As Andrew notes, his sole worry is that someone will find an alternative source for oil (Interview, 2009). His statement acknowledges that tar sand extraction, which I consider to be an unrequited gift, will continue unless the global market economy finds a more profitable energy supply. I link the thought of the territory as an unrequited gift to Diprose's feminist reading of corporeal generosity. 'If individual sovereignty is claimed,' she tells us, 'something has

been taken from the other without acknowledgement of the accompanying debt to the other incurred' (2002, 8).

### **Youth and the unreturned gift**

I think there are times in life, however, when people are more apt to store up on gift. At age 19, Andrew is at a life stage marked by crafting one's self identity through spatial distancing from parents and childhood peer group, establishing one's self through work or education and through engaging in intimate relationships (Weiten, 2009). 'Self-identity cannot be constituted without a production of difference between the self and the other,' Diprose (2002, 7) reminds us. Andrew illustrates this production of distance/difference in several ways. He brings only photos of his girlfriend, not those featuring his parents, to Fort McMurray. Further, he states that his girlfriend is now the most important person in his life (Interview, 2009). Lastly, his adult identity development and the disjuncture between home and adopted land coincide. While place is constantly being produced throughout life, at Andrew's stage of development it is more apparent. And it may preoccupy his time and space: according to the Canadian Survey of Giving, Volunteering and Participating, he falls within the age group least likely to donate time and money to charitable organizations (Hall, 2009).

We refer commonly to young adults as 'getting settled' or 'settling into a new life'. I propose it is a life stage when 'selective forgetting' (Diprose, 2002, 8) of gifts given is socially acceptable and serves as an agent of place production. At the moment, Andrew is creating a node for his family in Fort McMurray through his relationships with his Newfoundland-born girlfriend and brother and the purchasing of a home. He sustains

connections to the family's primary node in Newfoundland through phone calls and visits to family back home. He is well underway to attaining the life he desires. He know this, as per his description of his present state in Fort McMurray:

There's not one thing that I can pinpoint right now and say that this is bad, if I could change it I would. Everything that I have right now and everything that is around me makes me happy. I have [my girlfriend]. I have a job that I like. I have my time off. And my ability to go places and see things and do different stuff and not me limited or worry about it.

(Interview, 2009)

Place and security giving rise to mobility are integral to the narrative above. It seems to me that there exists a latent energy in place and security that permits the *choice* of mobility to seek difference. At the moment, from the security of place, Andrew calls the shots in his life. I contrast his 'ability to go places and see things and do different stuff' (Interview, 2009) to the forced mobility that plunged Marie Callaghan into difference against her will. His freedom and feelings of unlimited potential, I believe, is the power upon which philanthropic excursions, or contribution to the public realm, may be built. Beforehand, however, Andrew uses his personal power to construct a private persona.

Looking to the previous sections of this essay, I interpret an abundance of gifting to Andrew in specific and to Newfoundlanders in general. I suggest that undermining of or revoking on gift reciprocity occurs in Fort McMurray. Says Diprose, '... in claiming freedom and property as one's own, something has already been taken from others' (2002, 8). Could it be that devaluing or forgetting gifts given leads to the production of place? I think the answer is affirmative. If we pause, ordering space and time into permanence, to note the security of our singularity of being (Tuan 1997, in Cresswell, 2004; Harvey, 1996), then hiatuses in gifting can be conceived as asserting individualism and independence needed to produce a place of one's own.

Andrew predicts his private realm will continue growing to eventually include a wife and children. These roles will add to his identity development and signal passage into another life stage. They, coupled with early-years experiences, correlate to increased probability to volunteer, according to the 2007 Canada Survey of Giving, Volunteering and Participating (Hall, 2009). Thus Andrew is a prime candidate for growing out of the nestling stage. Perhaps after the youthful phase of private-sphere construction, after the rhythms of oil sands life seep into Andrew's being, when his body knows the work schedule in the same exactitude as of Brian, he will escape the bounded spaces of work and home to seek philanthropic engagement.

In the cases of Marie and Tina, we note that the presence of children motivates giving to communal spaces such as school and religious organizations. This may be a female gendered response, an extension of their domestic care to the public sphere. Perhaps as an adult who continues to be involved in sports, Andrew will follow in Brian's footsteps. Brian's first instances of philanthropic activity relate to sporting events. Like Andrew, he had a childhood filled with sports. According to European and Australian reports, men tend to volunteer in sports more than women (GHK, 2009; Volunteering Australia, 2005). Again, gender, it appears, is a determinant of the type of volunteer activities chosen and thus reproduces the dichotomy of space production between the sexes. Moreover, sports-related philanthropy extends the spectacle of youth and vitality.

By giving of self through gift giving, it is theorized, we reduce 'traces of difference' (Derrida, 1981, in Diprose, 2002, 7) that actively and passively produce social inequalities. Here, we can use Brian's philanthropy as an example. It took him five years

after settling in Fort McMurray before he started volunteering. Now, with 31 years of working for Syncrude under his belt, and without having an injury, he is set to retire. He informs us that he counts his blessings of having a family, friends and a home. Through ample everyday generosity, he expresses gratitude for a good life. Giving to him, it appears, is as much a hobby as it is a second vocation and a joy. These benefits from giving contest the monotony and impersonal nature of onsite labouring in the oil sands. In fact, the emotional benefits from giving are so grand that I think Brian is hooked on giving. His wife says he's going to die a poor man because his donations never cease.

We can make a direct connection between Brian's continuous giving and the theory of Diprose (2002). She asserts:

The generosity and gifts of some (property owners, men, wage earners, whites) tend to be recognized and remembered more than the generosity and gifts of others (the landless, women, the unemployed, indigenous peoples, and immigrants). It is in this systematic, asymmetrical forgetting of the gift, where only the generosity of the privileged is memorialized, that social inequities and injustice are based.

(2002, 8)

Diprose adds:

... asymmetrical forgetting of generosity ... depends on asymmetrical evaluation of different bodies. Some bodies accrue value, identification, and recognition through the accumulating the gifts of others and at their expense.

(2002, 9)

Reading Brian's philanthropy through this lens, he releases his bodily accumulation of gifts, thereby minimizing difference between him and others, and constituting him as part of the collective 'us'. And, as Tina reminds us, this willingness 'to sacrifice [oneself] for the benefit of others' (Interview, 2009) is vital to retaining Newfoundland culture. I suspect it is also vital in retaining Brian's sense of self.

Interestingly, a large space opens up for community volunteers to fill with Brian's retirement. He is looking for someone just like Andrew to take over some of his charity work. Following into Brian's footsteps would be a way for Andrew, I think, to recreate a sense of place that he had in Clarke's Beach, where he felt he knew the whole community. And that is precisely what young Andrew intends to do:

I guess I plan to [get involved] in some way shape or form, but I'm not sure right now. I'm not sure. [...] In the next little while, I'll get involved in more things that go on in the community because this is where I'll live for a while. This is going to be my home for a while. I hope to help it. Help it grow and make it a better place.

(Interview, 2009)

### **The politics of the gift**

Today on August 14, 2010, as I write the ending to this interpretative essay, 100 Aboriginal elders from six First Nation communities are holding a 'healing walk' in the Athabasca Oil Sands. The 13-kilometre walk is a peaceful protest against the environmental degradation caused by the oil industry. Andrew's words, the narratives of the other Newfoundlanders, images of the walk, and thoughts of elders, youth and gift theory jumble in my head. I grope for greater meaning.

To Tuan, 'environmental problems ... are fundamentally human problems. And human problems, whether they are economic, political or social, hinge on the psychological role of motivation, on the values and attitudes that direct energies to goals' (1990, 1). In this essay, I have put forth a proposed road map to understand Andrew's personal values, aspirations, needs and opportunities as they relate to different places. To a large degree, the inextricable bond between Newfoundland culture and environment, I suggest, is productive of his current disposition in Fort McMurray. Moreover, it seems to me that the socio-cultural and physical environment are integral to gift exchange. Further, there are

places (such as Fort McMurray) and times in life (such as youth), I propose, where the cycle of reciprocity is broken at worst or dawdling at best.

If we take to heart the propositions that devaluing or forgetting gifts given leads to the production of a place and that young people are likely to store up gifts, then we can better grasp the commonly held attitude of Newfoundlanders towards the Athabasca region. Andrew and other Newfoundlanders 'come from away'. They are new to, young in the area. They seek to noticeably (re)produce a place that signifies their escape from the union with their mother/fatherland. This plays out in a distancing/differentiating from economic hardships associated with home. At the same time, they try to retain as much as possible the 'good life' of Newfoundland. Sustaining their connection to Newfoundland varies from recreating home in Fort McMurray to distancing themselves from affection or love of the adopted locality.

'Awareness of the past,' Tuan points out, 'is an important element in the love of place' (1990, 99). Some Aboriginal leaders who took part in the healing walk spoke of their childhood in the region and how they once fished and picked berries where tailing ponds now exist. I was struck by the similarity between their sensorial and utility appreciation of the land and Newfoundlanders' admiration of their island home. What fascinated me most, however, was that Andrew's sole worry – the finding of an alternative oil source – equates to the hopes of the Aboriginal elders. I think his feeling of not being limited falls into the same equation. One person's gift of place negates that of another. The contradiction of desires of the 'elders' and 'youth' makes noticeable the politics of the gift.



## TEN SHORT STORIES OF FORT MCMURRAY

### **Where do you come from?**

Somali-Canadians drive the cabs. They are men in their forties and fifties who escaped the civil wars ravishing their homeland twenty to thirty years ago. Most have permanent homes and families back in Toronto, Ottawa, Saskatoon, Calgary... Lebanese-Canadians own a good portion of the fast-food joints and corner stores. The teenager behind the cash register of a small grocery tells me he's from Brazil. "Really," he says as if I don't believe him, "I grew up in Brazil." His mother is at the back of the store baking Lebanese meat pies. She wears a Muslim headscarf and speaks English with a Toronto accent. She comes from Lebanon, she says. South Asian-Canadians from Edmonton have opened an Asian-fusion restaurant that reportedly serves good food. I go there and am greeted by a bunch of South Asian and Filipino-Canadian men working in the open kitchen. One joins me for lunch. He's from Madagascar and in Canada on a visitor's permit. "Where do you come from?" the woman who manages the cafeteria at the local college asks me. "Montreal," I reply. She's also from Montreal. Originally from India. She slips away from her job for a moment to sit with me at the cafeteria table. We talk about money and work. She calls a colleague over, another exile from Montreal. Three visible minority women whose families come from far-flung parts of the globe connect through Montreal and Fort McMurray. At McD's in Walmart a trio of Quebecois change to English to order then back to French in less than 20 seconds. A smile arises on the video store cashier's face, "Yep, I'm from Fort McMurray," she says. Eureka! I've found someone born here. The search has taken seven weeks and I'm eager to have an off-the-record chat. She declines politely. With her hushed Fort McMurray background uncovered and out of grasp, she moves onto the next customer in line renting videos on Friday night.

### **People just like me**

Last night my neighbour drove me home from an interview in Thickwoods. It took him 10 minutes to start talking money. His three-bedroom home is probably worth \$700,000 if he put it on the market, he said. He's got three boarders living in the basement and he's pretty strict about them making any noise. It was late in the evening, around 10 p.m., and the sun was up enough to paint the sky grey white, the kind of blot that looks like soiled snow in late winter. My mind drifted to the math. He's been here since 1987 so his house is likely paid off. Three boarders pockets him \$2,400 or more a month. Plus Syncrude salary. I was calculating the crude so to speak when he mentioned AA and how he found people just like him there.

He noticed my gaze and looked straight ahead at the road. "Quitting drinking. Alcohol problems. Family problems from the alcohol. Stuff like that," he explained. When a man begins to explain his life, tell you who he is in real hard terms, it's special. I remained silent not knowing what to say or whether to return the gift. "That's why I started volunteering with the food bank," he continued. "They're just like I was." We passed the rear of the downtown McD's and went by the overflowing dumpsters with garbage bags and bent-up furniture strewn here and there and turned onto potholed McLeod Avenue where homes valued up to a \$1 million are found.

### **It's not Vegas but ...**

Everybody is in a hurry. In Fort McMurray, you're living on a 24-hour clock. This place never stops. It's not Vegas but the work never stops. You can drive from here to the plant at 3 o'clock in the morning and the highway is never empty. I think that any time that I've been on Highway 63 going north to these plants, there is always traffic. It never stops. It's 365 days a year 24 hours a day that those plants are running. They're running. There's always people moving.

- Cliff from Nova Scotia in Fort McMurray

### **Time-space compression blues**

Stuck on Highway 63

Nothin' but a line of trucks ahead of me

Takes two hours to get to the mine

Swearin' n' honkin' to make me on time  
I've got the time-space compression blues  
Don't let 'em fool ya with their news  
Nothin' sped up, slow time ticks away  
Got a full shift of oil mining today  
I've got the time-space compression blues  
Don't let 'em fool ya with their news  
Sixteen hours a day for the pay  
Ain't no time for Timmie's today  
Earn enough money to pay for the rent  
Put a dollar or two in for early retirement  
I've got the time-space compression blues  
...

### **Fort McMoney**

Celery: 50 cents a stalk.

Room at local college without desk, phone or internet: \$750/month.

Basement room in a private home with free long-distance and internet: \$900/month

1-bedroom apartment: \$1,700/month.

New two-bedroom trailer home: \$400,000.

Housecleaning services: \$20/hr minimum.

Manicure without polish: \$35.

Manicure with polish: \$65.

Unionized barrista's wage at Starbucks: \$13.84/hr.

Average non-unionized service worker wage: \$17-\$20/hr.

Local bus fare (no transfers): \$1.25.

Lebanese meat pie: \$4.25.

Ice-cream cone at McDonald's: \$1.39.

Syncrude oil sands worker annual income: \$110,000.

Barrel of oil: ching, ching

### **A working town?**

You work here. You save your money. And then you get the hell out.

- *Amanda, my Newfoundland-born roommate*

### **One word**

"Nigger," yells the man out of the pick-up truck window. All I see is white face and dark baseball cap. The jacked-up, blue-black truck speeds away. "Old-school," I think and continue my walk home. Hours later it dawns on me. I'm embarrassed to say it. One word hurts.

### **The walkers**

The sky is white light and Somali-Canadian women walk slowly in a tight-knit group on Franklin Avenue's stretched and crumbling dusty sidewalks. All covered but their faces and hands, they amble as though they've pocketed time. It's very hot today, past 30. In contrast to the elegant composure of the women, the swirls of dust whipped up by speeding pick-up trucks feel like an insult to the frail intensity of summer here. The homeless are walking ones too. They push shopping carts stuffed with plastic bags, bottles or both along the main drag, stopping by every dumpster to eye what's been tossed in. By the Centre of Hope the dumpsters are in constant motion. Day and night, it seems, someone is throwing something out. Homeless men dumpster dive two at a time. Other down-and-out men and the odd woman pace around the Centre or sit on pitch-black asphalt waiting to use a computer or call a friend. Everyone else in Fort Mac is coated in big steel. They zoom from the burbs to bank, McD's, 7-eleven drive-thru or to take a Walmart stroll. A 4-door pick-up stops for this pedestrian stuck at the median. Fearing crush of wheels, I glance into the driver's assured smile and wave thanks.

**Sistah feel da love**

The Brayalls invited me to the Lutheran Church last Sunday. I spent the day transcribing in my basement room and didn't see the light of day. This Sunday, I showed up for the appointment. Six people showed up too. Greg Brayall pinch-hit for the long-awaited but yet to arrive new minister. Greg read a downloaded sermon. The pianist was on vacation and had pre-recorded music for the day. Young Scott Brayall pushed the button on the DVD player at the right time so that music played after Greg spoke. A tall man with bass voice sung loudly from the back of the church, drowning out other voices and the portable lung-machine of the elderly woman sitting a few pews behind me. Val Brayall whispered that the woman who arrived late and in a flurry has young children. "Usually we have more people here," she told me and blamed the rain and summer vacations for the turnout. So seven of us stood around after the sermon and bantered about nothing. And I felt it fill the stone and wooden church located right across the street from the jam-packed City Centre Mall. It was love.

**New library**

They tell me

*There's been problems*

With the homeless

So the public library

Migrated

A-way

Out-of-sight

Behind the trees

On MacDonald Island

They assure me

*They'll be sidewalks*

When? I ask

*Next phase*

When?

*Starbucks?*

No, sidewalk and bike path

*Next phase*

Cycling

Splattered in mud-covered bug bites

I reach MacDonald

The first Prime Minister

Island complex

*North America's biggest sports centre*

*Includes golf course,*

*Curling rink, Olympic-size pool*

And Starbucks?

*Next phase*

All glass and class

The new library offers views

And books aplenty

Children and parents roam

Scrounging for hits on DVD

To take home or watch in the SUV

Free internet? I ask

*You'll have to wait for them to finish*

Pointing over to the homeless men

Occupying right flank

FIGURE 5: VIEWS OF DOWNTOWN FORT McMURRAY



Top left: No eyes on the street. Cars, trailers and boats clog Fort McMurray driveways. Top right: Crossing Franklin Avenue. Centre left: New downtown housing development. Two-bedroom condo with a view of Clearwater River can cost \$500,000. Centre right: Dumpsters overflow due to lack of garbage workers. Bottom: The wait for drive-thru orders at local outlet of Canada's popular coffee and donut place, Tim Horton's, can be more than 40 minutes. The drive-thru line-up often runs two rings around the store.



FIGURE 6: HANGOUTS

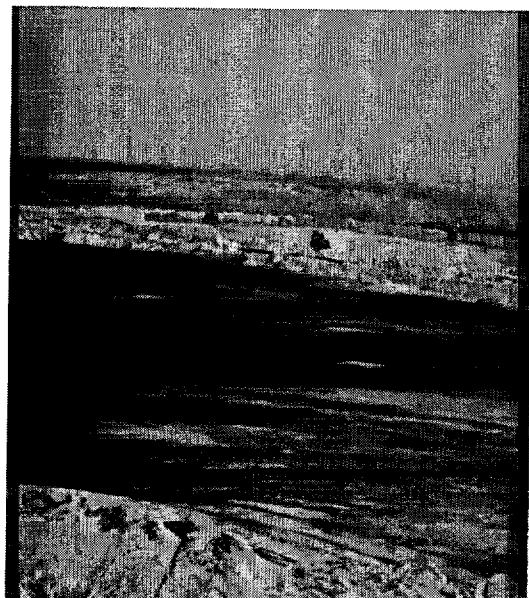
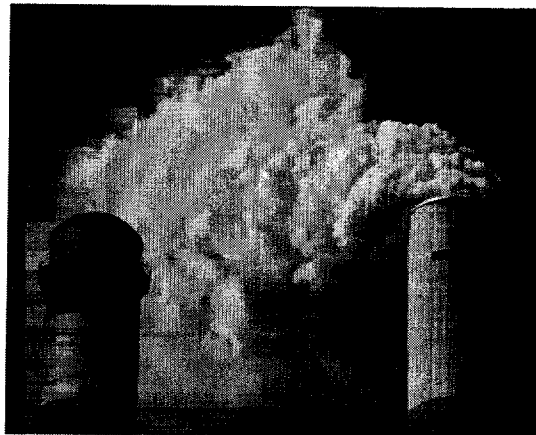
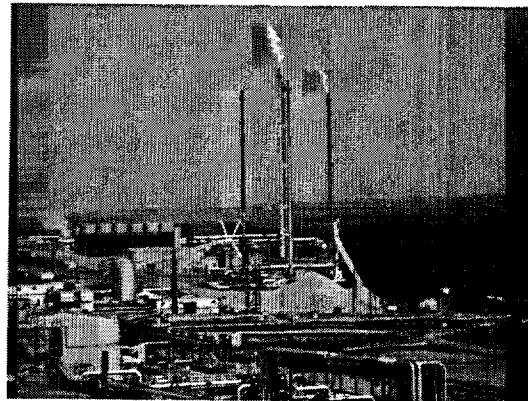


Top left: Grocery cash register signals who's in town. Top right: Desk and chairs found in nearby dumpster outfit researcher's \$750/month college basement room (excl. phone, internet service). Centre left: Newfoundlander restaurant, Mrs. B's. Lower right: Last days of downtown Clearwater Trailer Park, which provided sub-standard but affordable housing. New middle-class condo development starts across the street. Lower left: Homeless drop-in, Centre of Hope, boarded up after break-in. Bottom: Sketch of MacDonald Island sports centre, 3 km from city centre.

FIGURE 7: JACKED-UP PICK-UP AND OIL SANDS WORKSITE



Top left: Riding high. Jacked-up SUVs, pick-ups and Hummers – a local fashion statement – zoom around Fort McMurray. Top right: Big wheel of Oil Sands equipment with oil sands worker. Centre left: View of oil sands development. Bottom left: Hot air released from oil sands stacks. Bottom right: It looks like a lake, but it's a toxic tailings pond onsite at the oil sands.



## **Chapter 7:**

## **Conclusion**

Of course you don't have to pay attention to any of these stories. ... But help yourself to one if you like. ... Do with it what you will. Cry over it. Get angry. Forget it. But don't say in the years to come that you would have lived your life differently if you had only heard this story.

You've heard it now.

Thomas King  
*The Truth about Stories*  
(2003, 119)



## Conclusion

The stories that people are and tell embody the human condition. Underestimating the import of one story is to negate the whole of the past, present and future carried within it. As a storyteller, my job is clear: respect the story as much as its origins, carry it within me, and, when opportunities arise, transmit it with care. I've done my job as best I can. The precious story gifts of 'Marie Callaghan', Brian Hatfield, Tina Burden and Andrew Bradbury are yours now. What's left for me to do is answer the key thesis questions in a more direct fashion than offered in the interpretative essays. And then I conclude by exploring the joys and fears of undertaking and producing research situated between liberal arts and social sciences.

The scope of my research was highly limited and discrete, devoid of essentializing or universalizing applications. Through life-story interviews with four Newfoundland migrants in Fort McMurray, Alberta, I explored and interpreted the dialectic of philanthropy and place production. The interviews were conducted from early June to late August 2009 using the oral-history methodology of shared authority. Other forms of ethnography, including participant observation and archival research in Newfoundland during 2008, supplemented insights gained from the interviews. This qualitative and empirical work was then used as a basis to affirm, critique, and juxtapose theories of place, space and generosity.

Presented as triptychs, the research animated shared authority in practice, offered sculpted life stories, and conveyed my reading of the life stories through interpretative essays. These essays implicitly addressed two sets of questions. First, how does everyday

philanthropy relate to place production? What meanings do individuals ascribe to their philanthropy? Second, how does migration alter geographies of generosity? To what extent is philanthropy a modality of power for migrants to remain ‘in place’? My aspiration here is to render more explicit responses to these questions. Given the small number of life stories from which these responses are drawn, I think of the answers below as hints or clues to the nature of the dialectic of interest. The life stories featured, though crafted by me and thus reflective of my subjectivities, can be reviewed and interpreted by you independently. I trust this presentation style accords a measure of transparency that enhances critical discourse.

### **How does everyday philanthropy relate to place production?**

Philanthropy shapes and is shaped by our sense of place. An agile social construct, it contorts to overlap, amalgamate, juxtapose, reinforce and reconcile other modes of place production (Lefebvre, 1991). We see that Tina Burden’s volunteering at Fort McMurray’s soup kitchen, for example, conflates personal, family, and religious interests and thus coalesces several social spaces in one particular act of place production. Marie Callaghan’s financial donations to the Catholic Church in her hometown reinforce her tangible (continued home ownership) and imagined (retirement plans) place in Newfoundland. Andrew Bradbury’s childhood volunteering overlapped with his community-wide paper route and thus fostered his sense of social cohesion. Further, Brian Hatfield’s wide spatial scope and variety of philanthropic endeavours juxtaposes his highly specific on-site labour work in the Oil Sands industry.

Defined as a voluntary act of giving for public benefit (Payton, 1987), philanthropy is rooted in an array of caring options that dynamically intertwine to define places of an individual's social space. The personal articulation of social space, we have seen, weaves threads of personal and socio-cultural history. It merges with other threads including institutional contexts such as religious and charitable organizations, and the particular time-space orientation of work and community life.

Philanthropy is a paradox. The possibility and need for gifting exists only in conditions of difference and distance, social constructs that it purports to redress. Taking my cues from Doreen Massey's (1999) proposition that hiatuses or absence of action and thought are of consequence to place production, I proposed that a hiatus in philanthropic action and the active bestowing of generosity both increase personal power and bolster claim to space.

The concentration of financial and caring capabilities within the family and private sphere intensifies place production there. Agreeing with geographers' proposition that such intimate, place-based prioritization makes it difficult to engage in differentiated and distanced caring (Barnett and Land, 2007; also see Smith, 1998; Silk, 2000; Silk, 2004; Massey, 2004), I deconstruct previously proposed causations. According to Barnett and Land, geographers have argued 'that people are naturally inclined to act in egotistical pursuit of their own self-interest unless motivated by knowledge and reasons to do otherwise' (2007, 1068). In my reading of Andrew Bradbury's life story, I propose that unmet needs and aspirations derived from a personal history of economic hardships drive his motivation for self-interestedness. This impetus overlaps with other reasons such as life stage development and its related societal expectations as well as migration's shock

to accustomed space-time dynamics. Furthermore, I argue that instability caused by hyper-mobility, in Marie Callaghan's case, contributes to intensified domestic care-related place production that bolsters connectivity to the immediate family. In contrast, I suggest Tina Burden's nurturing of spatial pockets of intense care was partly resistance to the erosion of her sense of place by distant actors (global media) and near strangers (transient workers). These empirically based theorizations add depth and nuance to the assumptions of geographers engaged in discursive work on 'caring at a distance'.

Moreover, I suggest that more differentiated and distanced caring might also be sparked by self-interestedness. To establish a personal sphere such as a support network, Tina Burden and Marie Callaghan each chose to release gifts accrued to or through selected socio-spatial pockets. In this regard, philanthropy blurs somewhat the dichotomy between female-dominated private and male-dominated public spheres. While the women interviewed still dominate embodied caring in the domestic sphere, through philanthropy they extend their place production into the public realm. Institutions catering to families such as schools and religious organizations serve as socio-spatial nodes that facilitate such enhanced place-making opportunities. We see that institutions play a similar role for men's philanthropy and place production. While in Brian Hatfield's case, we observe that widespread embodied care outside of family, friendship and institutional networks challenges notions that the personal, domestic sphere is the primary site of caring.

There are several ways to interpret generosity to the community. In one reading, philanthropy increases individual power through the multiplicity of spatial connections derived from and manifested in the act of giving. In another reading, such generosity

creates an imbalance in otherwise equal social relations, enhancing the giver's power over others (Lévi-Strauss, 1950, in Schrift, 1997). In yet another reading, community generosity diffuses individual power by positing accrued gift surpluses in others (Diprose, 2002). This points to the gift's nimbleness in supporting different symbolisms and imaginations of society. Each subjective reading leads to a different concept of the gift's role in place production.

From what I interpret from the life stories, generosity produces and constitutes rhythmic beats in life – a personal articulation and appropriation of time-space (Lefebvre, 2004; De Certeau, 1984). For Brian Hatfield, I suggest it establishes an emotive spatial rhythm to daily life that contests what Simmel (1903) described as the autonomy, indifference and impersonal nature of work and city life. This spatial rhythm is played out broadly and frequently in the public sphere through philanthropy. For the other interviewees, philanthropic action is ritualized in highly limited and specific time-spaces; their philanthropic spatial rhythm, often shaped by cadence of institutions, amounts to a weekly, monthly or annual cycle of giving. Sporadic request punctuate this cycle, though they do not reset its round.

The tension between the private retaining and public bestowing of gifts parallels discourses on the postmodern era. For some of us, more modes to connect with others exist than ever before. At the same time, technological advances allow us to literally and figuratively escape real human connectedness. I see some parallel here between Richard Sennett's lament of 'the fall of public man' in social sciences and of 'fewer people giving' by the charitable sector. In addition, the topic resonates with the geographic

interest in the internet and virtual realms as ‘new spaces’ of social exchange and place production. Exploring how charitable organizations try to resolve postmodernity’s pushes and pulls is a potentially useful avenue of transdisciplinary research.

### **What meanings do individuals ascribe to their philanthropy?**

From stimulating feelings of empathy, happiness, joy, and love, rousing a sense of justice to attaining tangible benefits such as building or sustaining a support network, philanthropy is a multi-use tool. Moreover, early teaching appears key to establishing and perpetuating the meaning of philanthropy. Universally thought of as morally good, community contributions defined the interviewees within the community and the community itself. They felt a moral obligation to give. However, this obligation was never openly addressed. On the contrary, it betrayed itself subtly through indirect negotiations of their ability to donate beyond the circle of family and friends.

Motivated by imagination stemming from lived realities, the interviewees give money and time to redress unfairness. Andrew Bradbury volunteers as a sports coach to ensure children in a neighbouring Newfoundland town have similar recreation opportunities to those he had as a child. Similarly, Tina’s passion for helping homeless people in Fort McMurray grounds in her understanding of having a family who are willing and able to help her out. This seems to suggest that attentiveness to needs of others relates to empathic-derived knowledge. Further, it questions the dualism of justice and impartiality, staking a claim that generosity is bound up in justice.

For sure, generosity separates those who receive and those who don’t. It creates differences. Geographers have a tendency to string difference and distance together, note

Barnett and Land, loathing 'to wholeheartedly embrace the value of care precisely because of its implied affirmation of the unavoidable partial nature of any and all ethical judgements' (2007, 1066).

Yet, 'treating people equally,' my former employer wisely stated, 'is not to treat people the same.' I think the mixture of difference with distance produces a confused and counter-productive formula for geographers to address the caring opportunities and challenges presented in postmodernism. As Homi Bhabha reminds us, 'a right to difference' does not 'consider equality to be a neutralization of difference in the name of 'universality' of rights where implementation is often subject to ideological and institutional definitions ...' (1994, xvii). Bhabha goes on to acknowledge that 'a right to difference-in-equality' raises a host of affective and ethical concerns connected with cultural and social differences, including inclusion and exclusion (*ibid.*). So the conundrum goes on and on. Universality and justice are problematic. So are belonging and space. Perhaps we should get over this.

Perhaps it is time to move away from the dichotomous conceptions of objective versus subjective, beliefs versus feeling, justice versus care and so on and so forth. Instead, reconciling the abstract with everyday perceptions and experiences may bring to light the cognitive and emotive processes upon which philanthropic actions are summoned. This shift thrusts geography's 'moral turn' into the nexus of place, space and psychology. Life-story methodology stands well in this regard, as it provides a way into the psychology of space and place through the actions of selective remembering, retelling and imagining.

### **How does migration alter geographies of generosity?**

For the Newfoundlanders whom I interviewed, migration shifts the spatial focus of caring to the adopted locality. The biases of the small sample undoubtedly play a role: Interviewees either joined or were joined by their immediate family in Fort McMurray. With intimate family members close-by, the frequency and magnitude of giving to Newfoundland decreases. The sticking power of philanthropy to a locality after moving away may be related to deeply felt interpersonal relationships. This loyalty need not only be to people. Some institutional allegiances (for example, educational institutions, religious organizations and charities), demonstrated through the giving of money or goods, continue after migration. Otherwise, a direct request may be required to rouse philanthropic impulses. Remittances to families back home echoed this trend.

Everyday philanthropy *moves*. As we can see in the cases of Marie Callaghan, Tina Borden, and to some extent, Brian Hatfield, philanthropy shows fickleness to any one locality and instead privileges social interactions of the present, the immediate, now. It is *becoming* rather than being. Not static, its flux and flow are indicative of active, visible place production in the face of a changed social and geographical context. Migration disrupts time-space, plummeting migrants into different socio-spatial networks, work routines, informal and formal activities (Kothari, 2008). The 24/7/365 nature of the Athabasca Oil Sands industry, for example, warps Fort McMurray's speed and stress levels so that the city feels much larger. Elongated shift work and a harsh subarctic climate reduce the casual associations found in most urban cities. The high-wage salaries lead to an abundance of jacked-up SUVs and pick-ups ploughing through the streets. Furthermore, the lack of city infrastructure imposes a marked socio-spatial separation



between residents and oil sands worker-commuters. Changes to migrant's geographies of generosity inevitably contort to this new environment. For example, as mentioned previously, philanthropic activity may increase to carve out social spaces in the public sphere or decrease to reinforce one's personal domain. Migration thus alters geographies of generosity not just in spatial form but also in rhythm of their production.

**To what extent is philanthropy a modality of power for migrants to remain 'in place'?**

The life stories suggest that philanthropy is among an array of strategies migrants use to recreate spaces of belonging and imagined anchorage to their previous lived realities. From home decorating in a Newfoundland theme, buying junk food that reminds them of home, cooking up a jigs dinner, watching Newfoundland television or listening to radio broadcasts, moving to a location within the city that has similar sounds and sights to that of home, joining the Fort McMurray Newfoundlanders Club, to donating to local charities – Newfoundlanders in the city produce and enact their homeland. A populous and long-established group, they shape the city's 'social ordering' (Malpas, 1999). This is visibly apparent in the Newfoundlanders Club's philanthropic activities. Mixing traditional Newfoundland activities with philanthropy, the Club builds tight social bonds among members. Philanthropy also powers the construction of Newfoundlanders' positive community-wide reputation and thus reinforces their sense of belonging.

As a modality of power to shape space, philanthropy, I argue, is not neutral. It shoves competing visions and ideologies, vying for dominance. Just as it can realize the aspirations of some, it can obscure the needs and aspirations of others. I have observed and documented that other migratory communities occupy different workspaces and

social enclaves in Fort McMurray than those of Newfoundlanders. They perceive that Newfoundlander solidarity influences who gets hired and who doesn't. In other words, they perceive that Newfoundlanders curtail their life aspirations. This viewpoint is suppressed, I propose, by the good public deeds of Newfoundlanders that create powerful message-filled flows chock full of positive emotion stimulators. The theories of Simmel, Marx and Harvey, among others, underscore social, economic and spatial divisions characterize city life. So it's not surprising that Fort McMurray sings the same tune. Inasmuch as Newfoundlanders' sense of belonging relates to 'premodern', communitarian values, being truly 'in place' might only be achieved when their gifts function to erase such differences and distance (Diprose, 2002).

While Barnett and Land (2007) and Diprose (2002) suggest this comes about through attentiveness and responsiveness to others, I see it differently. There's an epic battle happening between the old yet still nimble social construct, philanthropy, and the newer upstart, the globalized, market-economy city. Globalization's fracturing powers ally most with the capitalist city, although its allegiance trickles to philanthropy through the extension of caring options. The extent that philanthropy is a modality of power for migrants or, in fact, anyone to remain 'in place' should be re-assessed in this regard.

### **Spreading geography's gifts**

The social sciences need to re-imagine themselves, their methods, and their 'worlds' if they are to work productively in the twenty-first century where social relations appear increasingly complex, elusive, ephemeral, and unpredictable. There are various possibilities: perhaps, for instance, there is need for 'messy' methods.

(Law and Urry, 2004, 390)

With John Law and John Urry's words in mind, let me link some themes emerging from the literature review. First, geographers have called for the discipline to construct a more

open and ‘progressive sense of place’, replacing the notion of ‘singular, fixed and static’ (Massey, 1994, 168) territorially bounded identities. Second, we see that geography has a pivotal role to play in mapping trajectories, from producer to consumer in the case of material geographers to the complex political cartographies emerging from contemporary migration. There is a sense that David Harvey’s claims that ‘geography is too important to be left to geographers’ (Gregory, 2006, 1) are well founded. Third, underlying these calls has been the understanding that geography is a field concerned with ethics and justice, and that this commitment has fostered re-examination of the geography of care and responsibility. In conceiving of the methodology and presentation-style of this thesis, I proposed that this ‘turn’ include focussing our sights inward at the fixed, bounded notions of academic authority in the research process, opening ourselves to messy engagement and reciprocal exchange with the ‘other’ – the research participants.

Such gift exchange need not only be pursued through the top-down gaze from academic halls nor the observer stroll through a globally connected neighbourhood; it can be also be through decommodifying academic discourse, by sharing authority (Frisch, 1990) and reaching out to, letting in or moving towards others. The inclusion of first-person narrative stories in this thesis was my attempt at doing just that. Providing space for others brings us closer to embodying a progressive sense of place based upon geographies of *responsible collaboration*.

My reflections on ‘Sharing space’ highlight some of the messy and rewarding dynamics, knowledge gained, and questions arising from such collaborations. Implicitly (and sometimes explicitly) the reflections depict the politics of space. They evoke how ‘chaos

can be ordered, how juxtaposition may be regulated, how space might be coded, how the terms of connectivity might be negotiated' (Massey, 2005, 151-152). By do so, they allow us a glimpse of multiplicities in the dialectic of interview structure and individual agency.

In the end, so I would argue, injustice and spite and wasted personhood cannot be fought with just one set of tools. All kinds of arts and sciences are required to forge oppositions and to bring about new worlds.

(Thrift, 2006, 232)

Life stories, as presented in this thesis, forge an oppositional tension to geography's normative framework. The narrative passages included touch topics beyond my narrow scope of research. They provide a rich contextual view of personal development, bringing to the fore causal loops and spirals, paradoxes and the complex crafting of meaning. Absent from the stories are mind-numbing theorizations, doggedly articulate thoughts, smoothed prose, and, more importantly, the illusion that the world beyond one's own subjectivities is knowable. Can you smell the fresh air? It smells like real life, like vitality.

This move away from the norms of geographic research methods and presentation, I would argue, overlaps with the 'mobility turn' that is 'putting into question the fundamental 'territorial' and 'sedentary' precepts of twentieth-century social science' (Hannam *et. al.*, 2006, 1). Yet, if I stepped further towards the liberal arts, I feared losing my moorings in geography. So, as has been often said of the Canadian character, I sat on the borderline and took cues and tools from both sides.

Alongside the life stories are essays that use novels and plays, geographic theories, media reports, large-scale quantitative surveys, classic work in sociology, and life stories to

contextualize and derive broader meaning from the personal testimonies. Perhaps straddling the borderline between the arts and social sciences situates us ideally to be open to the gifts of other forms of insight. This feels like a lazy cop-out, however, a position impossible to maintain in this world of flux and flows.

I resolve this feeling through the interpretation of Andrew Bradbury's life story. From his story, I understood that power-inscribed security arising from a sense of place provides for the choice to move toward, to seek or let in difference. After completing this Master's thesis, I feel that I've forged a sense of belonging in geography that provides sufficient self-assurance to skip away and skirt back. Just as the Newfoundlanders deterritorialize and reterritorialize while retaining the sense of themselves as Newfoundlanders, I think geographers can do the same. After all, the call of home – theories of place and space and moral ethics – transcends borders.

In this regard, we can learn much from the community that constitutes this thesis. 'Press on,' my thesis supervisor often wrote. And so we shall, Dr. Nash. For the Newfoundlanders have taught us about moving into new worlds – how to get settled, stay positive, be open to others, *give*, make friends, and recreate home. The frightful and joyous place between the arts and social sciences is 'just a friend you haven't met' (Marie Callaghan interview, 2009).

## Bibliography

- Adams, J.** 1976. *On Being Human Religiously: Selected Essays in Religion and Society*. Ed M. Stackhouse. Toronto: Fitzhenry and Whiteside Ltd.
- Adams, J.** 1986. The Voluntary Principle in the Forming of American Religion. In J. Engel (ed) *Voluntary Associations: Socio-Cultural Analysis and Theological Interpretation*. Chicago: Exploration Press.
- Amin, A.** 2004. Regions unbound: Towards a new politics of place, *Geografiska Annaler*, 86B, 33-44.
- Amin, A. and Thrift, N.** 2002. *Cities: Re-imagining the Urban*. London: Polity Press.
- Amit-Talai, V.** 1997. In precarious motion: from territorial to transnational cultures, *The Canadian Review of Sociology and Anthropology*, 34(4), 319-33.
- Anderson, B.** 2006. *Imagined Communities: Reflections on the Origin and Spread of Nationalism*. Revised edition. London and New York: Verso.
- Appadurai, A.** 1996. Sovereignty without territoriality: notes for a postnational geography. In P. Yaeger (ed) *The Geography of Identity*. Ann Arbor: The University of Michigan Press, 40-58.
- Appadurai, A.** 2001. Grassroots Globalization and the Research Imagination. In A. Appadurai (ed), *Globalization*. London: Duke University Press.
- Barnett, C.** 2005. Who cares? In Cloke, P., Crang, P. and Goodwin, M. (eds.) *Introducing Human Geographies (2nd Edition)*, London: Arnold, 588-601.
- Barnett, C. et. al.** 2005. Philosophy and Ethical Consumption, in R. Harrison, T. Newholm, and D. Shaw (eds.) *The Ethical Consumer*. London: Sage.
- Barnett, C. and Land, D.** 2007. Geographies of generosity: Beyond the “moral turn”, *Geoforum*, 38, 1065-75.
- Bauman, Z.** 1993. *Postmodern ethics*. Oxford: Blackwell.
- Beaton, E.** 2008. Regional Report: No Man’s Land, *Chatelaine*, August 2008 edition, 173-183.
- Bella, L.** 2002. *Newfoundlanders: Home and Away*. St. John's: Greetings from Newfoundland Ltd.
- Benjamin, W.** 1968. *Illuminations*. Ed. H. Arendt. Trans. H. Zohn. New York: Schocken Books.
- Benmayor, R. and Skotnes, A.** 1994. (eds.) *Migration and Identity*. Oxford and New York: Oxford University Press.
- Bennett, D.** 2007. Oilpatch braces for new arrivals, *Canadian Press*. December 4, 2007 edition. Accessed online at <http://www.tarsandswatch.org>
- Berger, I.** 2006. The Influence of Religion on Philanthropy in Canada, *Voluntas*, 17, 115-32.
- Bhabha, H.** 1994. *The Location of Culture*. London: Routledge.
- Bondi, L.** 1992. Gender Symbols and Urban Landscapes, *Progress in Human Geography*, 16 (2), 157-170.
- Borden, I.** 2001. *Skateboarding, space and the city: architecture and the body*. Oxford and New York: Berg.
- Boyle, P. and Halfacree, K.** 1999. *Migration and gender in the developed world*. London and New York: Routledge.
- Bremner, R.** 2001. *Charity and Philanthropy in History*. New Brunswick and London:

- Transaction Publishers.
- Brock, G.** 2005. Does obligation diminish with distance? *Ethics, Place and the Environment*, 8(1), 3-20.
- Butler, T.** 2007. Memoryscape: How Audio Walks Can Deepen Our Sense of Place by Integrating Art, Oral History and Cultural Geography, *Geography Compass*, 2, 360-372.
- Byron, R.** (ed.) 2003. *Retrenchment and Regeneration in Rural Newfoundland*. Toronto: University of Toronto Press.
- Cadigan, S.** 2002. The Moral Economy of Retrenchment and Regeneration in the History of Rural Newfoundland. In R. Byron (ed.), *Retrenchment and Regeneration in Rural Newfoundland*. Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 14-42.
- Canadian Association of Petroleum Producers.** 2009a. *Canada's Oil Sands*. Publication No.: 2009-0020.
- Canadian Association of Petroleum Producers.** 2009b. Newfoundland and Labrador's Oil and Natural Gas Exploration and Production Industry Contributing to a Strong Provincial Economy. Publication No.: 2009-0018.
- Canadian Human Rights Commission.** 2007. Strategic Initiatives – Section 2: Newfoundland and Labrador, *Expanding Knowledge*. Accessed online March 3, 2010 at <http://www.chrc-ccdp.ca>.
- Carter, S.** 2007. Mobilising generosity, framing geopolitics: Narrating crisis in the homeland through diasporic media, *Geoforum*, 38, 1102-12.
- Casey, E.** 1997. *Getting Back into Place: Towards a Renewed Understanding of the Place-World*. Bloomington: Indiana University Press.
- Cheran, R and Aiken, S.** 2005. The impact of international informal banking on Canada: A case study of Tamil transnational money transfer networks (Undiyal), Canada/Sri Lanka. A working paper for the *Law Commission of Canada and York University's Nathanson Centre for the Study of Organized Crime and Corruption*. Accessed online April 2, 2009 at <http://dsp-psd.pwgsc.gc.ca>.
- Clark, N.** 2007. Living through the tsunami: Vulnerability and generosity on a volatile earth, *Geoforum*, 38, 1127-39.
- Clifford, J.** 1997. *Routes: Travels and Translation in the Late Twentieth Century*. Cambridge, MA and London, UK: Harvard University Press.
- Cloke, P.** 2002. Deliver us from evil? Prospects for living ethically and acting politically in human geography, *Progress in Human Geography*, 26(5), 587-604.
- Cohen, R.** 1997. *Global Diasporas: An Introduction*. London: UCL Press.
- Conquergood, D.** 1991. Rethinking Ethnography: Towards a Critical Cultural Politics, *Communication Monographs*, 58, 179-194.
- Copeland-Carson, J.** 2007. Kenyan Diaspora Philanthropy: Key Practises, Trends and Issues. A paper presented to *The Philanthropic Initiative, Inc., and The Global Equity Initiative*. Accessed online June 7, 2008 at <http://www.tpi.org>.
- Coser, L.** 1977. *Masters of Sociological Thought: Ideas in Historical and Social Context*. New York, NY: Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich.
- Crang, P. et. al.** 2003. Transnationalism and the spaces of commodity culture, *Progress in Human Geography*, 27(4), 438-56.
- Cresswell, T.** 2004. *Place: A short introduction*. Malden, MA: Blackwell Publishing.
- Cruikshank, J.** 1998. Telling about Culture: Changing Traditions in Subarctic Anthropology, *The Northern Review*, 1, 27-39.

- De Certeau, M.** 1984. Walking in the City. In *The Practice of Everyday Life*. Trans. Stephen F. Rendall. Berkeley: University of California Press. 91-110.
- De Haas, H.** 2006. *Engaging Diasporas: How governments and development agencies can support diaspora involvement in the development of origin countries*. Oxford: International Migration Institute.
- Delisle, J.** 2008. A Newfoundland Diaspora? Moving through Ethnicity and Whiteness, *Canadian Literature*, 196, 64-81.
- Derrida, J.** 1991. Donner le temps. La fausse monnaie. Paris: Galilee. English translation: Given Time. Counterfeit Money. Peggy Kamug (trans.) Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1992 in A. Schrift (ed.), *The Logic of the Gift*, 1997. New York: Routledge, 121-47.
- Diprose, R.** 2002. *Corporeal Generosity: On Giving with Nietzsche, Merleau-Ponty, and Levinas*. Albany: State University of New York Press.
- Drummond, W.H.** 1897. De Nice Leetle Canadienne. *The Habitant and other French-Canadian Poems*. Intro. Louis Frechette. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 34-36.
- Dubinsky L.** 1985. *Philanthropy: The Power of Benevolence*. The Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. Toronto, Canada.
- Edemariam, A.** 2007. Mud, sweat and tears (The fall of Fort McMurray), *The Guardian*, October 30, 2007 edition. Accessed June 11, 2009 at <http://oilsandstruth.org/mud-sweat-and-tears-fall-fort-mcmurray>.
- Ehrkamp, P.** 2005. Placing identities: Transnational practices and local attachments of Turkish immigrants in Germany, *Journal of Ethnic and Migration Studies*, 31(2), 345-364.
- Elden, S.** 2004. *Understanding Henri Lefebvre*. London and New York: Continuum.
- Evans, R. and Thomas, F.** 2009. Emotional interactions and an ethics of care: Caring relations in families affected by HIV and AIDS, *Emotion, Space and Society*, 2, 111-119.
- Fellowship Baptist Church.** 2010. *Our Beliefs*. Fellowship Baptist Church. Accessed online May 5, 2010 at <http://www.fbcfm.net>.
- Fort McMurray Today.** 2007. \$400,000 versus a free letter to the editor. Editorial appearing in *Fort McMurray Today*, January 5, 2007. Accessed online August 8, 2009 at <http://fortmcmurraytoday.blogspot.com>.
- Foucault, M.** 1967. Of Other Spaces (Heterotopias). Accessed online February 23, 2010 at <http://foucault.info/documents/heteroTopia/foucault.heteroTopia.en.html>.
- Frisby, D.** 1978. *The Philosophy of Money*. London and New York: Routledge.
- Frisby, D.** 1984. *Georg Simmel*. London and New York: Tavistock Publications.
- Frisby, D.** 1992. *Simmel and Since: Essays on Georg Simmel's Social Theory*. London: Routledge.
- Frisch, M.** 1990. *A Shared Authority: Essays on the Craft and Meaning of Oral and Public History*. Albany: SUNY Press.
- Gasché, R.** 1972. Heliocentric Exchange. M. Parslow (trans.). In A. Schrift (ed.), *The Logic of the Gift*. 1997. New York: Routledge, 100-117.
- Geithner, P. et. al.** (eds.) 2004. *Diaspora Philanthropy and Equitable Development in China and India*. Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press.
- GHK.** 2009. Volunteering in Sport – Sweden: Study of Volunteering in the EU. *GHK*. Accessed online June 5, 2010 at <http://ec.europa.eu>.



- Gieryn, T.** 2000. A Space for Place in Sociology, *Annual Review of Sociology*, 26, 463-96.
- Glick Schiller, N. et. al.** 1995. From immigrant to transmigrant: theorising transnational migration, *Anthropological Quarterly*, 68(1), 48-63.
- Glick Schiller, N.** 2008. Who belongs where? A Global Power Perspective on Migration, *ASA Globalog*, accessed online February 10, 2009 at <http://blog.theasa.org/?p=68>.
- Gmelch, G.** 1983. Who Returns and Why: Return Migration and Behaviour in Two Northern Atlantic Societies, *Human Organization*, 42 (1), 46-54.
- Gmelch, G.** 1992. *Double Passage: The Lives of Caribbean Migrants Abroad and Back Home*. Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press.
- Government of Newfoundland and Labrador.** 2003. *Royal Commission on Renewing and Strengthening Our Place in Canada*, St. John's, NL.
- Government of Newfoundland and Labrador.** 2006. *Demographic Change: Newfoundland & Labrador Issues & Implications*, St. John's, NL.
- Government of Newfoundland and Labrador.** 2009. *Annual Estimates of Population for Canada, Provinces and Territories, from July 1, 1971 to July 1, 2009*, Newfoundland & Labrador Statistics Agency, St. John's, NL.
- Gregory, D.** 2006. Troubling Geographies. In N. Castree and D. Gregory (eds.) *David Harvey: A Critical Reader*. Malden, MA and Oxford, UK: Blackwell Publishing Ltd. 1-25.
- Gullestad, M.** 1996. *Everyday life philosophers: Modernity, morality, and autobiography in Norway*. Oslo: Scandinavian University Press.
- Guy, R.** 1974. Newfoundlanders and Mainlanders. In *Newfoundland: Nation and Province*. Toronto: The Canadian Forum.
- Halfacree, K.** 1995. Household migration and the structuration of patriarchy: evidence from the USA, *Progress in Human Geography*, 19, 159-182.
- Hall, M. et. al.** 2009. Caring Canadians, Involved Canadians: Highlights from the 2007 Canada Survey of Giving, Volunteering and Participating. Catalogue no. 71-542-XPE. *Statistics Canada and Imagine Canada*.
- Hammerton, A. J.** 2008. Life stories, family relations and the lens of migration: postwar British emigration and the new mobility. In Deacon, Russell and Woollacott (eds.) *Transnational Ties: Australian Lives in The World*. Canberra: ANU E Press, 135-148.
- Hannam, K. et. al.** 2006. Editorial: Mobilities, Immobilities and Moorings, *Mobilities*, 1(1), 1-22.
- Hart, K.** 2009. The great economic revolutions are monetary in nature: Mauss, Polanyi and the breakdown of the neoliberal world economy, *Storicamente*, 5. Accessed online at [http://www.storicamente.org/04\\_comunicare/hart.htm](http://www.storicamente.org/04_comunicare/hart.htm)
- Harvey, D.** 1973. *Social Justice and the City*. London: Edward Arnold.
- Harvey, D.** 1996. *Justice, Nature and the Geography of Distance*. Oxford: Blackwell.
- Harvey, D.** 2003. *Paris, Capital of Modernity*. New York: Routledge.
- Harvey, D.** 2006a. Editorial: the geographies of critical geography, *Transactions of the Institute of British Geographers* NS 31, 409-12.
- Harvey, D.** 2006b. *Spaces of Global Capitalism*. London and New York: Verso.
- Harvey, D.** 2006c. Space as a Keyword. In N. Castree and D. Gregory (eds.) *David Harvey: A Critical Reader*. Malden, MA and Oxford, UK: Blackwell Publishing Ltd. 270-293.
- Harvey, D.** 2007. Neoliberalism and Creative Destruction, *The Annals of the American*

- Academy of Political and Social Science*, 610(1), 21-44.
- Henderson, V.** 2008. Is there hope for anger? The politics of spatializing and (re)producing an emotion, *Emotion, Space and Society*, 1, 28-37.
- Higgins, J.** 2008. Rural Depopulation, *Newfoundland and Labrador Heritage*. Accessed online July 28, 2010 at <http://www.heritage.nf.ca>.
- Higgins, J.** 2009. Oil Industry and the Economy, *Newfoundland and Labrador Heritage*. Accessed online July 31, 2010 at <http://www.heritage.nf.ca>.
- High, S.** 2008. Call for Papers, *Sharing Authority: Building Community-University Alliances through Oral History, Digital Storytelling and Collaboration*, a conference held 7-10 February 2008 at Concordia University, Montreal, Canada.
- Hochschild, A.** 2000. Global Care Chains and Emotional Surplus Value. In W. Hutton and A. Giddens (eds.) *On the Edge: Living with Global Capitalism*. London: Jonathan Cape, 130-146.
- Horwood, H.** 1966. *Tomorrow will be Sunday*. Garden City, NY: Doubleday.
- Huberman, I.** 2001. *The Place We Call Home: A History of Fort McMurray, as Its People Remember, 1778-1980*. Edmonton: Fort McMurray Historical Society.
- Jenkins, A. and Ward, A.** 2001. Moving with the Times: an oral history of a geography department, *Journal of Geography in Higher Education*, 25(2), 191-208.
- Jones, J.** 2010. Inflation not worrying the reviving Canada oil sands, *Financial Post*, January 26, 2010 edition. Accessed online May 31, 2010 at [www.financialpost.com](http://www.financialpost.com).
- Josselson, R.** 1999. Introduction. In R. Josselson and A. Lieblich (eds.) *Making Meaning of Narratives*. Thousand Oaks, CA. and London: Sage Publications, Inc. ix-xiii.
- K'naan.** 2009. Take a Minute, *Troubadour*. New York: A&M/Octone.
- King, T.** 2003. *The Truth about Stories*. Toronto: House of Anansi Press Inc.
- Kirby, S. and McKenna, K.** 1989. *Experience, Research, Social Change: Methods from the Margins*. Toronto: Garamond Press.
- Klein, K.** 2006. *Fundraising for Social Change*. 5th Edition. San Francisco: Jossey-Bass.
- Krim, A.** 2003. Fort McMurray: Future City of The Far North, *Geographical Review*, 93(2), 258-266.
- Kothari, U., and Hulme, D.** 2004. Narratives, Stories and Tales: Understanding Poverty Dynamics through Life Histories. Working Paper of the *Global Poverty Research Group and Institute for Development Policy and Management*. Manchester: University of Manchester.
- Lambert, D. and Lester, A.** 2004. Geographies of colonial philanthropy, *Progress in Human Geography*, 28(3), 320-41.
- Langfitt, F.** 2006. An Oil-Fueled Boomtown in Canada's Subarctic, *National Public Radio*. Accessed online March 16, 2009 at <http://www.npr.org>.
- Law, J and Urry J.** 2004. Enacting the social, *Economy and Society*, 33(3), 390-410.
- Lawson, V.** 2007. Geographies of Care and Responsibility, *Annals of the Association of American Geographers*, 97 (1), 1-11.
- Lefebvre, H.** 1991. *The Production of Space*. D. Nicholson-Smith (trans.). Malden, MA: Blackwells Publishers Inc.
- Lefebvre, H.** 2004. *Rhythmanalysis: space, time and everyday life*. London and New York: Continuum.
- Lefebvre, H. and Régulier, C.** 1985. The Rhythmanalysis Project. In Elden, S, Lebas, E., and Kofman, E. (eds.), *Henri Lefebvre: Key Writings*, 2003. London and New

- York: Continuum, 190-198.
- Legault, J.** 2010. The religious right and Harper, *The Montreal Gazette*, May 28, 2010 edition. Accessed online June 3, 2010 at <http://www.montrealgazette.com>.
- Leitner, H. and Ehrkamp, P.** 2006. Transnationalism and migrants' imaginings of citizenship, *Environment and Planning A*, 38, 1615-32.
- Levi-Strauss, C.** 1950. Selections from *Introduction to the Work of Marcel Mauss* F. Baker (trans.) London: Routledge and P. Kegan, 1987. In A. Schrift (ed.), *The Logic of the Gift*, 1997. New York: Routledge, 45-69.
- Levitt, P.** 2001. Transnational migration: taking stock and future directions, *Global Networks*, 1(3), 195-216.
- Levitt, P. and Glick Schiller, N.** 2004. Conceptualizing Simultaneity: A Transnational Social Field Perspective on Society, *International Migration Review*, 38(145), 595-629.
- Ley, D.** 2004. Transnational spaces and everyday lives, *Transactions of the Institute of British Geographers* NS 29, 151-64.
- MacLeod, J.** 2002. *The Shape of a Girl. Jewel*. Vancouver: Talonbooks.
- Mahdi, L.** 1996. *Crossroads: the quest for contemporary rites of passage*. Peru, Illinois: Open Court Publishing Company.
- Maimbo, S. & Ratha, D.** (eds.) 2005. *Remittances: development and future prospects*. Washington DC: World Bank.
- Malpas, J.** 2007. *Heidegger's Topology: Being, Place, World*. Cambridge, MA: MIT Press.
- Manolopolous, M.** 2009. *If Creation is a Gift*, 2009, Albany, NY: SUNY Press.
- Márquez, F. and Pérez, F.** 2008. Spatial Frontiers and Neo-communitarian Identities in the City: The Case of Santiago de Chile, *Urban Studies*, 4(7), 1461-1483.
- Marshall, T.** 1950. *Citizenship and social class*. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press.
- Marston, S. et. al.** 2005. Human geography without scale, *Transactions of the Institute of British Geographers*, 30 (4), 416-432.
- Massey, D.** 1994. *Space, Place and Gender*. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press.
- Massey, D.** 1999. Negotiating Disciplinary Boundaries, *Current Sociology*, 47 (4), 5-12.
- Massey, D.** 2004. Geographies of Responsibility, *Geografiska Annaler*, 86 B (1), 5-18.
- Massey, D.** 2005. *For Space*. London: Sage.
- Mathews, G.** 2000. *Global culture/individual identity: searching for home in the cultural supermarket*. London and New York: Routledge.
- Matthews, R.** 1976. "There's No Better Place Than Here." *Social Change in Three Newfoundland Communities*. Toronto: Peter Martin Associates.
- Mauss, M.** 1924. The Gift. Forms and Functions of Exchange in Archaic Societies. W. Halls (trans.) Foreword by M. Douglas. London: Routledge. In A. Schrift (ed.), *The Logic of the Gift*, 1997. New York: Routledge, 28-31.
- Maxwell, J.** 1996. *Qualitative Research Design*. Thousand Oaks, CA: Sage.
- May, J.** 1996. Globalization and the Politics of Place: Place and Identity in an Inner London Neighbourhood, *Transactions of the Institute of British Geographers*, 21(41), 194-215.
- Mbembe, A.** 2001. At the edge of the world: Boundaries, Territories and Sovereignty in Africa. In A. Appadurai (ed.), *Globalization*. London: Duke University Press, 22-51.
- McCarthy, K.** 1990. Parallel Power Structures: Women and the Voluntary Sphere. In K. McCarthy (ed.), *Lady Bountiful Revisited: Women, Philanthropy and Power*. New Brunswick, N.J.: Rutgers University Press.

- McDonald, M.** 2006. Stephen Harper and the Theo-Cons, *Walrus*. October 2006 edition. Accessed online May 3, 2010 at <http://www.walrusmagazine.com>.
- McDowell, L.** 1999. *Gender, identity and place: understanding feminist geographies*. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press.
- Meller, H.** 1995. Philanthropy and public enterprise: international exhibitions and the modern town planning movement, 1889-1913, *Planning Perspectives*, 10, 95-310.
- Miles, M. and Crush, J.** 1993. Personal narratives as Interactive Texts: Collecting and Interpreting Migrant Life-Histories, *Professional Geographer*, 45(1), 84-94.
- Mitchell, K.** 2003. Cultural geographies of transnationality. In K. Anderson, M. Domosh, S. Pile, and N. Thrift. (eds.), *Handbook of cultural geography*, London: Sage Publishing, 74-87.
- Momatiuk, Y. and Eastcott, J.** 1988. *This Marvellous Terrible Place: Images of Newfoundland and Labrador*. Willowdale, ON: Firefly Books Ltd.
- Moore, O.** 2007. A town on death row, *The Globe and Mail*, November 10, 2007 edition. Accessed online July 28, 2010 at <http://www.theglobeandmail.com>.
- Mort, F.** 1996. *Cultures of Consumption: Masculinities and Social Space in Late Twentieth-Century Britain*. London & New York: Routledge.
- Neary, P.** 1974. 'Boots and all': Newfoundland today. In *Newfoundland: Nation and Province*. Toronto: The Canadian Forum.
- Nepveu, P.** 1988. *L'Écologie du réel - mort et naissance de la littérature québécoise contemporaine : essais*. Montréal: Boréal Collection Papiers collés.
- Nielsen, H.B.** 1999. Black holes' as sites for self-constructions. In R. Josselson and A. Lieblich (eds.) *Making Meaning of Narratives. The Narrative Study of Lives*, 6. Thousand Oaks, CA. and London: Sage Publications. 45-75.
- Nijman, J.** 1999. Cultural globalization and the identity of place: the reconstruction of Amsterdam, *Cultural Geographies*, 6 (2), 146-16.
- Nolan, S.** 2007. *Leaving Newfoundland: A history of out-migration*. St. John's, NL: Flanker Press Ltd.
- O'Dea, S.** 2003. Culture and Country: The Role of the Arts and Heritage in the Nationalist Revival in Newfoundland, *Newfoundland Studies*, 19(2), 378-86.
- Paget, M.** 1993. *A complex sorrow: Reflections on cancer and the abbreviated life*. Philadelphia: Temple University Press.
- Payton, R.** 1987. Philanthropy: Voluntary Action for the Public Good, *Annual Meeting of the American Philosophical Society*, April 25, 1987.
- Peet, R. et. al.** 1989. *New Models in Geography: The Political Economy Perspective*. London: Unwin Hymen Ltd.
- Piper, N.** 2005. Gender and Migration. A paper prepared for the Policy Analysis and Research Programme of the *Global Commission on International Migration*. Accessed online on May 15, 2010 at <http://www.gcim.org>.
- Polanyi, K.** 2001. *The Great Transformation: the political and economic origins of our times*. Boston, MA: Beacon Press.
- Popke, E.J.** 2003. Poststructuralist ethics: subjectivity, responsibility and the space of community, *Progress in Human Geography*, 27(3), 298-316.
- Portelli, A.** 1991. *The Death of Luigi Trastulli and Other Stories: Form and Meaning in Oral History*. Buffalo: SUNY.
- Porter, P.** 2000. Book Reviews. *Ethics, Place and Environment*, 3(3), 335-337.

- Portes, A.** 1998. Social Capital: Its Origin and Applications in Modern Sociology, *Annual Review of Sociology*, 24, 1-24.
- Powell, R.** 2008. Becoming a geographical scientist: oral histories of Arctic fieldwork, *Transactions of the Institute of British Geographers*, 33(4), 548 – 565.
- Pred, A.** 1990. *Lost words and lost worlds: modernity and the language of everyday life in late nineteenth-century Stockholm*. Cambridge, UK and New York: Cambridge University Press.
- Preston, V. et. al.** 2006. Transnationalism, gender and civic participation: Canadian case studies of Hong Kong immigrants, *Environment and Planning A*, 38, 1633-51.
- Price, J.** 1999. In Acknowledgement: A Review and Critique of Qualitative Research Texts. In R. Josselson and A. Lieblich (eds.), *Making Meaning of Narratives. The Narrative Study of Lives*, 6. Thousand Oaks and London: Sage Publications. 1-24.
- Rahn, M.** 2010. Boston Barrels. Email message to author, April 5, 2010.
- Ratha, D.** 2003. Workers' Remittances: An Important and Stable Source of External Development Finance, *Global Development Finance*. Washington: World Bank, 156-75. Accessed May 27, 2009 at <http://siteresources.worldbank.org>.
- Ratha, D.** 2007. Leveraging Remittances for Development, *Migration Policy Institute*. Accessed May 9, 2008 at <http://www.migrationpolicy.org>.
- Regional Municipality of Wood Buffalo.** 2007. Alberta's Royalty System for Oil and Gas, *Submission to the Alberta Royalty Review Panel*, June 5, 2007.
- Regional Municipality of Wood Buffalo.** 2010. Population and Employment Projection Model, *Council Report*, January 12, 2010.
- Richler, N.** 2006. *This is my country: What's yours? A Literary Atlas of Canada*. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart Ltd.
- Rifkin, J.** 2009. *The Empathic Civilization: The Race to Global Consciousness in a World in Crisis*. New York: Jeremy P. Tarcher/Penguin Group.
- Ringelheim, J. et. al.** 1998. *Oral History Interview Guidelines*. United States Holocaust Memorial Museum. Washington, DC.
- Ross, A.** 1958. Control and Leadership in Women's Groups: An Analysis of Philanthropic Money-Raising Activity, *Social Forces*, 37(2), 124-131.
- Rouse, R.** 1991. Mexican Migration and the Social Space of Postmodernism, *Diaspora*, 1(1), 8-23.
- Sachs, D.** 2009. Alberta's Hangover, *The Gazette*, September 26 2009 edition. Accessed online March 3, 2010 at <http://www2.canada.com/montrealgazette/news>.
- Sack, R.** 2003. *A Geographical Guide to the Real and Good*. New York: Routledge.
- Safran, W.** 1991. Diaspora in modern societies: Myths of homeland and return, *Diaspora*, 1(1), 83-99.
- Sayer, A. and Storper, M.** 1997. Ethics unbound: for a normative turn in social theory, *Environment and Planning D: Society and Space*, 15, 11-17.
- Schrift, A.** 1997. (ed.) *The Logic of the Gift: Towards an Ethic of Generosity*. New York: Routledge.
- Scott, J.** 1985. *Weapons of the Weak: Everyday Forms of Peasant Resistance*. New Haven and London: Yale University Press.
- Shaw, M.** 1996. *Civil Society and Media in Global Crises: Representing Distant Violence*. London: Pinter.
- Sheehan, J.** 2010. *The Debaters*. Toronto: CBC Radio. August 11, 2010 edition.

- Shopes, L.** 2003. Commentary: Sharing Authority, *Oral History Review*, 30(1), 103-110.
- Silk, J.** 2000. Caring at a Distance: (Im)partiality, Moral Motivation and the Ethics of Representation, *Ethics, Place and the Environment*, 3(3), 303-22.
- Silk, J.** 2004. Caring at a Distance: gift theory, aid chains and social movements, *Social & Cultural Geography*, 5(2), 229-51.
- Simmel, G.** 1903. The Metropolis and Mental Life. Adapted by D. Weinstein from K. Wolff (Trans.) *The Sociology of Georg Simmel*. New York: Free Press. 1950. 409-424. Accessed online May 26, 2010 at <http://www.altruists.org>.
- Smith, D.M.** 1998. How far should we care? On the spatial scope of beneficence, *Progress in Human Geography*, 22, 5-38.
- Soja, E.W.** 1996. *Thirdspace: Journeys to Los Angeles and Other Real-and-Imagined Places*. Cambridge, MA: Blackwell Press.
- Spivak, G.** 1990. *The Post-colonial Critic*. New York: Routledge.
- Staeheli, L and Nagel, C.** 2006. Topographies of home and citizenship: Arab-American activists in the United States, *Environment and Planning A*, 38, 1599-614.
- Statistics Canada.** 1996. *Community Profiles*. Accessed online June 6, 2010 at <http://www12.statcan.ca>.
- Statistics Canada.** 2002. Newfoundland and Labrador: Biggest net loss in two decades to migration. Accessed online October 8, 2008 at <http://www12.statcan.ca>.
- Statistics Canada.** 2005. Community belonging and self-reported health, *Health Reports*, 19(2)(82-003-XWE).
- Statistics Canada** 2006a. Census Trends: Topic Selection for Canada, provinces and territories. Accessed August 2, 2010 at <http://www12.statcan.ca>.
- Statistics Canada** 2006b. *Caring Canadians, Involved Canadians: Highlights from the Canada Survey of Giving, Volunteering & Participating*. Accessed October 8, 2008 at <http://wwwstatcan.ca>.
- Statistics Canada** 2006c. *2006 Community Profiles – Census Subdivision*. Accessed March 3, 2010 at <http://www12.statcan.ca>.
- Sulek, M.** 2008. On the Meaning of Philanthropy, Classic and Modern, *WIMPS Presentation*, April 1, 2008.
- The Daily News.** 1896. Driven from Home, *The Daily News*. September 11, 1896, 4. St. John's, NF.
- The Economist.** 2007. Boomtown on a Bender, *The Economist*, June 28, 2007 edition. Accessed online June 5, 2010 at <http://oilsandstruth.org>.
- Thomson, A.** 1999. Making the Most of Memories: The Empirical and Subjective Value of Oral History, *Transactions of the Royal Historical Society*, 6th series, ix, 291-301.
- Thrift, N.** 2004. Intensities of Feeling: Towards a Spatial Politics of Affect, *Geografiska Annaler*, 86B, 57-78.
- Thrift, N.** 2006. David Harvey: A Rock and a Hard Place. In N. Castree and D. Gregory (eds.) *David Harvey: A Critical Reader*. Malden, MA and Oxford, UK: Blackwell Publishing Ltd. 223-233.
- Titmuss, R.** 1970. *The Gift Relationship: From Human Blood to Social Policy*. London: George Allen and Unwin.
- Tolia-Kelly, D.** 2004. Materializing post-colonial geographies: examining the textural landscapes of migration in the British Asian Home, *Transactions of the Institute of British Geographers*, 29, 314-29.

- Tonkiss, F.** 2005. *Space, the City and Social Theory: Social Relations and Urban Form*. Cambridge, UK: Polity Press.
- Trigger, R.** 2004. Irish Politics on Parade: The Clergy, National Societies, and St. Patrick's Day Processions in Nineteenth-Century Montreal and Toronto, *Histoire sociale - Social History*, 37(74), 159-199.
- Tuan, YF.** 1975. Place: An Experiential Perspective, *Geographical Review*, 65(2), 151-65.
- Tuan, YF.** 1977. *Space and place: the perspective of experience*. Minneapolis, MN: University of Minnesota Press.
- Tuan, YF.** 1990. *Topophilia: a study of environmental perceptions, attitudes and values*. Morningside Edition. New York: Columbia University Press.
- Tuan, YF.** 1991. Language and the Making of Place: A Narrative-Descriptive Approach, *Annals of the Association of American Geographers*, 81(4), 684-96.
- Velayutham, S and Wise, A.** 2005. Moral economies of a translocal village: obligation and shame among South Indian transnational migrants, *Global Networks*, 5(1), 27-47.
- Veronis, L.** 2006. The Canadian Hispanic Day Parade, or how Latin American immigrants practice (sub)urban citizenship in Toronto, *Environment and Planning A*, 38, 1653-71.
- Volunteering Australia.** 2005. Submission in response to the Human Rights and Equal Opportunity Commission Discussion Paper 'Striking the balance women, men, work and family', *Volunteer Australia*, October 2005.
- Walsh, K.** 2006. Dad says I'm tied to a shooting star! Grounding (research on) British expatriate belonging, *Area*, 38, 268-78.
- Weiten, W. et. al.** 2009. *Psychology Applied to Modern Life: Adjustment in the 21<sup>st</sup> Century*. Belmont, CA: Wadsworth Cengage Learning.
- Wiame-Bertaux, I.** 1979. The Life Story Approach to the Study of Internal Migration, *Oral History*, 7(1), 26-32.
- Wilson, E.** 1991. *The Sphinx in the City: urban life, the control of disorder, and women*. London and Berkeley: University of California Press.
- Wilson, W.** 1989. *The City Beautiful Movement: Creating the North American Landscape*. New York: The John Hopkins University Press.
- Winter, M.** 2005. *The Big Way*. Toronto: House of Anansi Press.
- Wirth, L.** 1964. *On Cities and Social Life*. Ed. A. Reiss, Jr. Chicago and London: University of Chicago Press.
- Wright, M.** 2000. Industrialization in the Fishery: 1940-1969, *Newfoundland and Labrador Heritage Web Site*. Accessed online May 17, 2010 at <http://www.heritage.nf.ca/society/frozenfishery.html>
- Zelizer, V.** 1994. *The Social Meaning of Money*. New York: Basic Books.